



MICKEY FINN



ROSCOE



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON

FEATURE COMICS

SM
1

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

JANUARY
No.106 10¢

The DOLL MAN
HOOKS
The Sword Fish!



PERKY



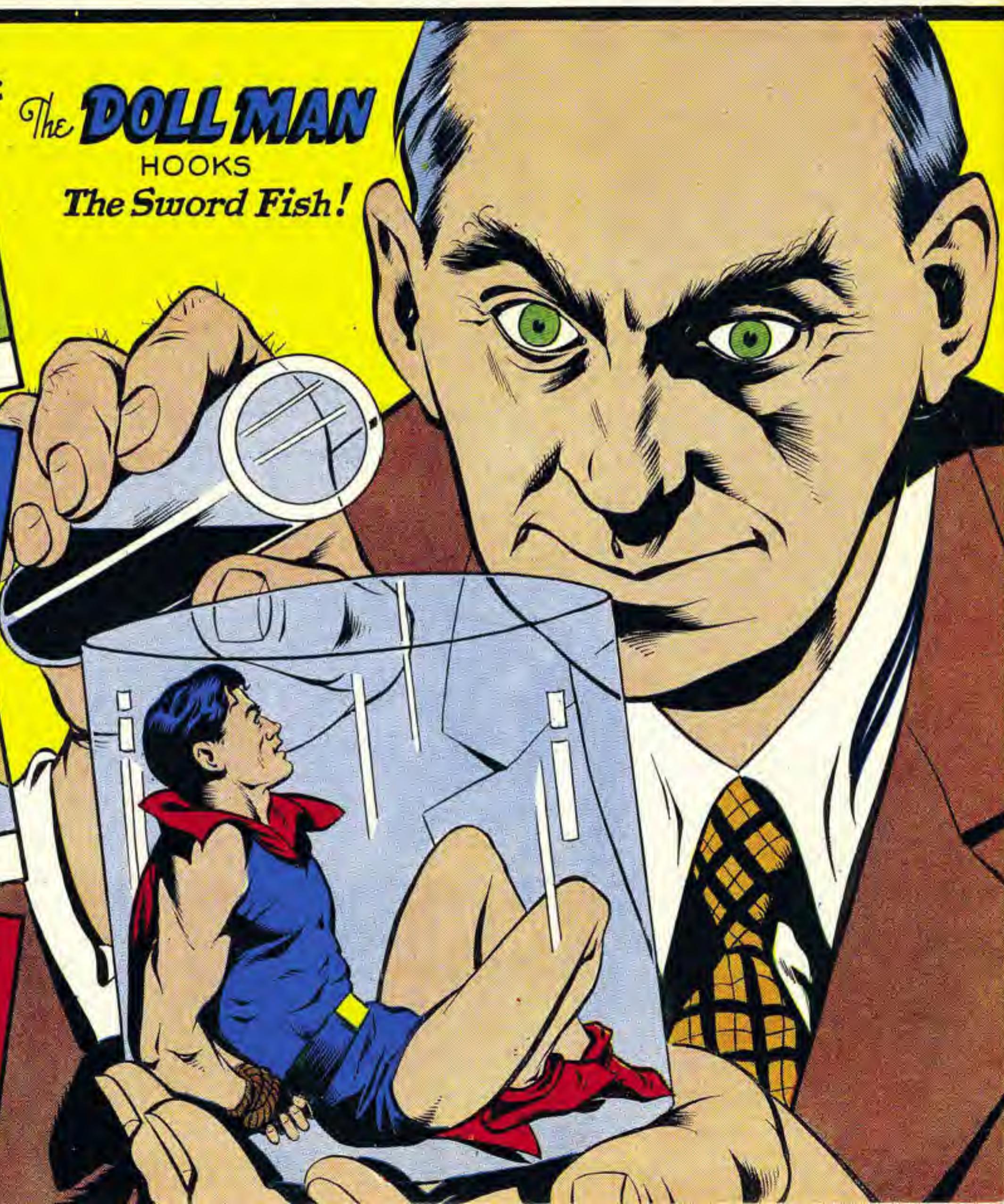
LALA PALOOZA



BLIMPY



RUSTY RYAN



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY? *Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes*



WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO



CREDIT SALES COMPANY

406 North Main Street P. O. Box 106 Normal, Illinois

Dept. Q1

The DOLL MAN



There are many
strange fish in the
Aquarium -- and not all
of them are swimming in
the tanks! When murder
stalked the dim corridors,
The DOLL MAN used him-
self as bait to land a
slimy killer known as
***The Sword
Fish!***

FEATURE COMICS

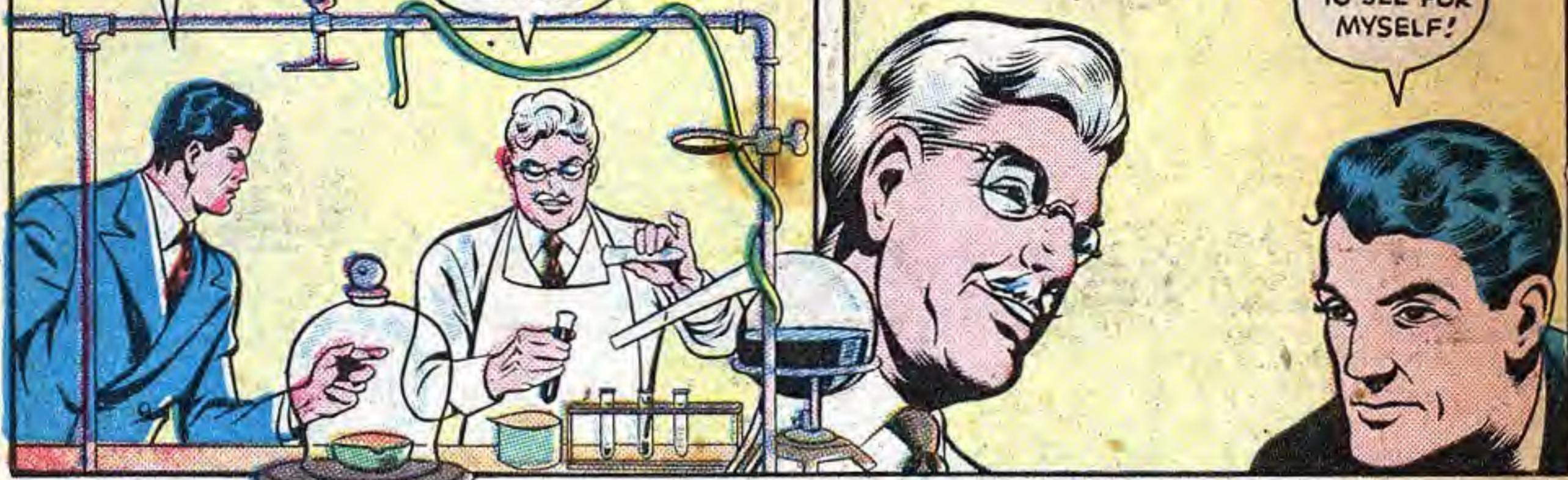
DARREL DANE, enterprising young scientist, gets a shock from his fiancee's father, Dr. Roberts!

ARE YOU KIDDING?

NO, DARREL! FANTASTIC AS IT SOUNDS -IT HAPPENS TO BE TRUE!

MARTHA ACTUALLY HAS A JOB AS LECTURE-GUIDE AT THE AQUARIUM! SHE KNOWS A LOT ABOUT FISH FROM MY OWN SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS!

THIS I WILL HAVE TO SEE FOR MYSELF!



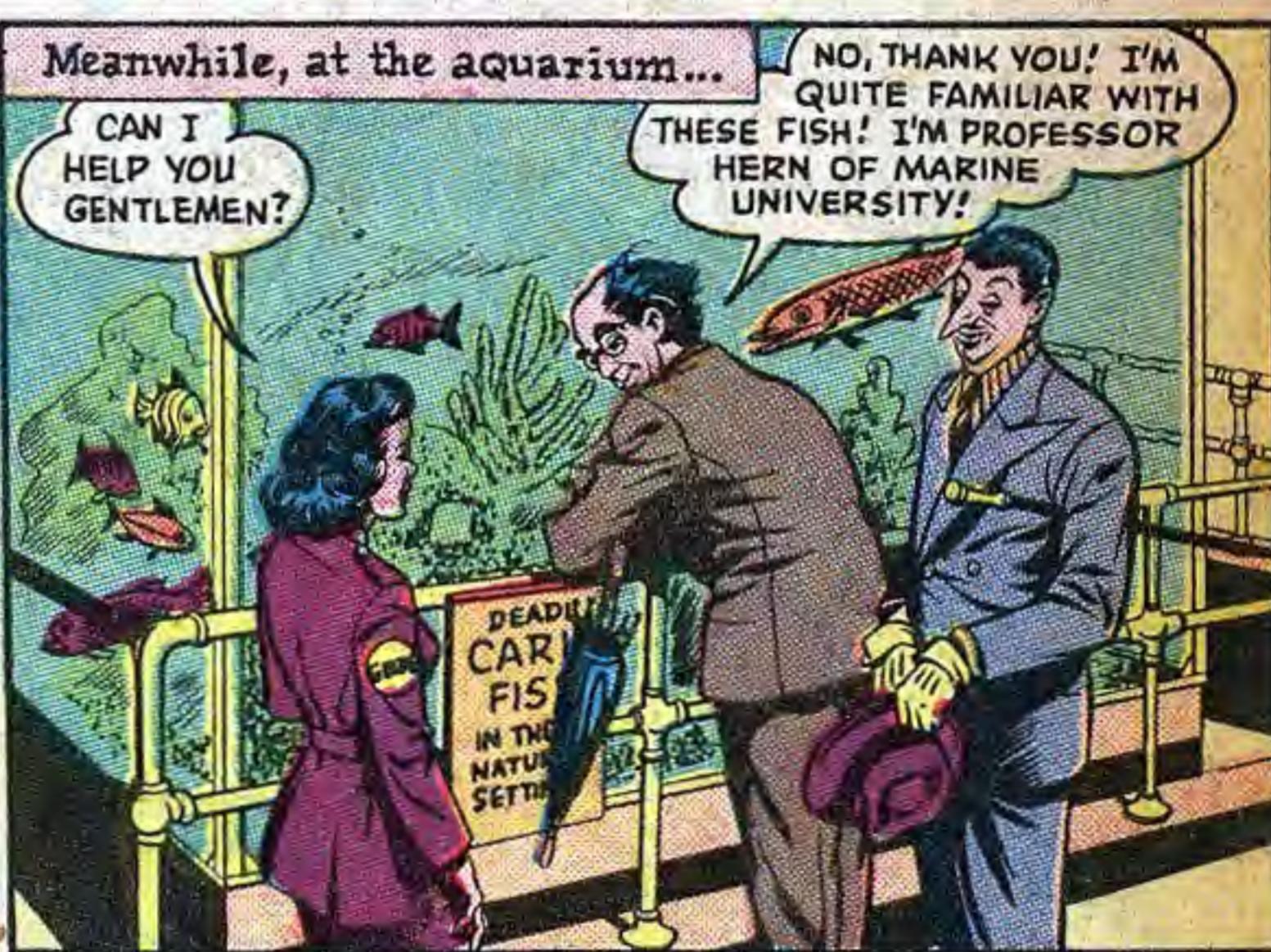
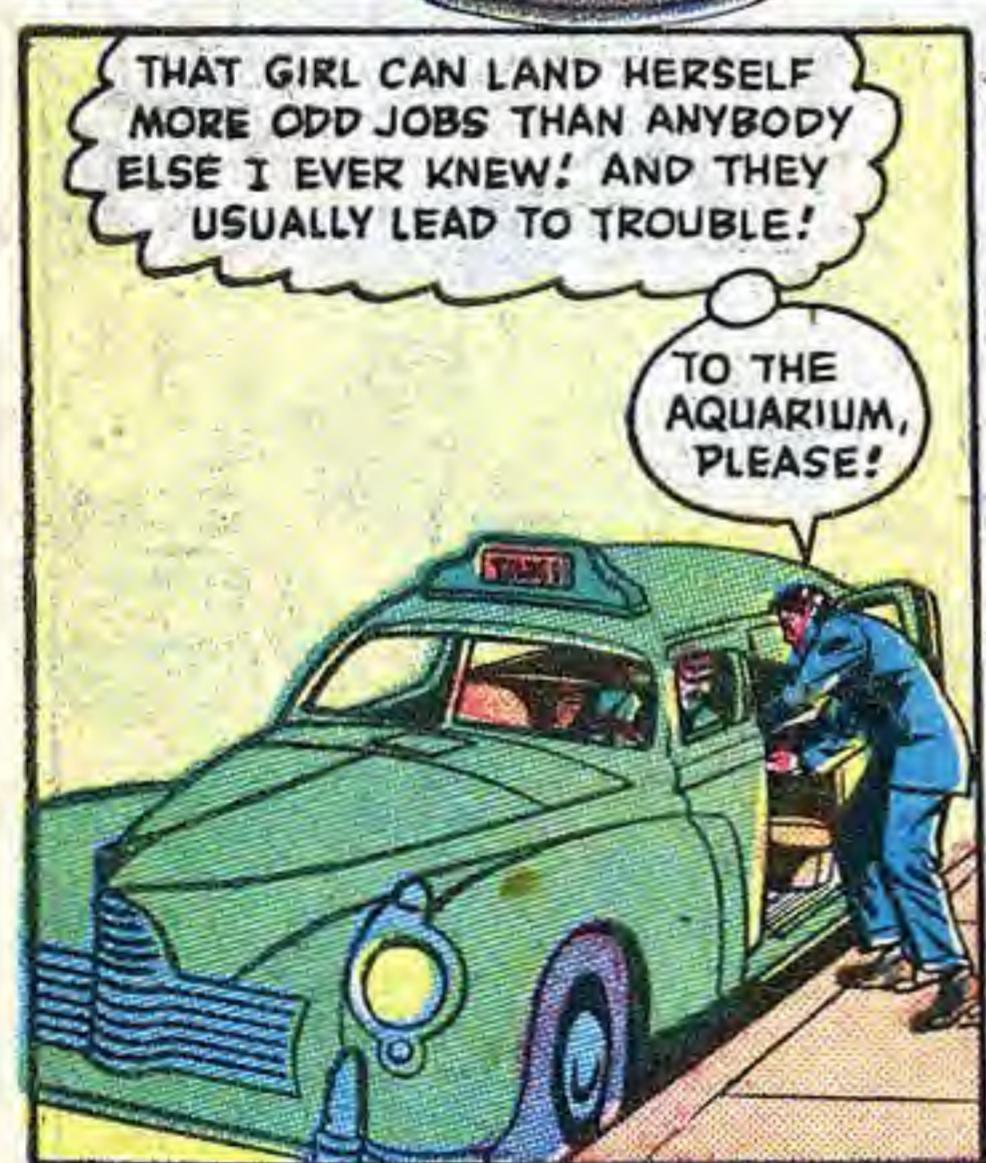
THAT GIRL CAN LAND HERSELF MORE ODD JOBS THAN ANYBODY ELSE I EVER KNEW! AND THEY USUALLY LEAD TO TROUBLE!

TO THE AQUARIUM, PLEASE!

Meanwhile, at the aquarium...

CAN I HELP YOU GENTLEMEN?

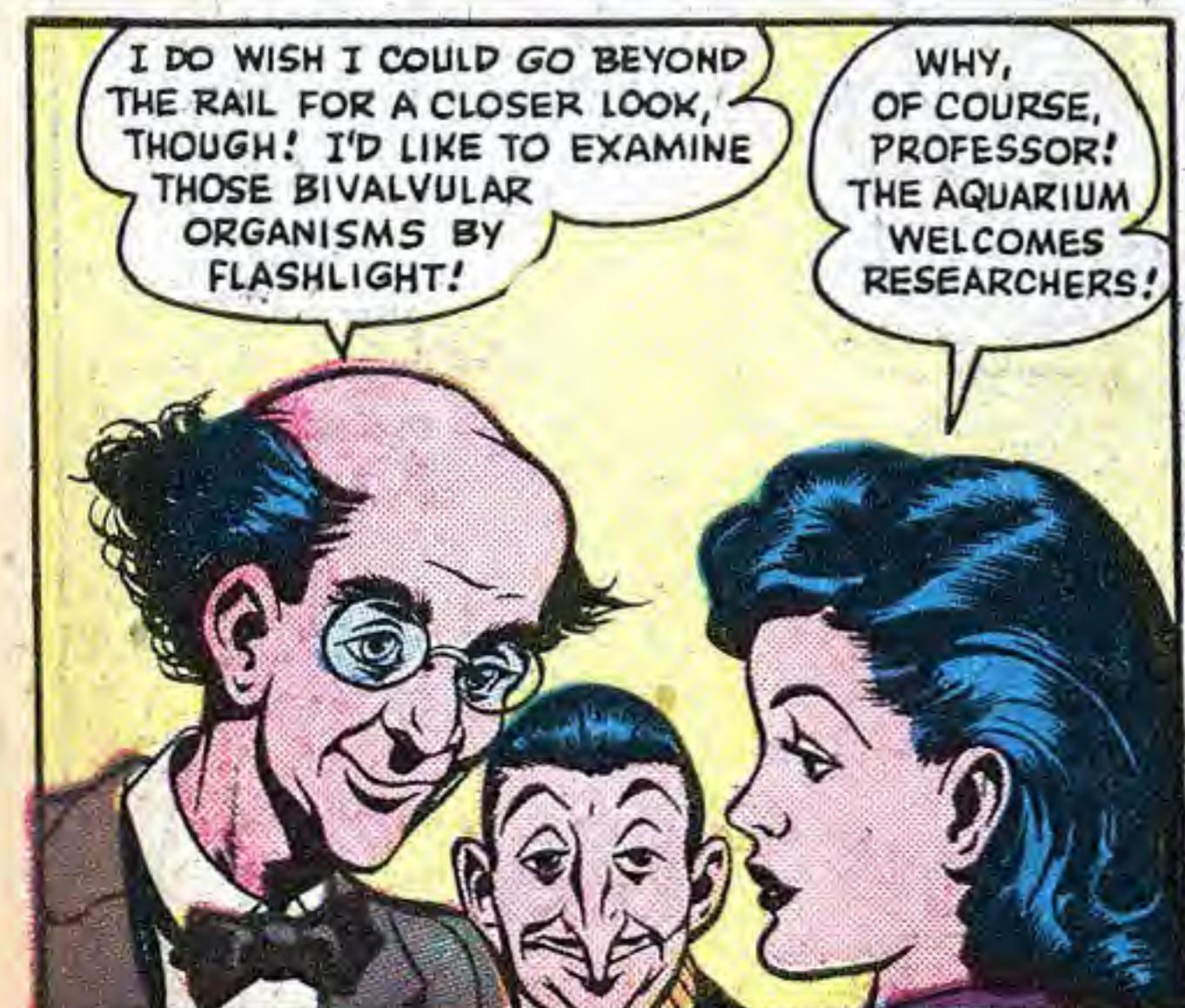
NO, THANK YOU! I'M QUITE FAMILIAR WITH THESE FISH! I'M PROFESSOR HERN OF MARINE UNIVERSITY!



I DO WISH I COULD GO BEYOND THE RAIL FOR A CLOSER LOOK, THOUGH! I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE THOSE BIVALVULAR ORGANISMS BY FLASHLIGHT!

WHY, OF COURSE, PROFESSOR! THE AQUARIUM WELCOMES RESEARCHERS!

AH, A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO OBSERVE PHOTOTROPISM IN THE ORDER MOLLUSCA!



FEATURE COMICS



At that moment...

WHA...??
THAT'S MARTHA'S
VOICE!



IT SOUNDS
LIKE SERIOUS
TROUBLE, WHICH
MEANS THAT I'D
BETTER BECOME
THE DOLL MAN!



The power of thought shrinks
Darrel Dane's body to the
compact might of the tiny
DOLL MAN!



AWRRRK!
THE DOLL
MAN!

YOU HAVE THE
ADVANTAGE! I
DON'T KNOW YOUR
NAME!



BUT WHEN I GET THROUGH
WITH YOU, IT'LL BE MUD!

OWOOO!



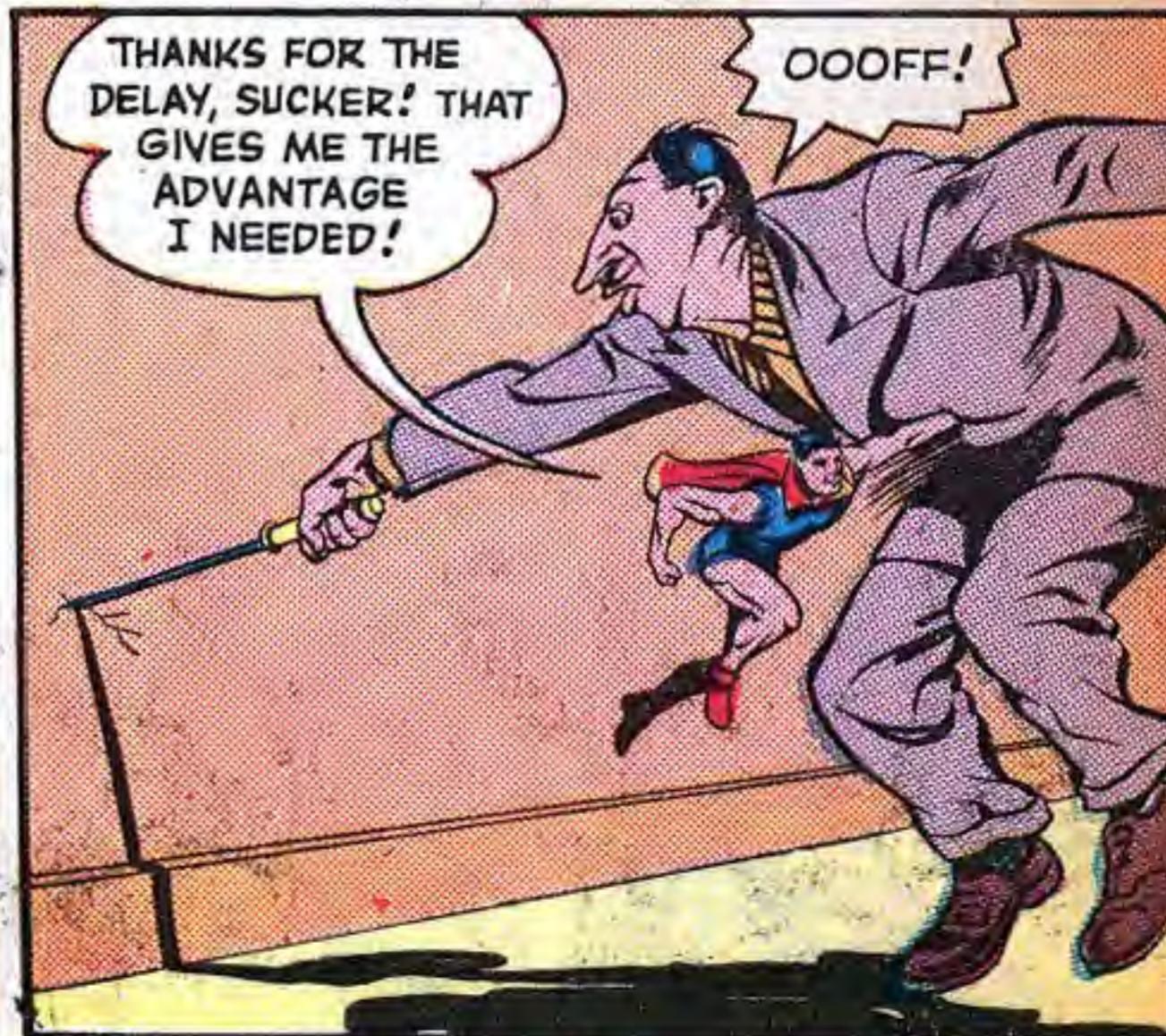
BLAST YOU!
NOBODY STRIKES
THE SWORD FISH
AND LIVES TO
BRAG ABOUT
IT!

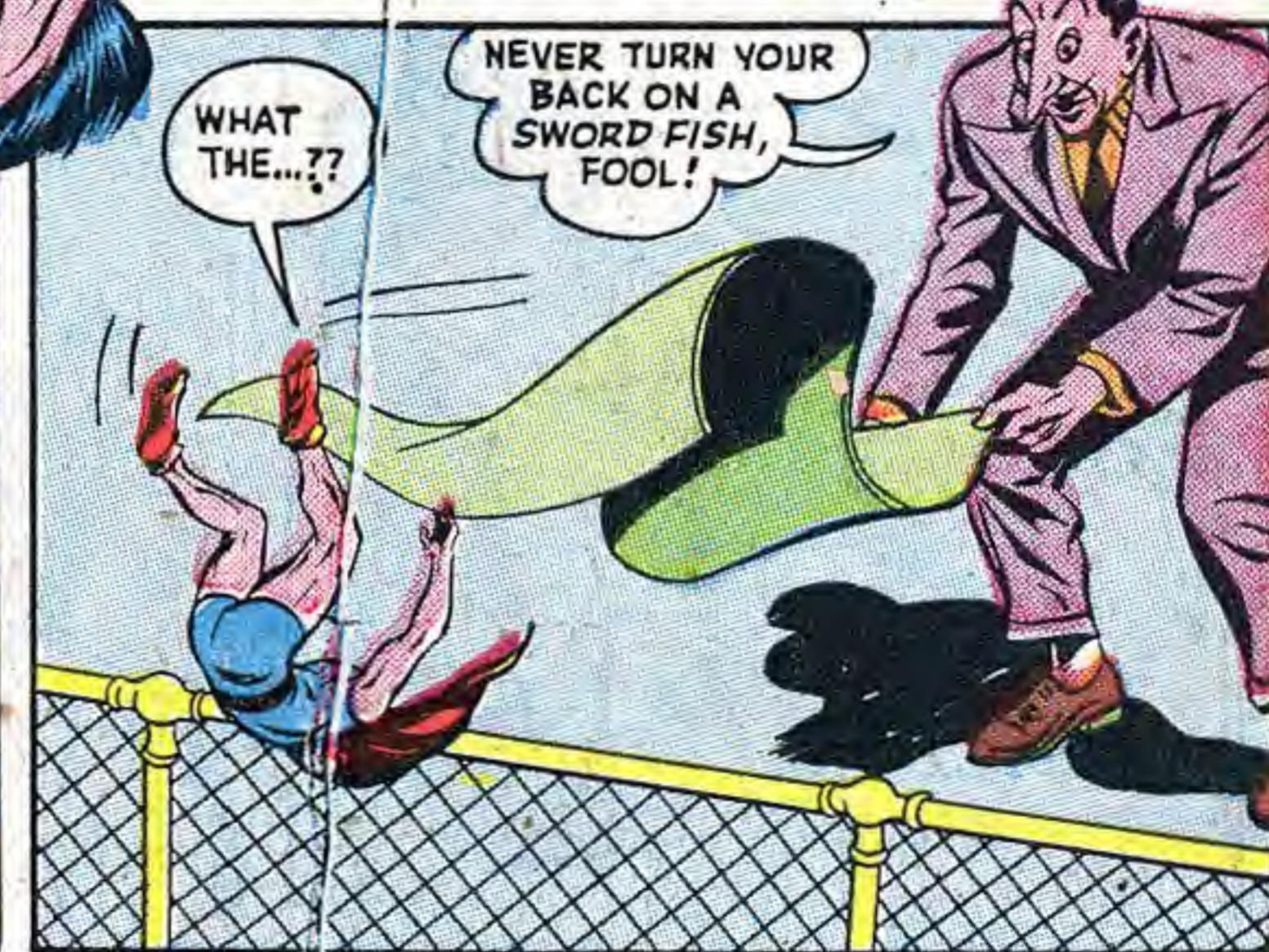
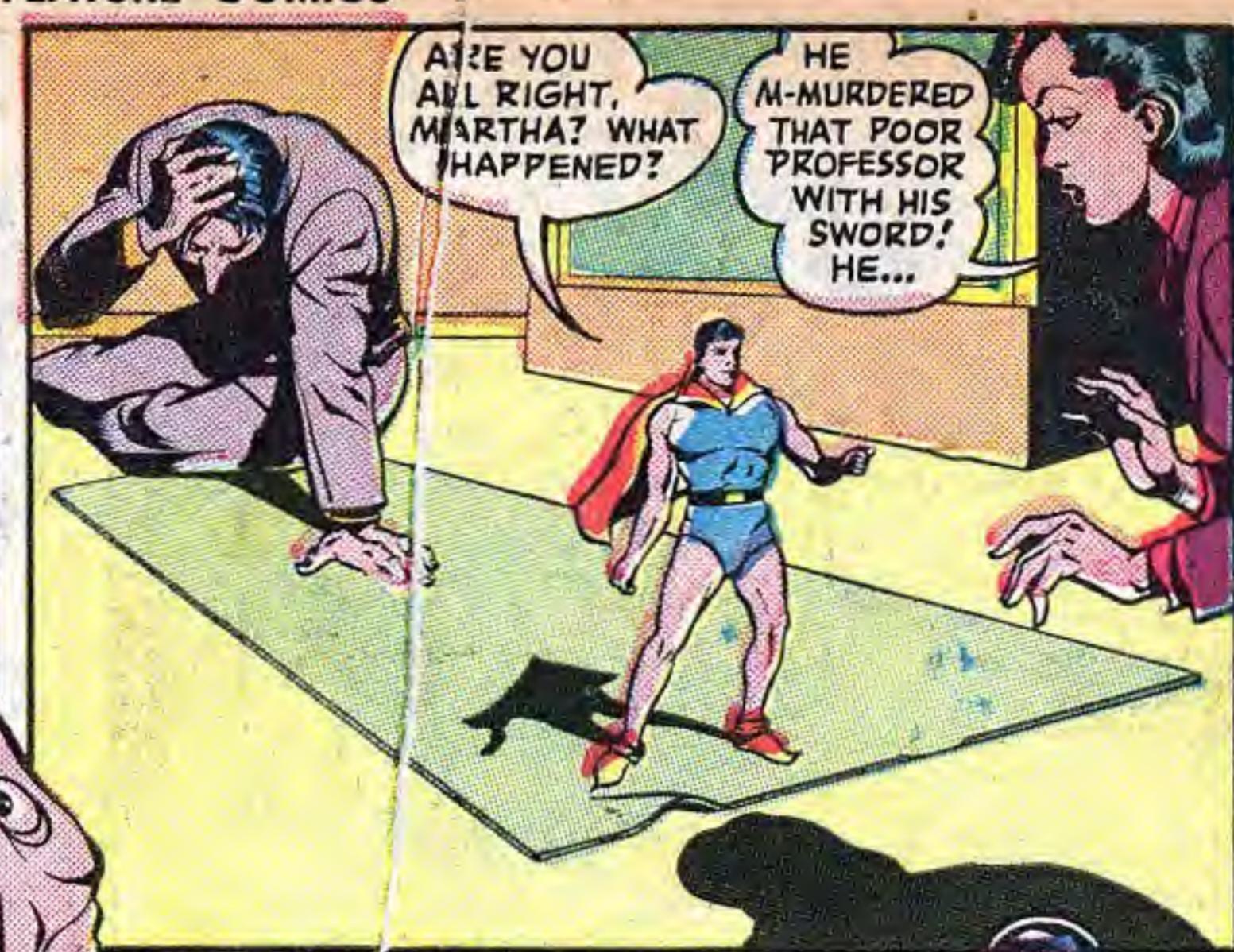
WHEW! HE WAS
ALMOST RIGHT
THAT TIME!

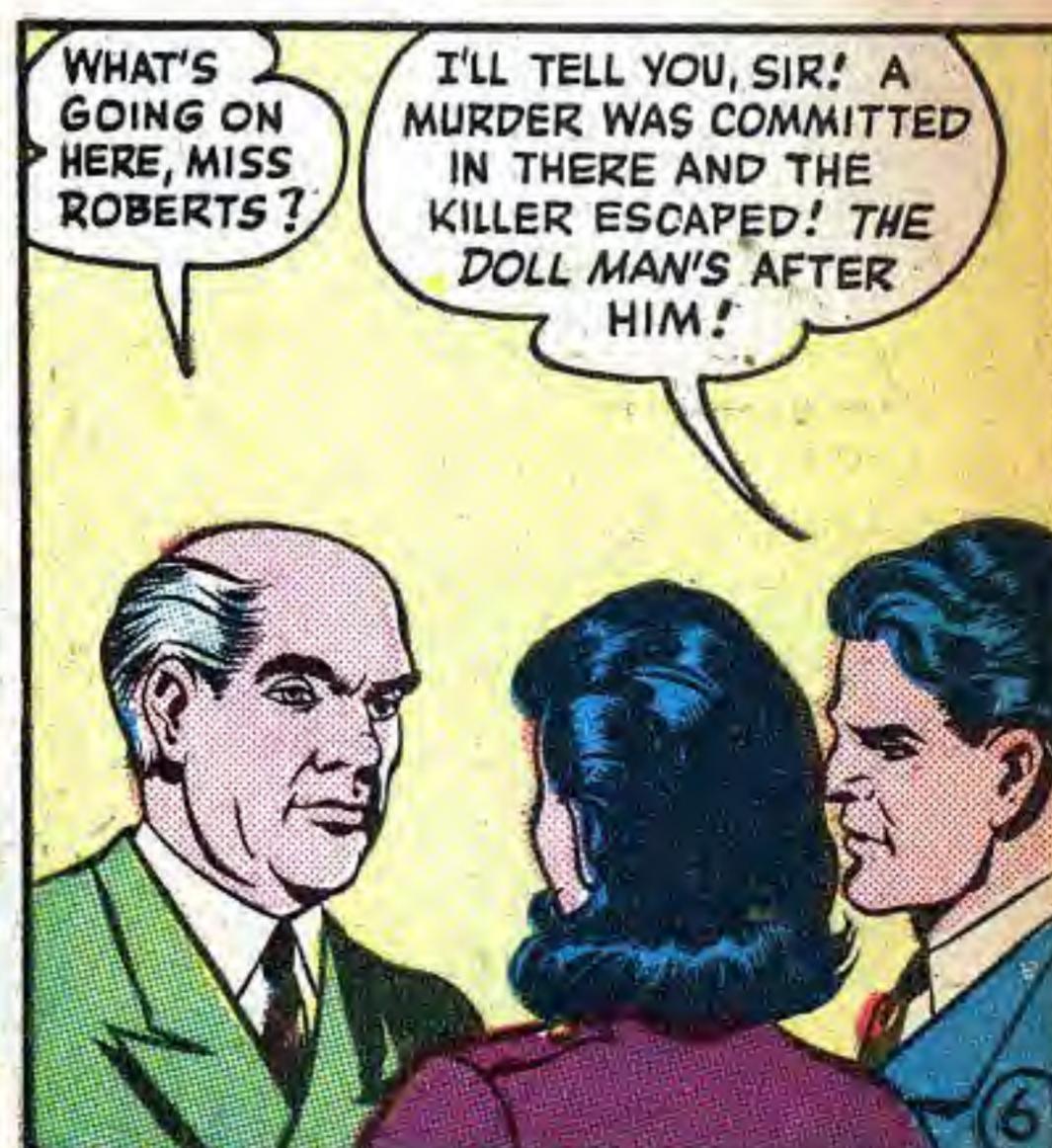
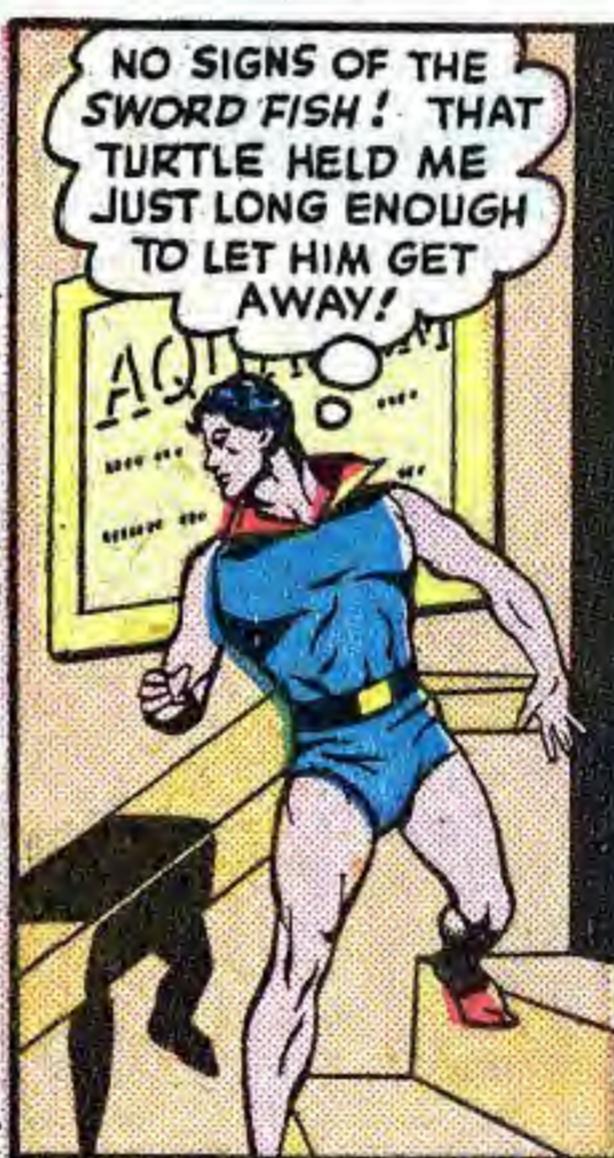


THANKS FOR THE
DELAY, SUCKER! THAT
GIVES ME THE
ADVANTAGE
I NEEDED!

OOOFF!







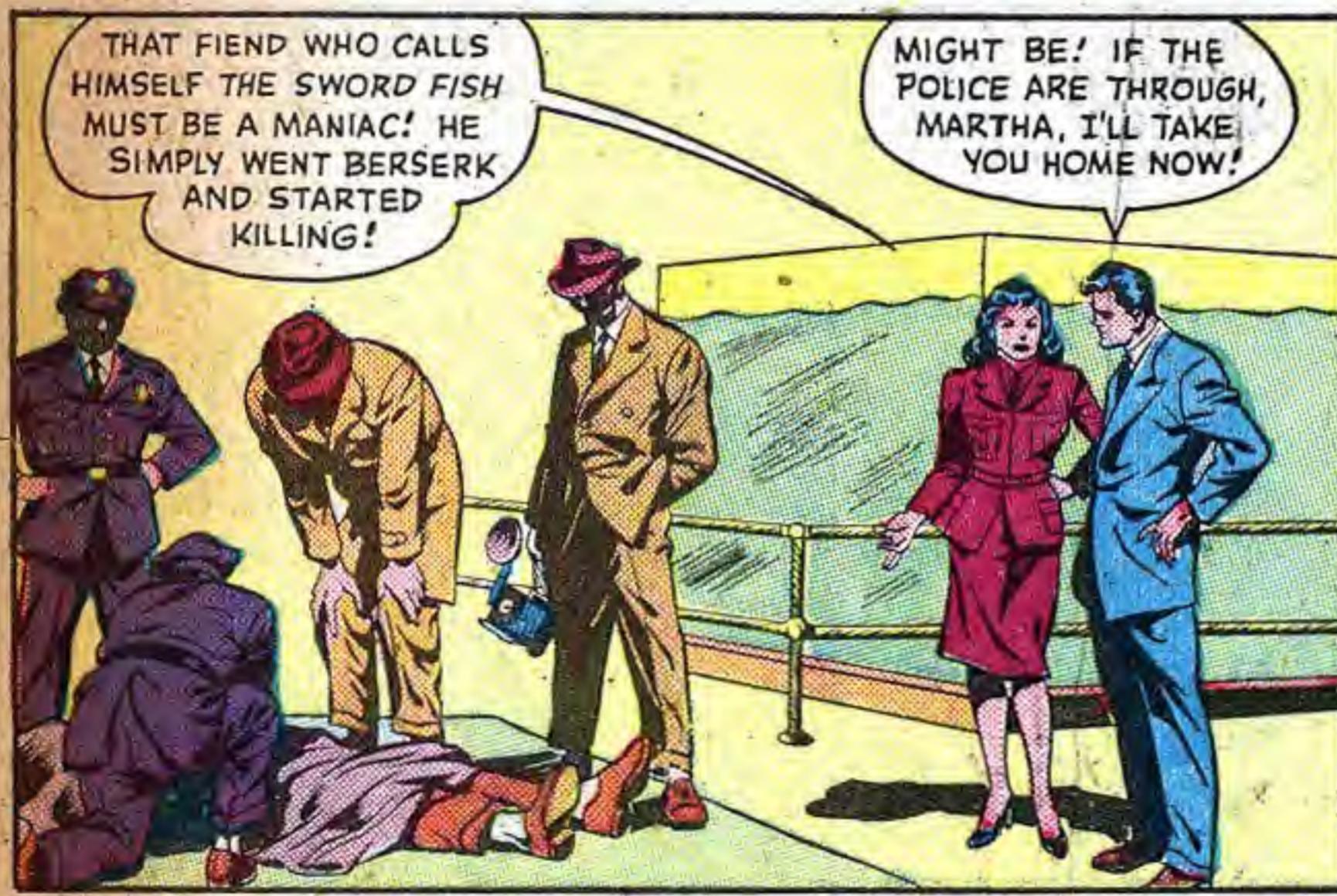
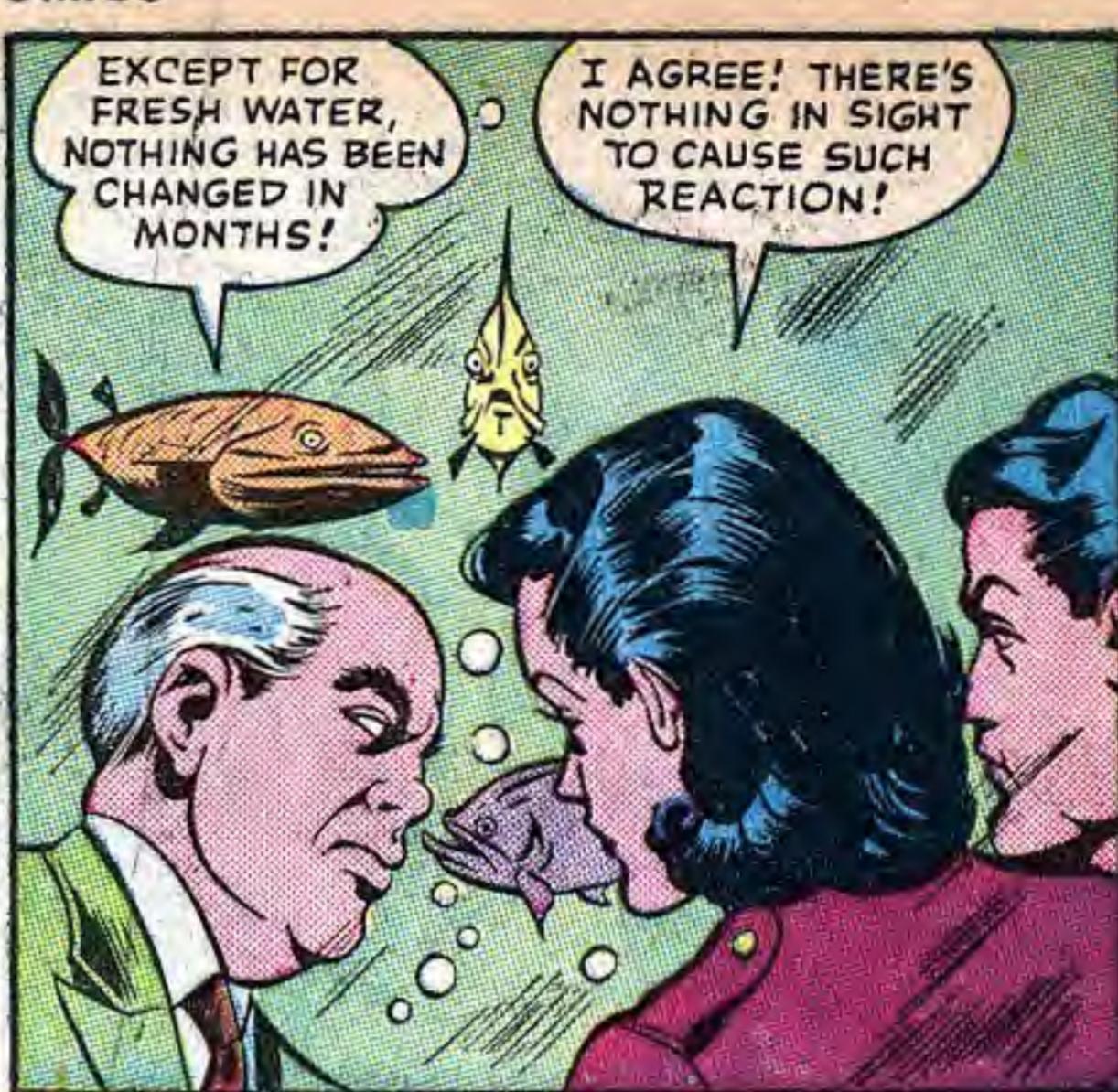
After an explanation...

YOU TWO KNOW THIS EXHIBIT THOROUGHLY! CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING IN THE TANK THAT'S DIFFERENT --ANYTHING TO JUSTIFY MURDER?

NOT A THING! I'VE BEEN STUDYING IT AS WE TALKED!

EXCEPT FOR FRESH WATER, NOTHING HAS BEEN CHANGED IN MONTHS!

I AGREE! THERE'S NOTHING IN SIGHT TO CAUSE SUCH REACTION!

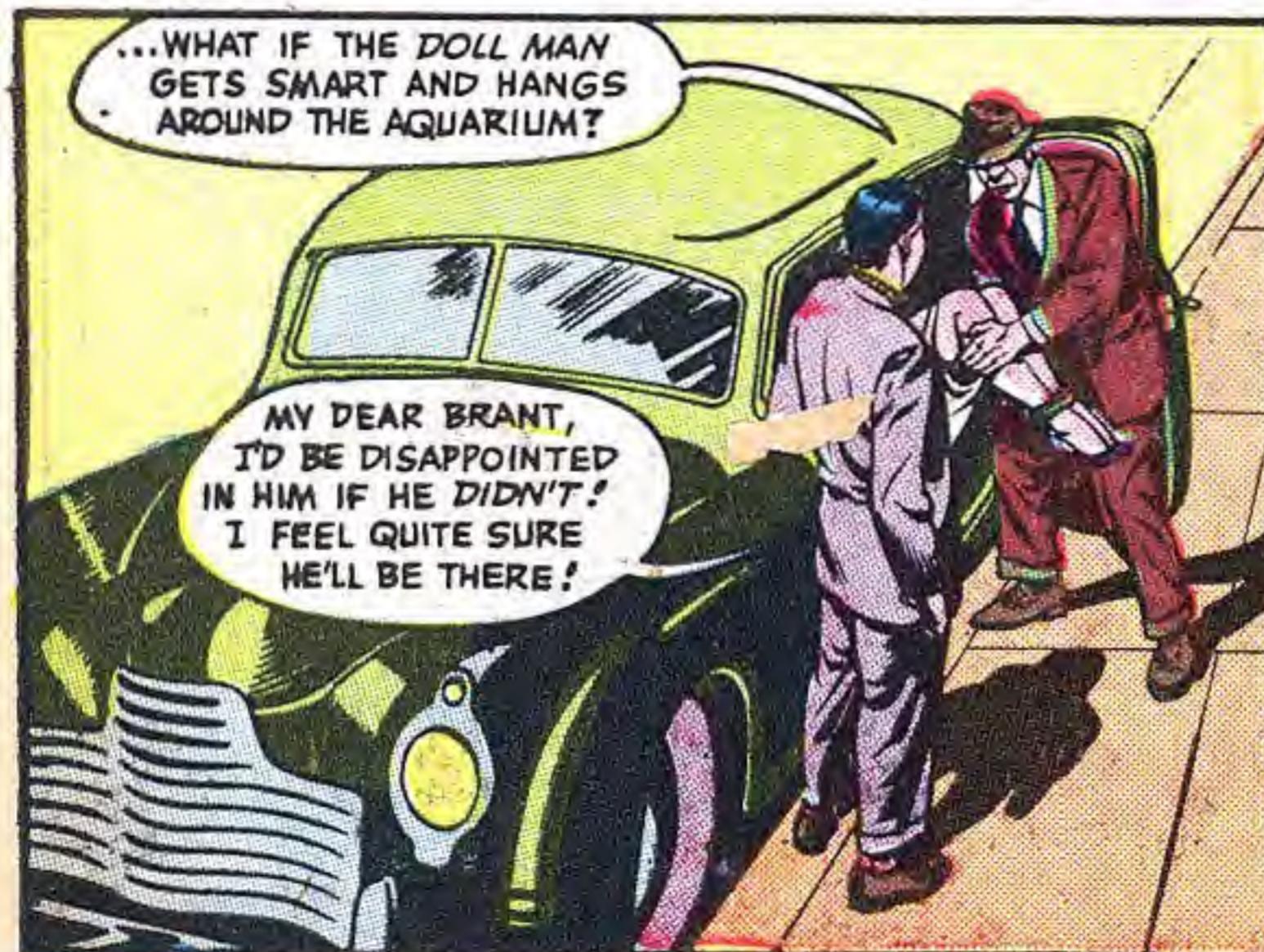


...TO HIDE SOMETHING WORTH A FORTUNE! AND THAT MEANS HE WON'T WAIT LONG TO STRIKE AGAIN! BUT WHAT IS HE AFTER?

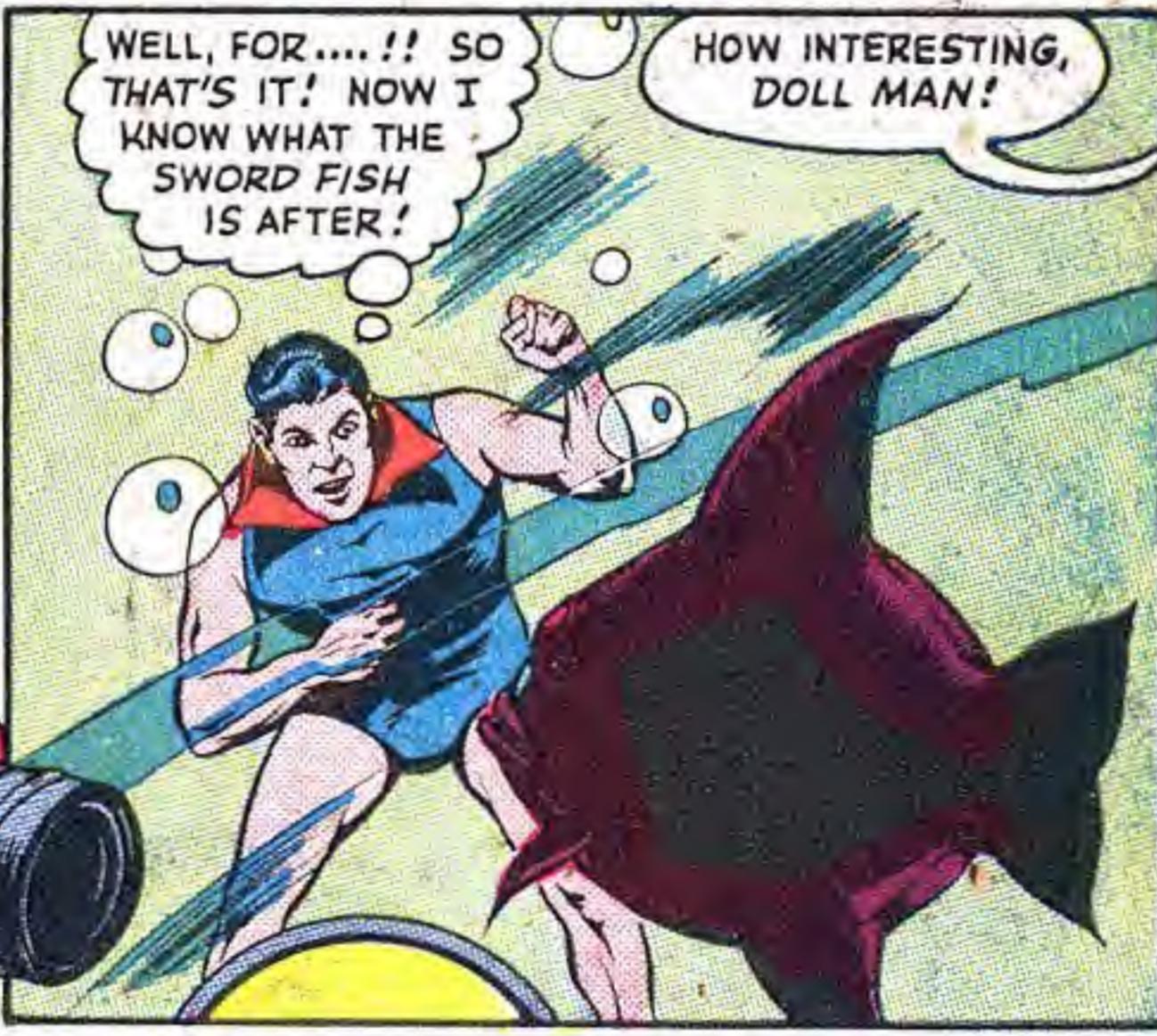
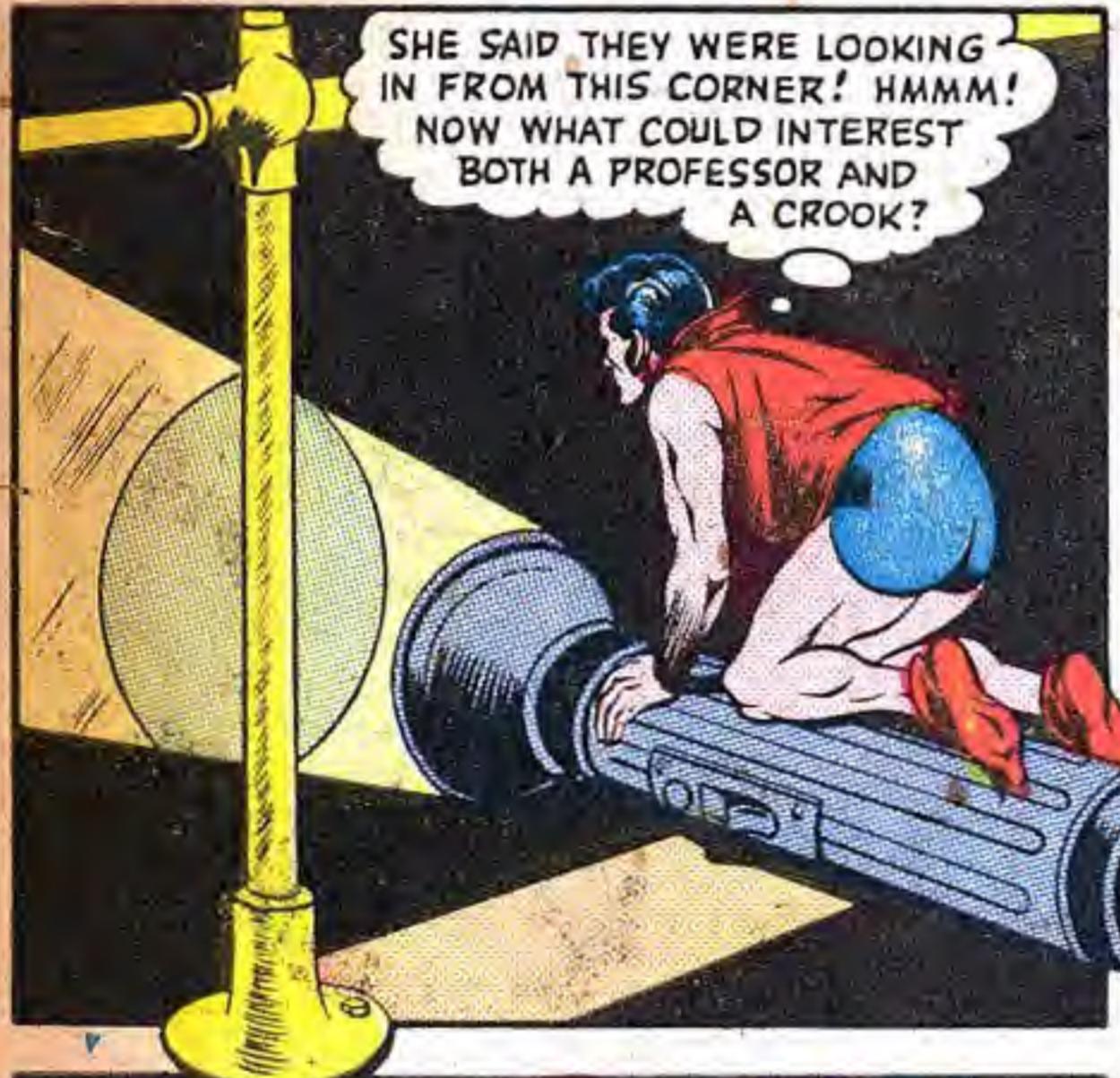
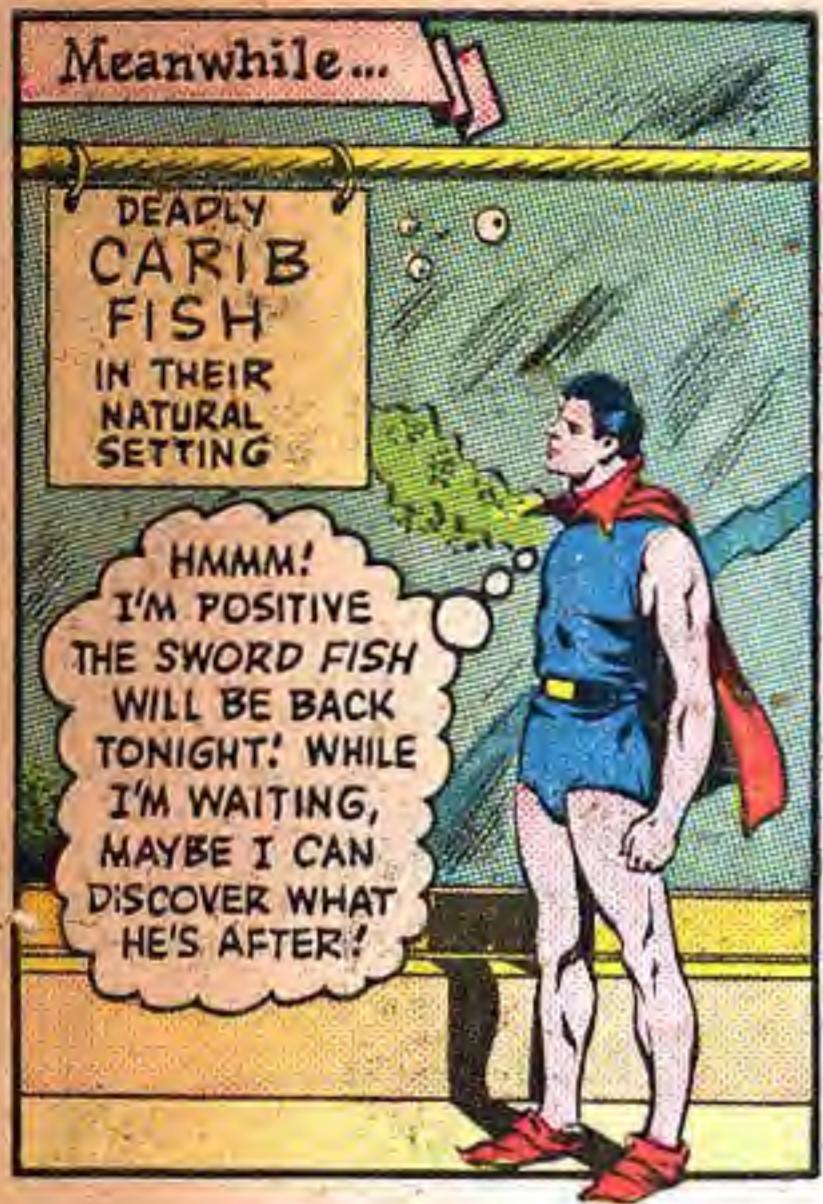


WHY, YES, PROFESSOR JONES! HER NAME IS MARTHA ROBERTS! ONE MOMENT AND I'LL GIVE YOU HER ADDRESS!

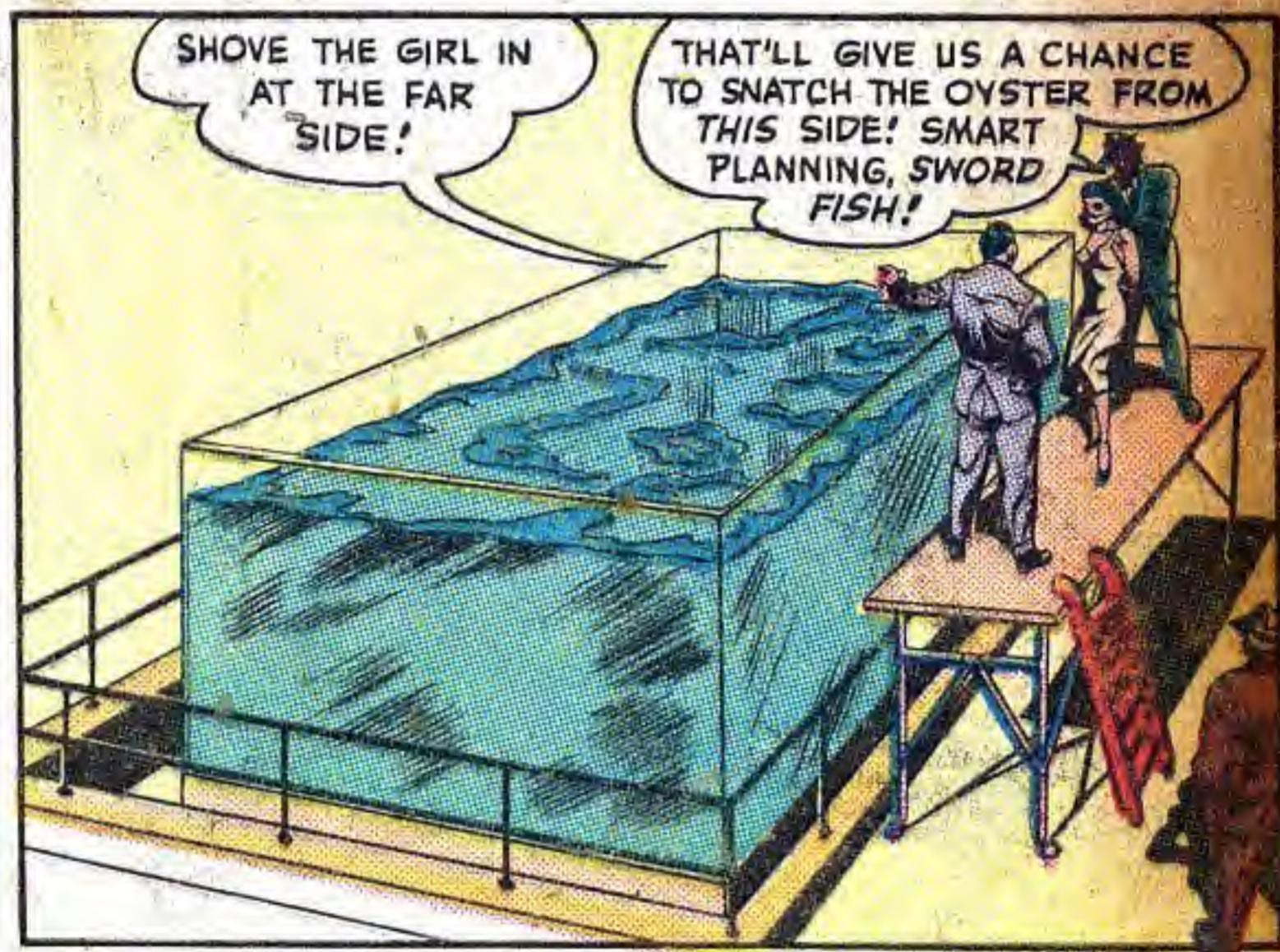
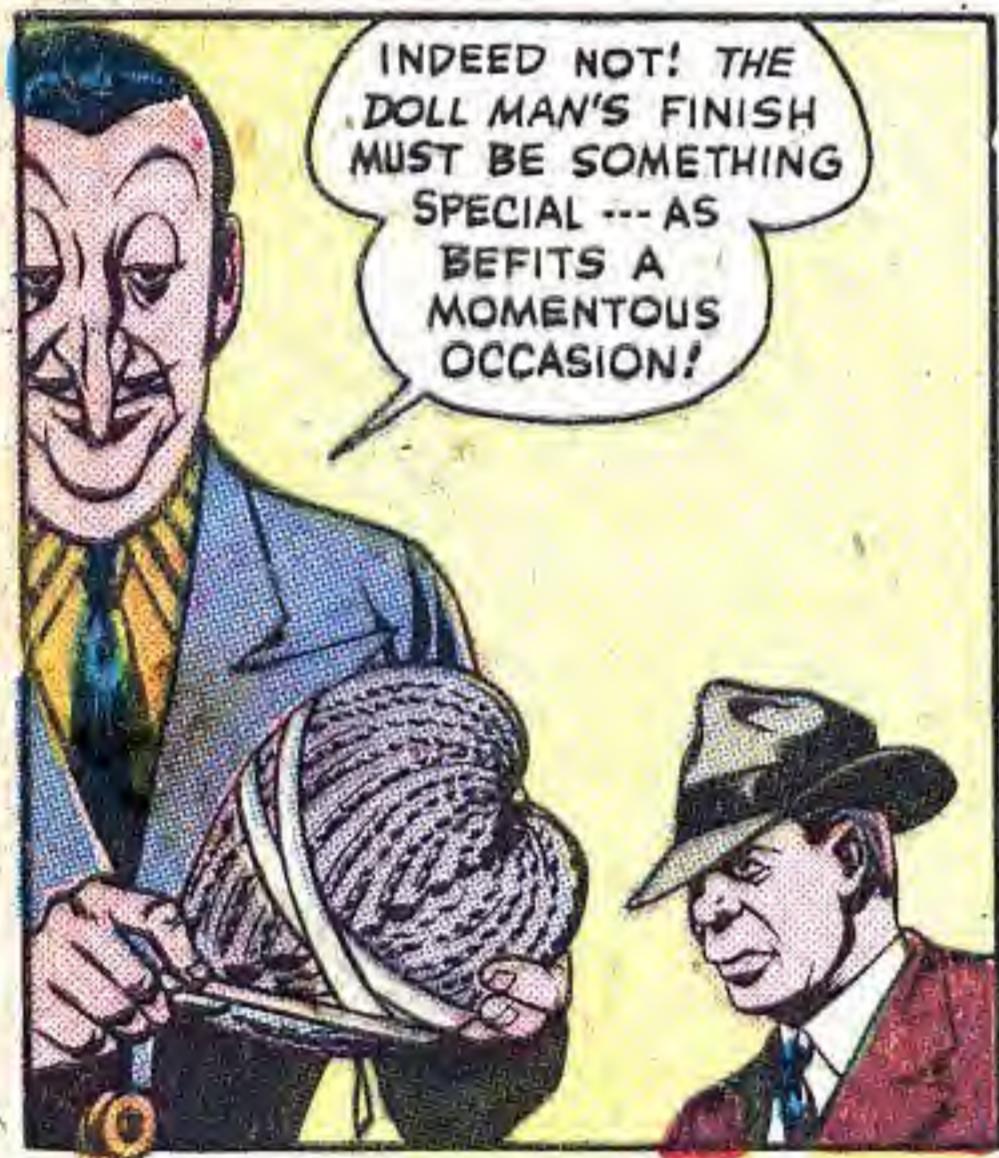
FEATURE COMICS



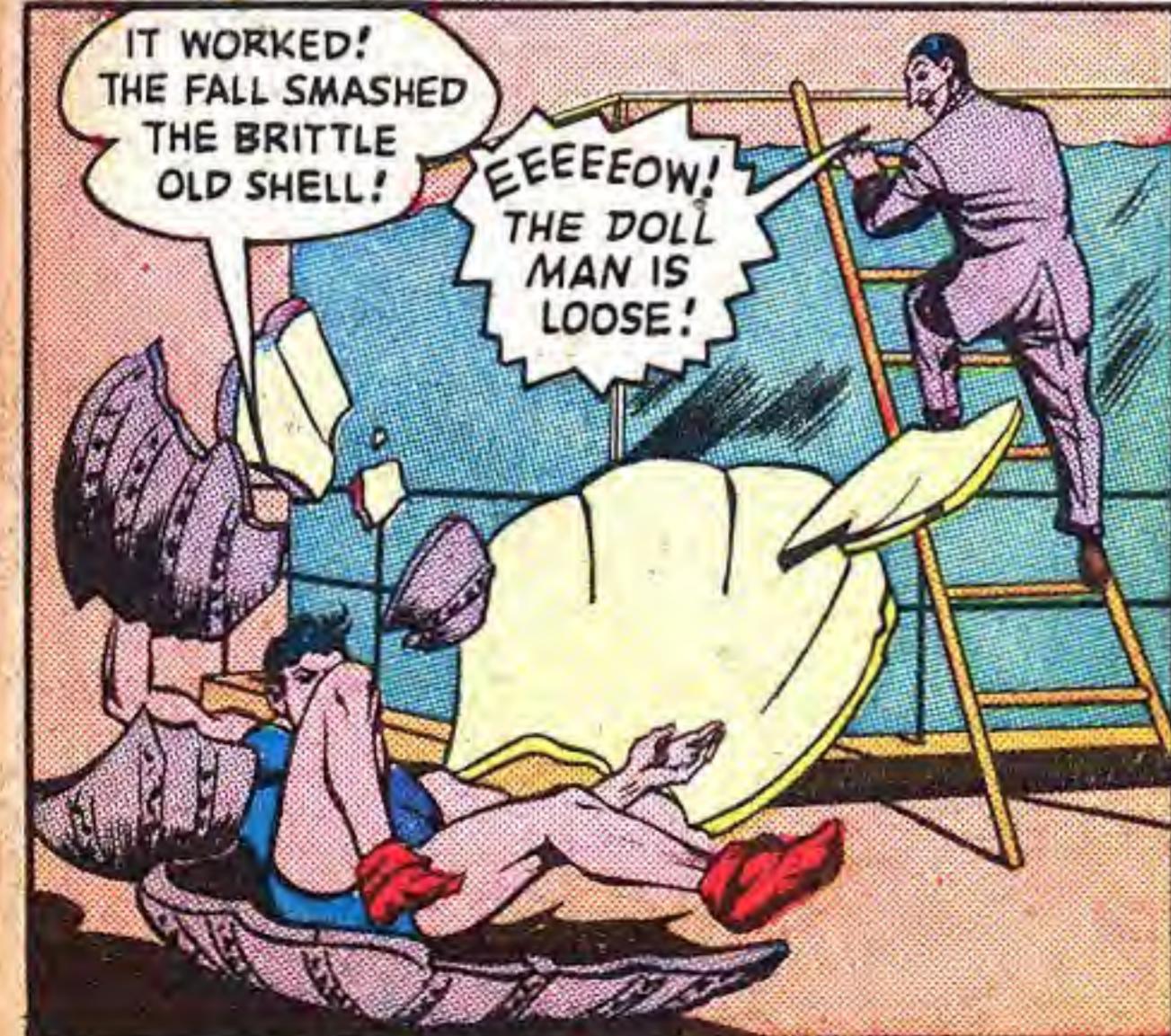
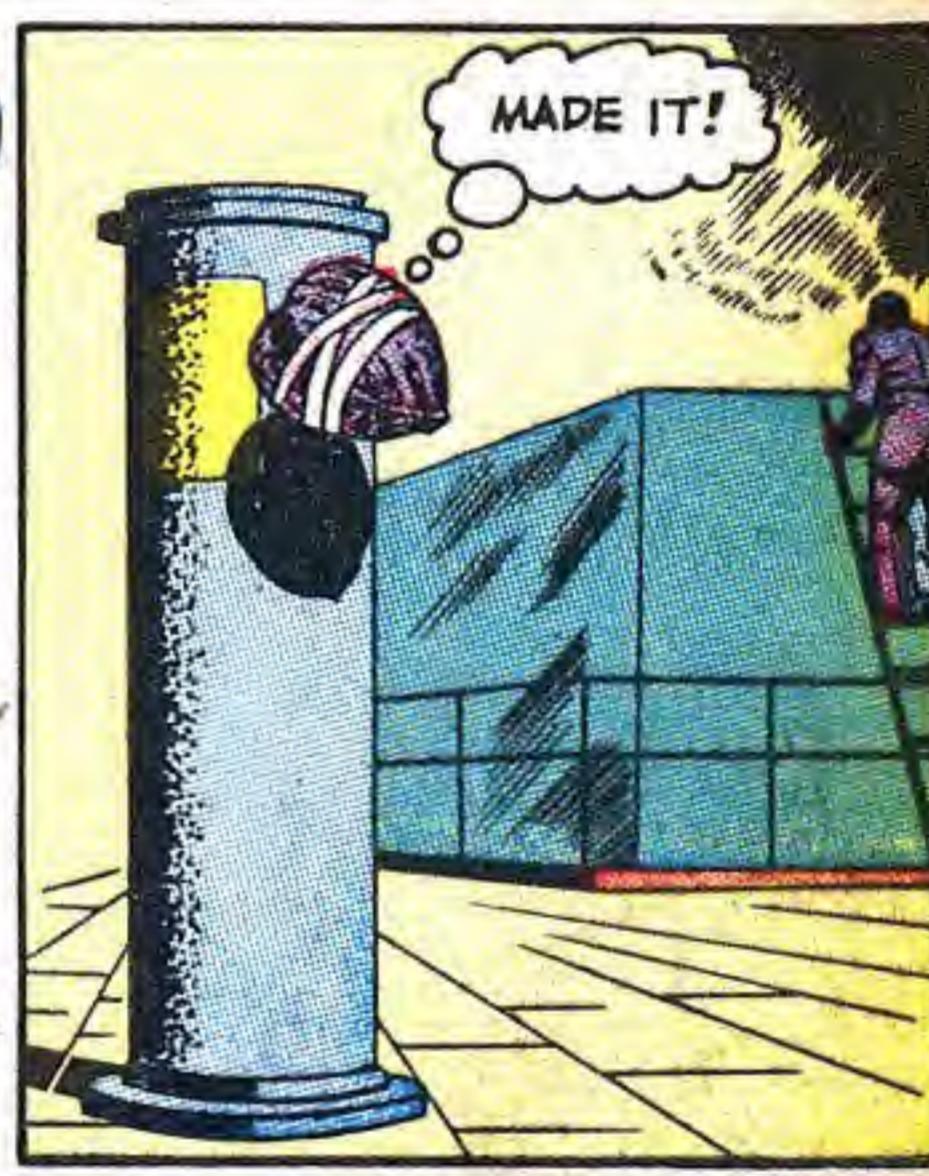
FEATURE COMICS



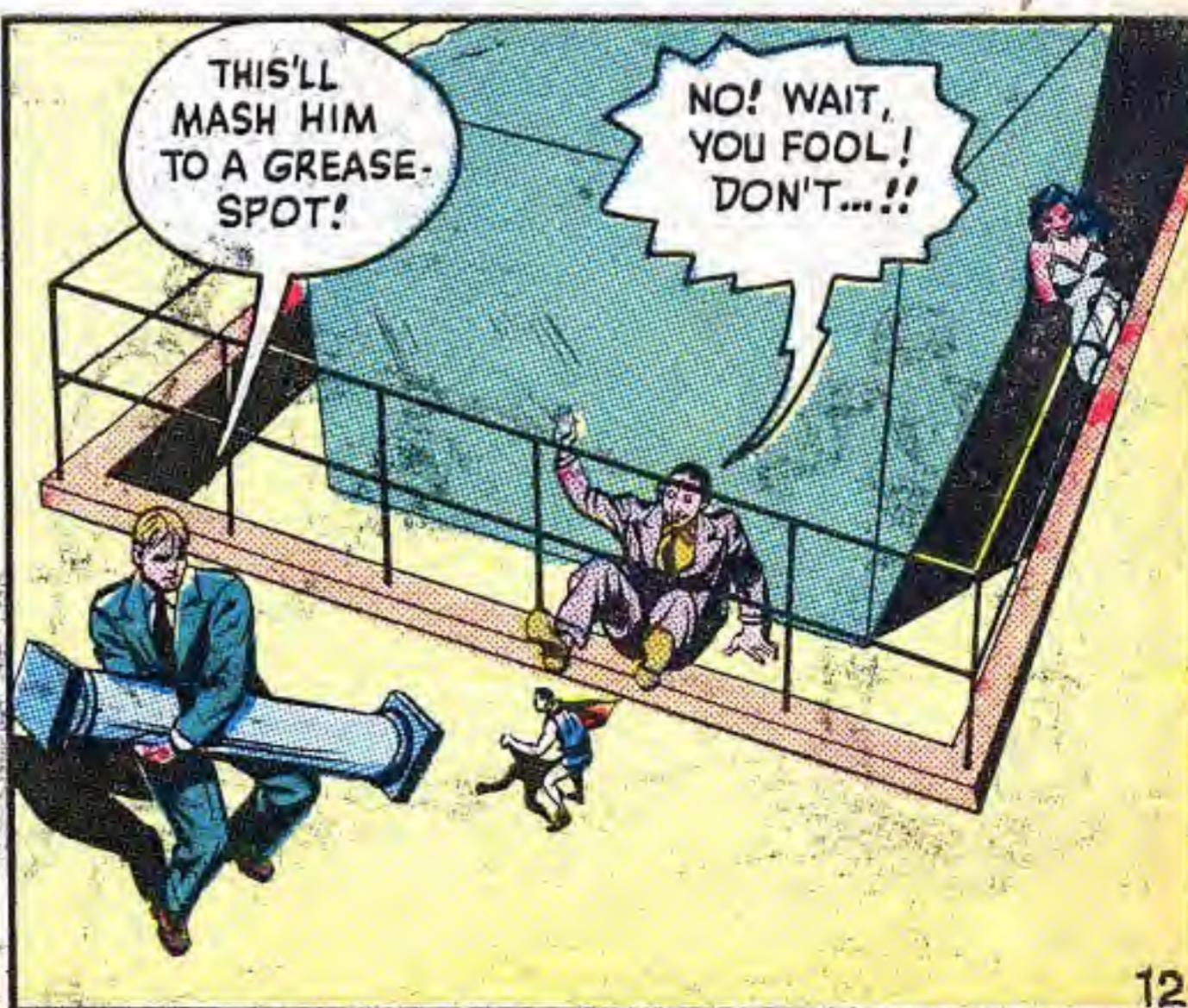
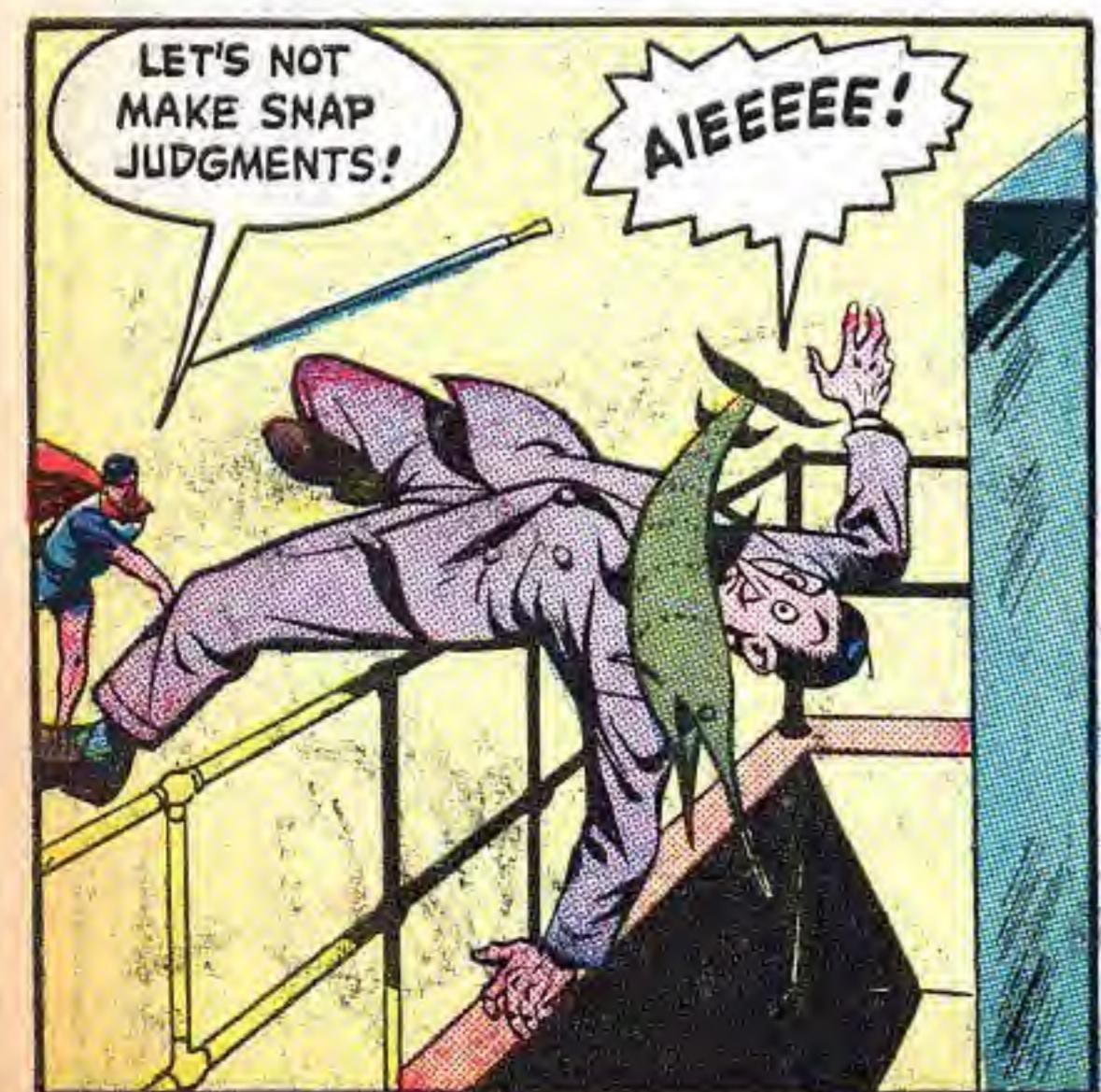
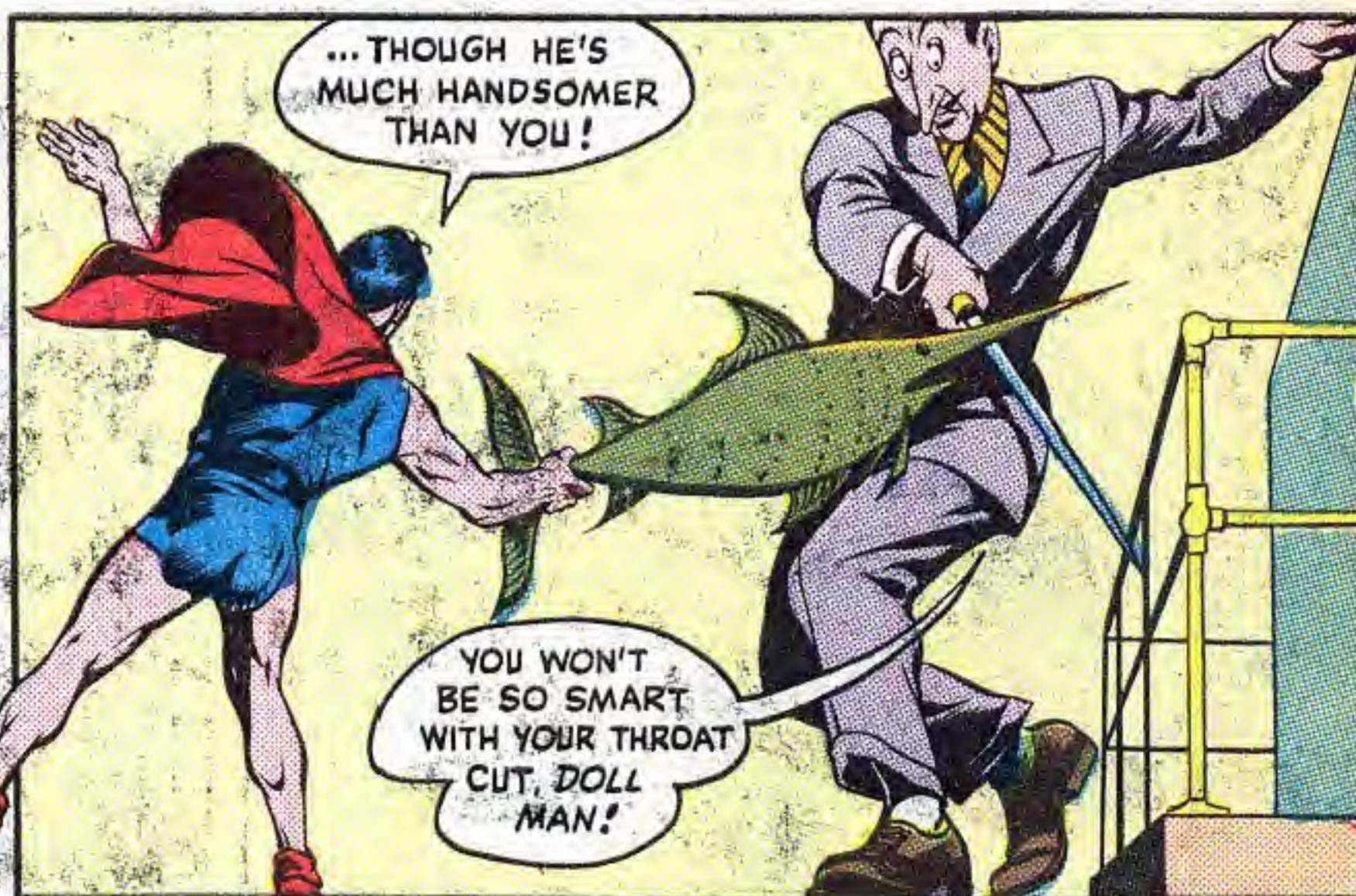
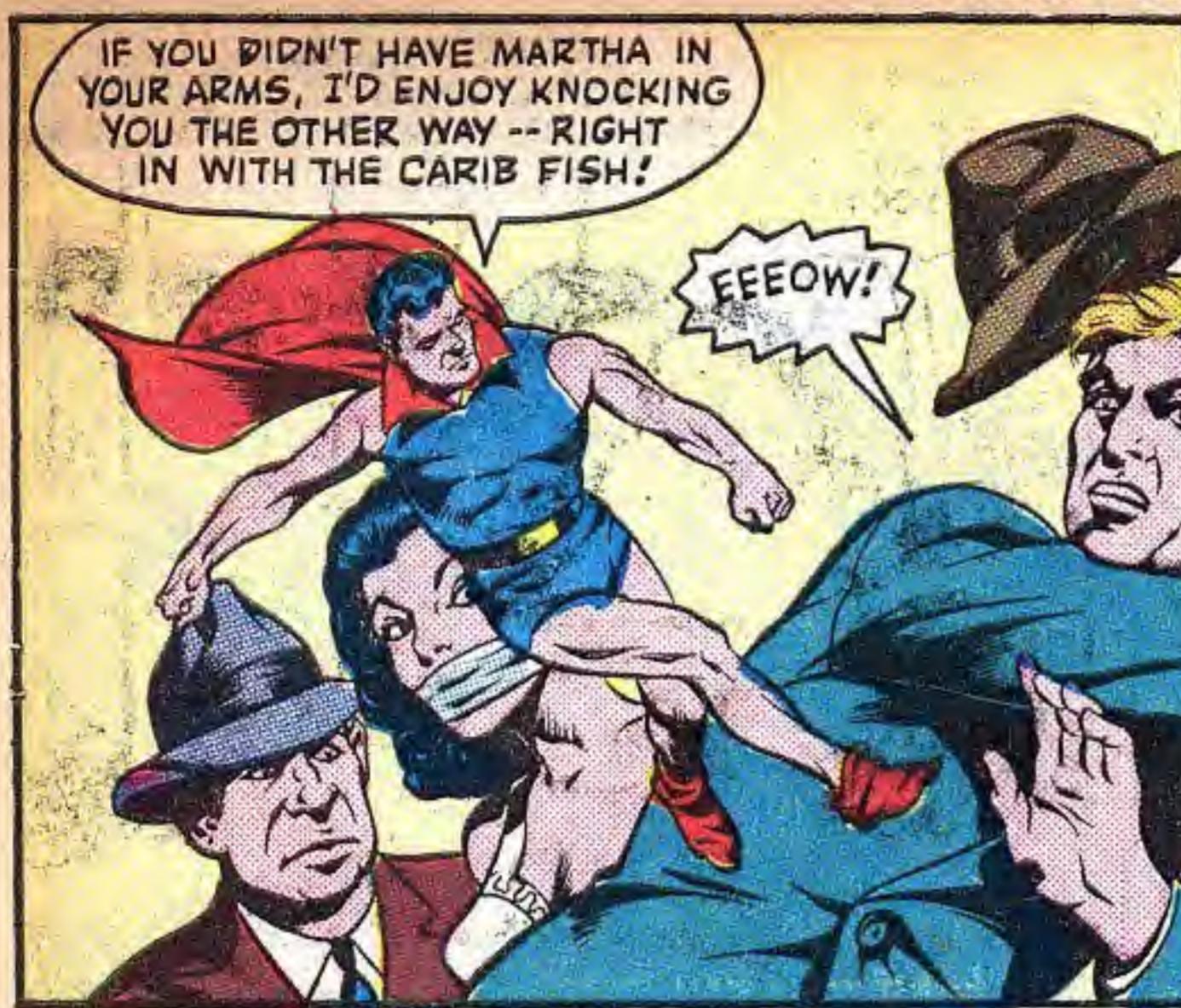
FEATURE COMICS



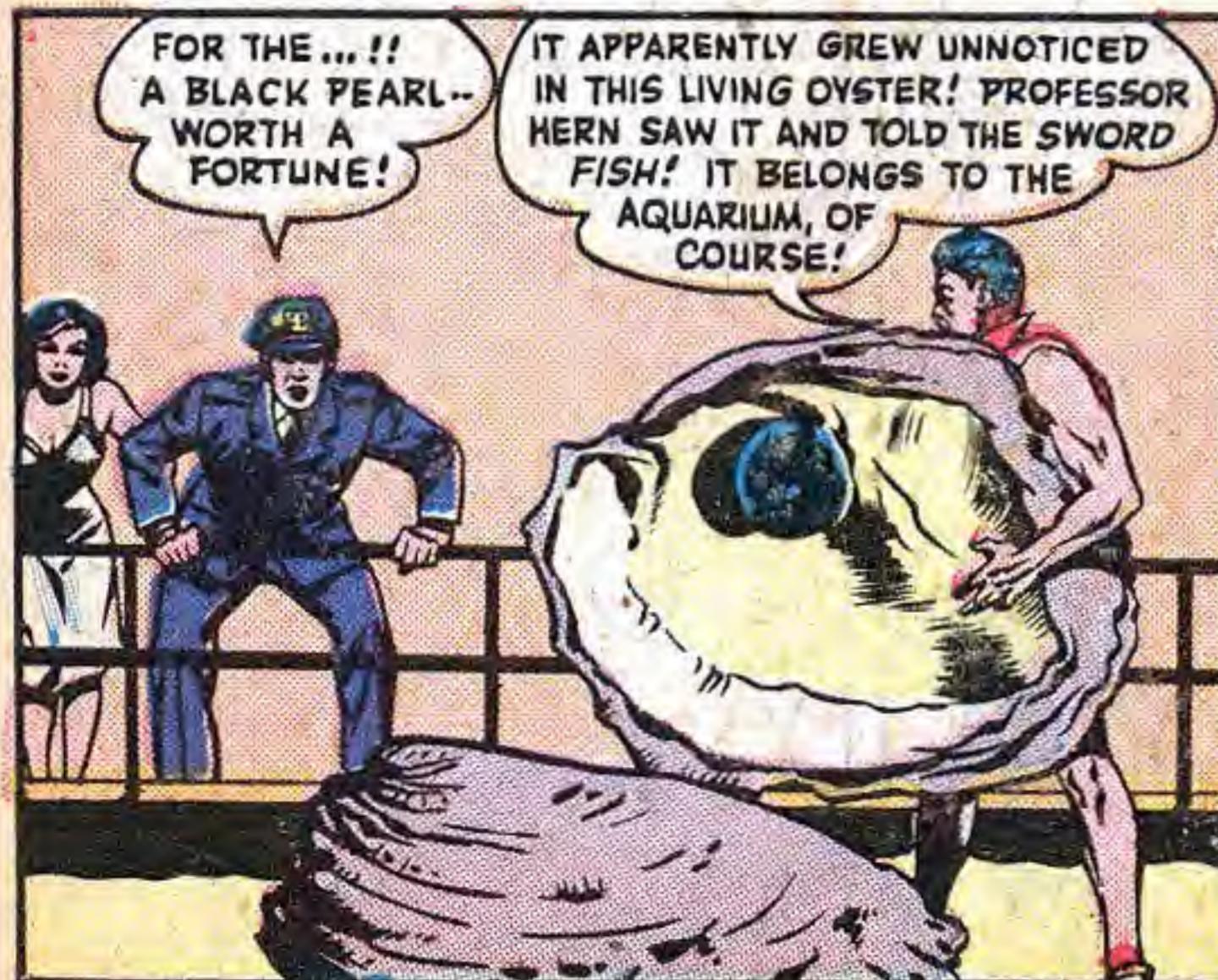
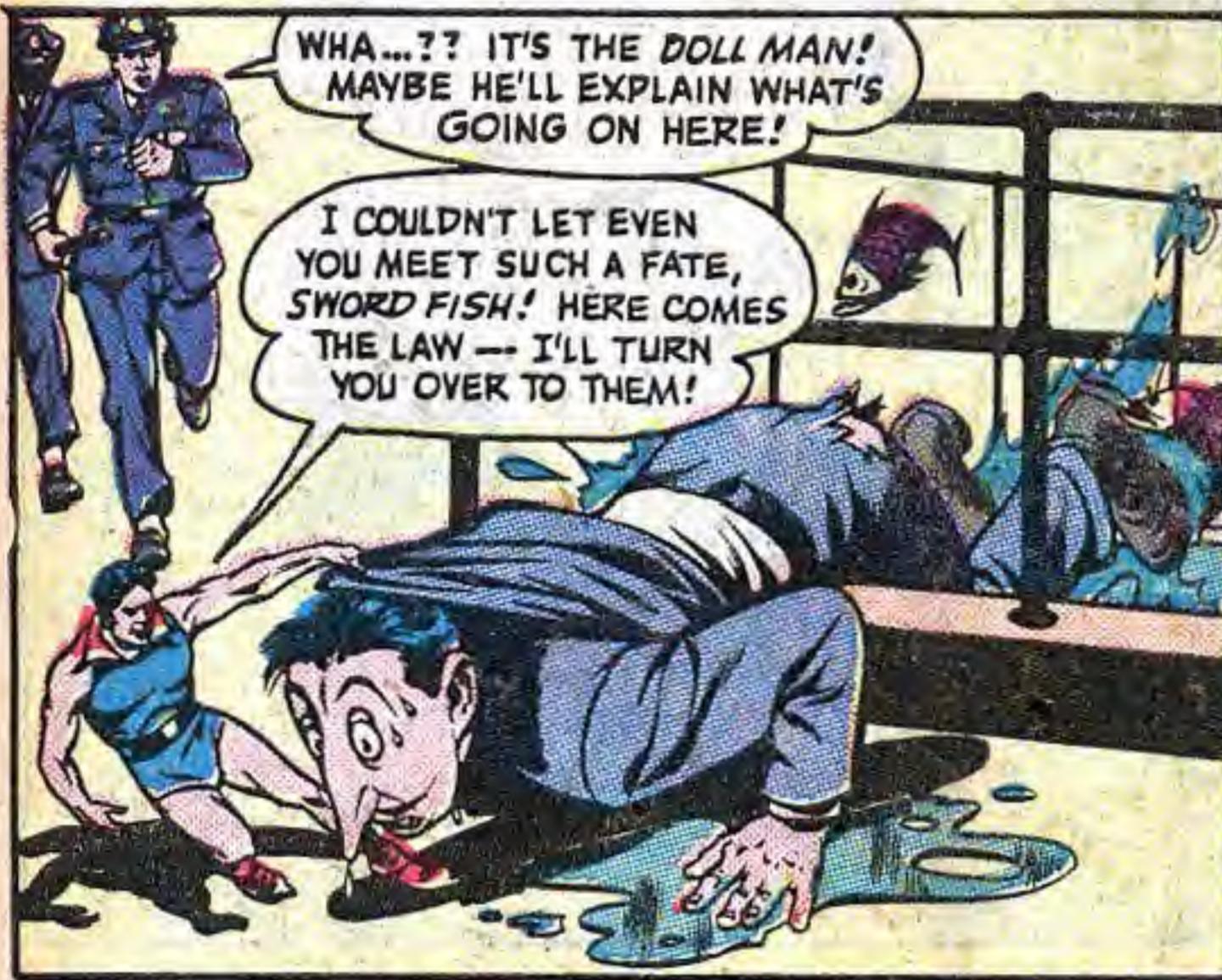
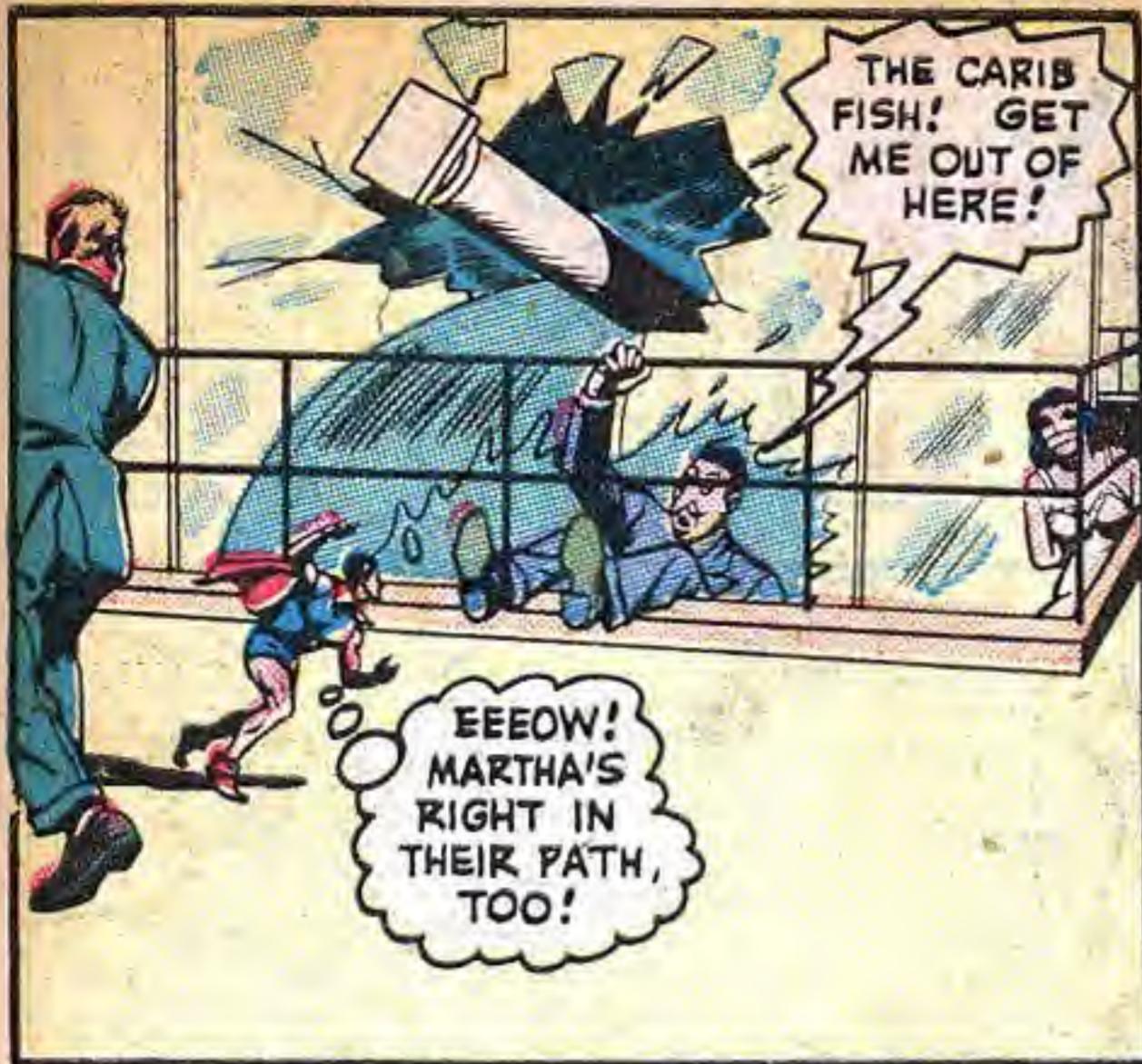
FEATURE COMICS



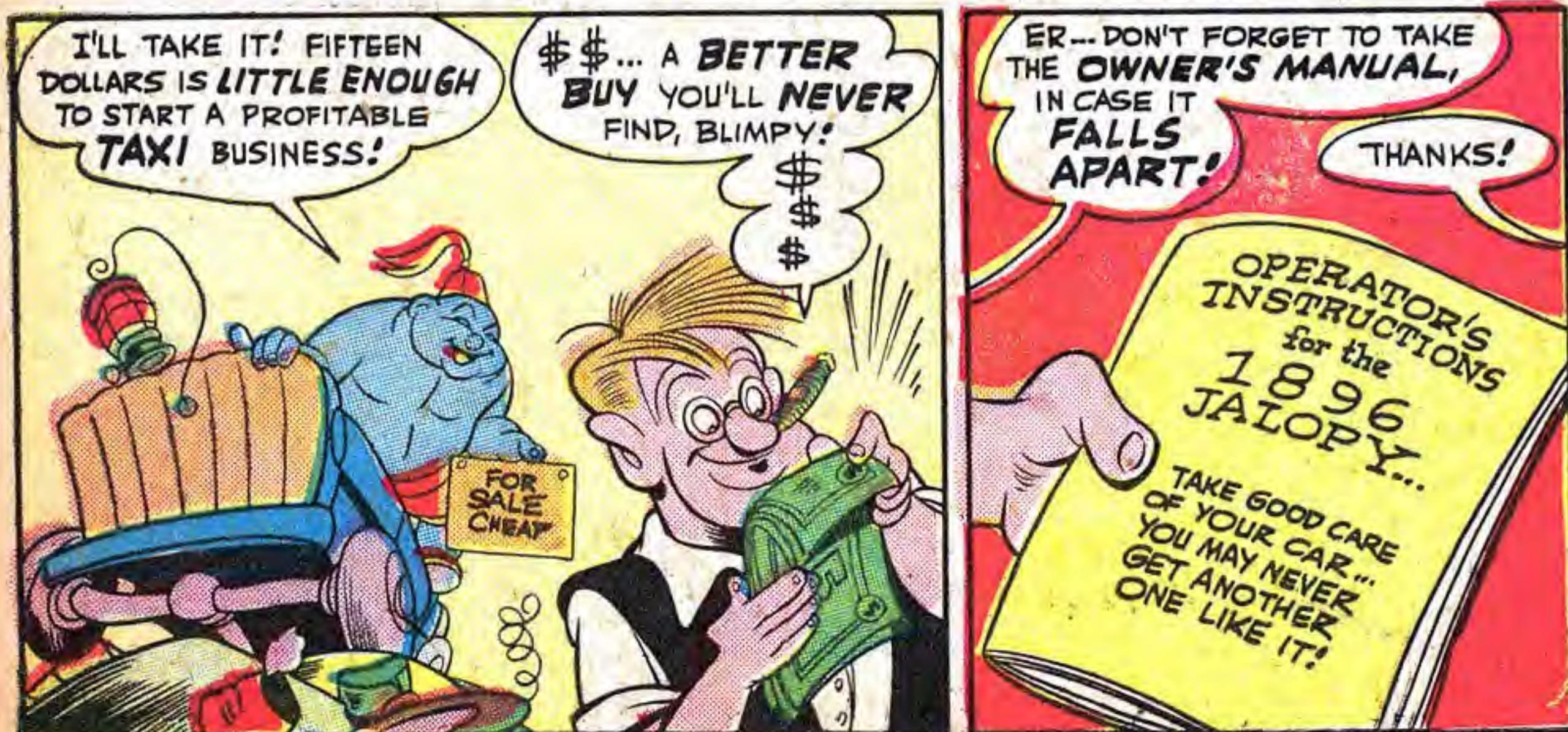
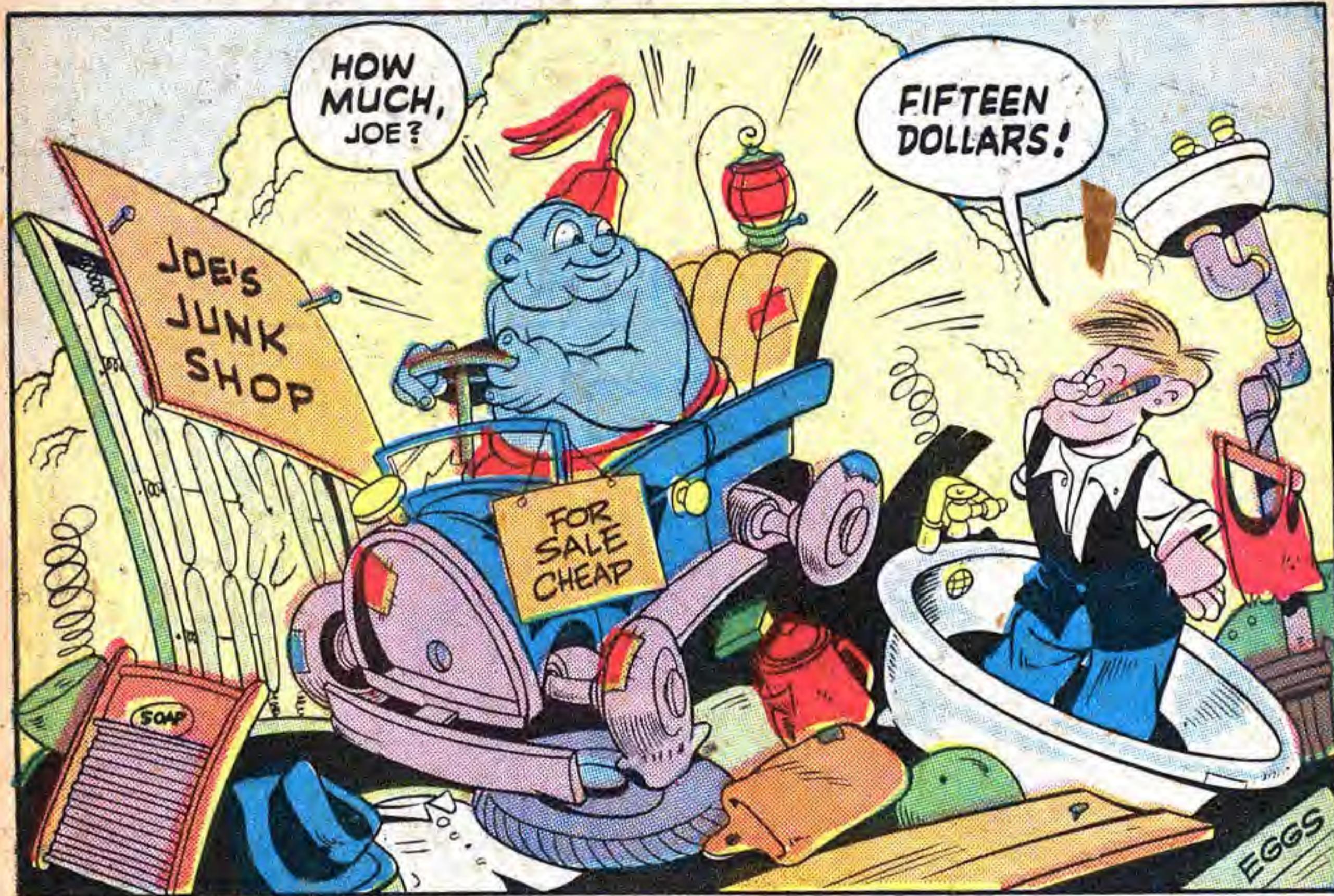
FEATURE COMICS



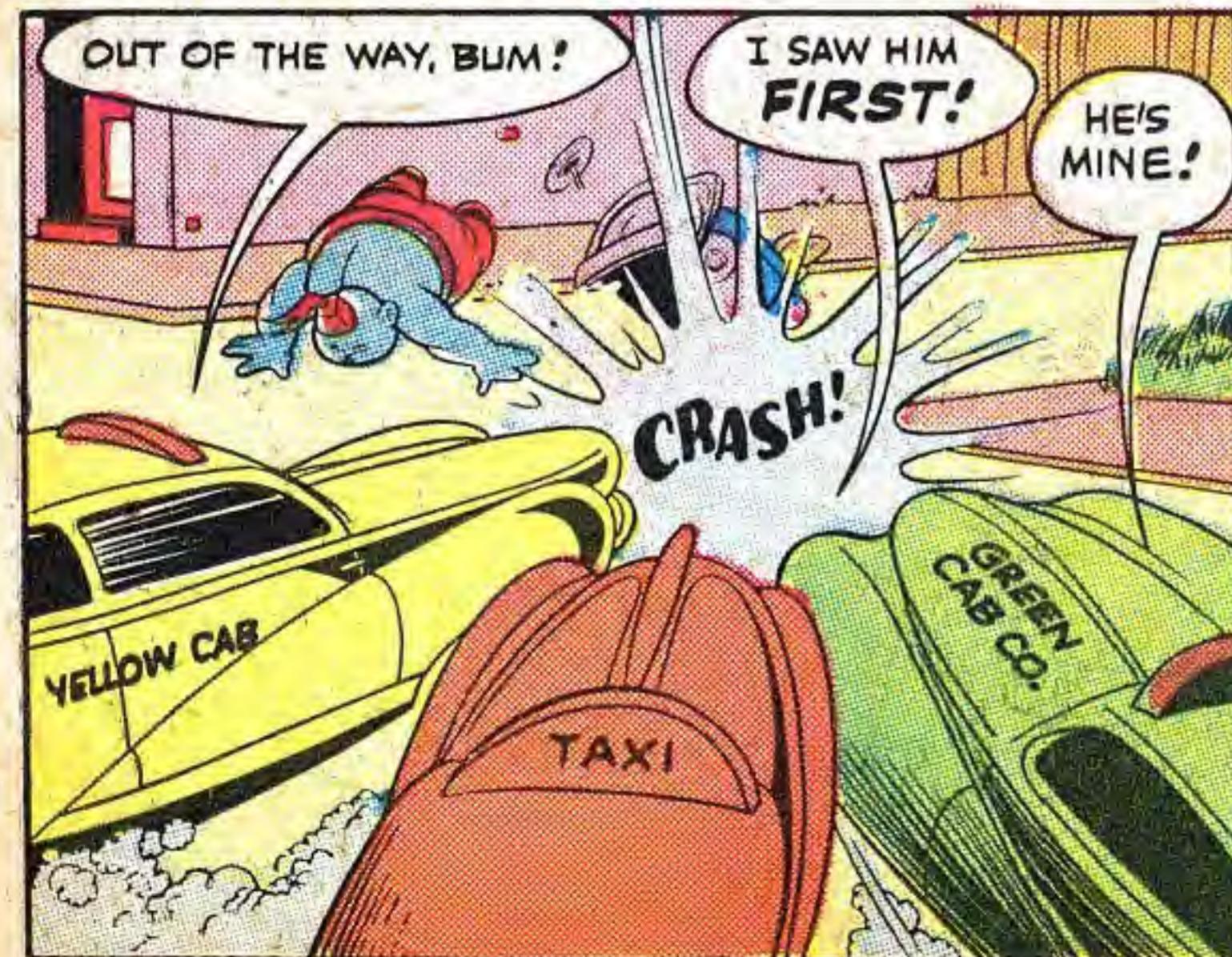
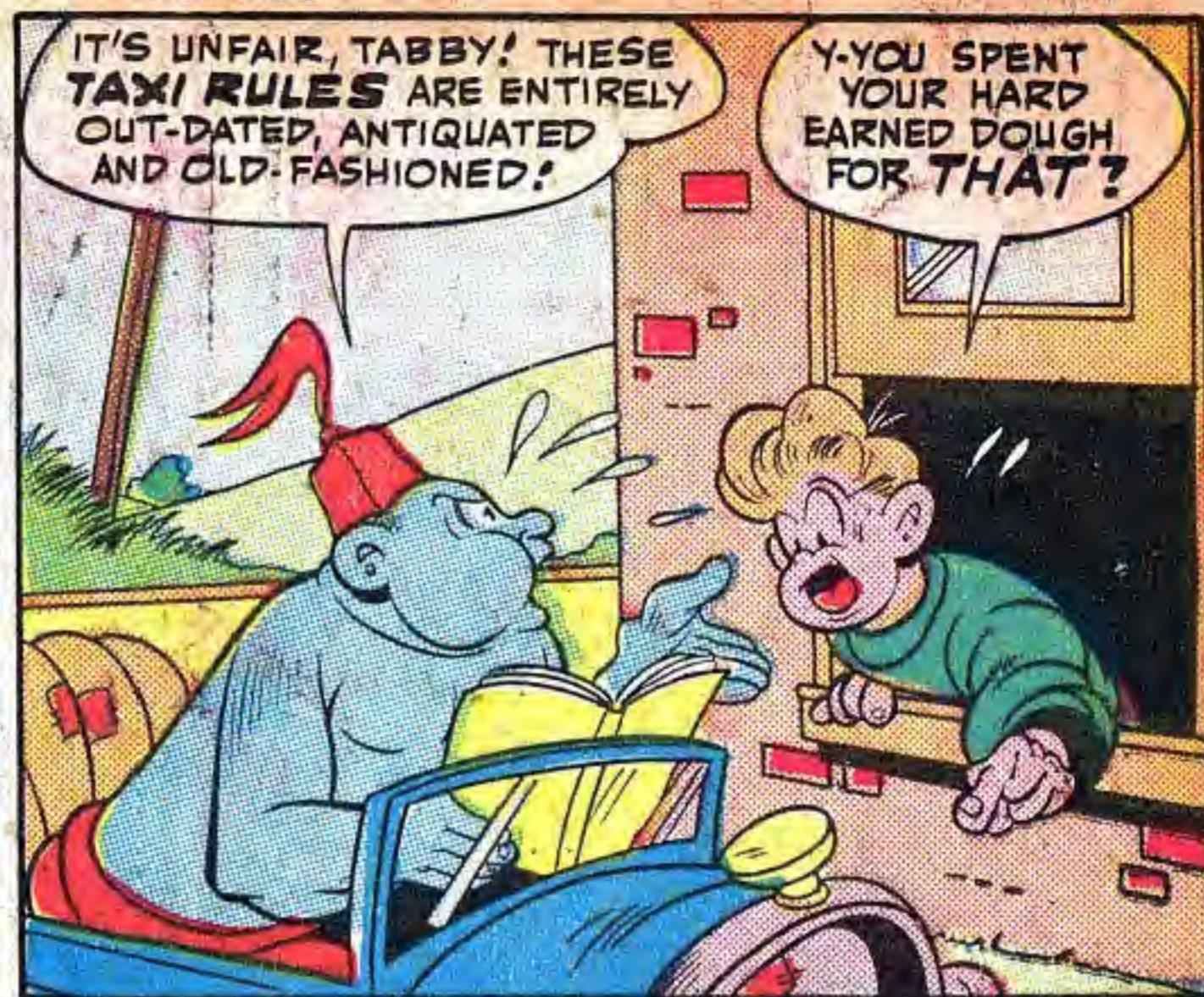
FEATURE COMICS

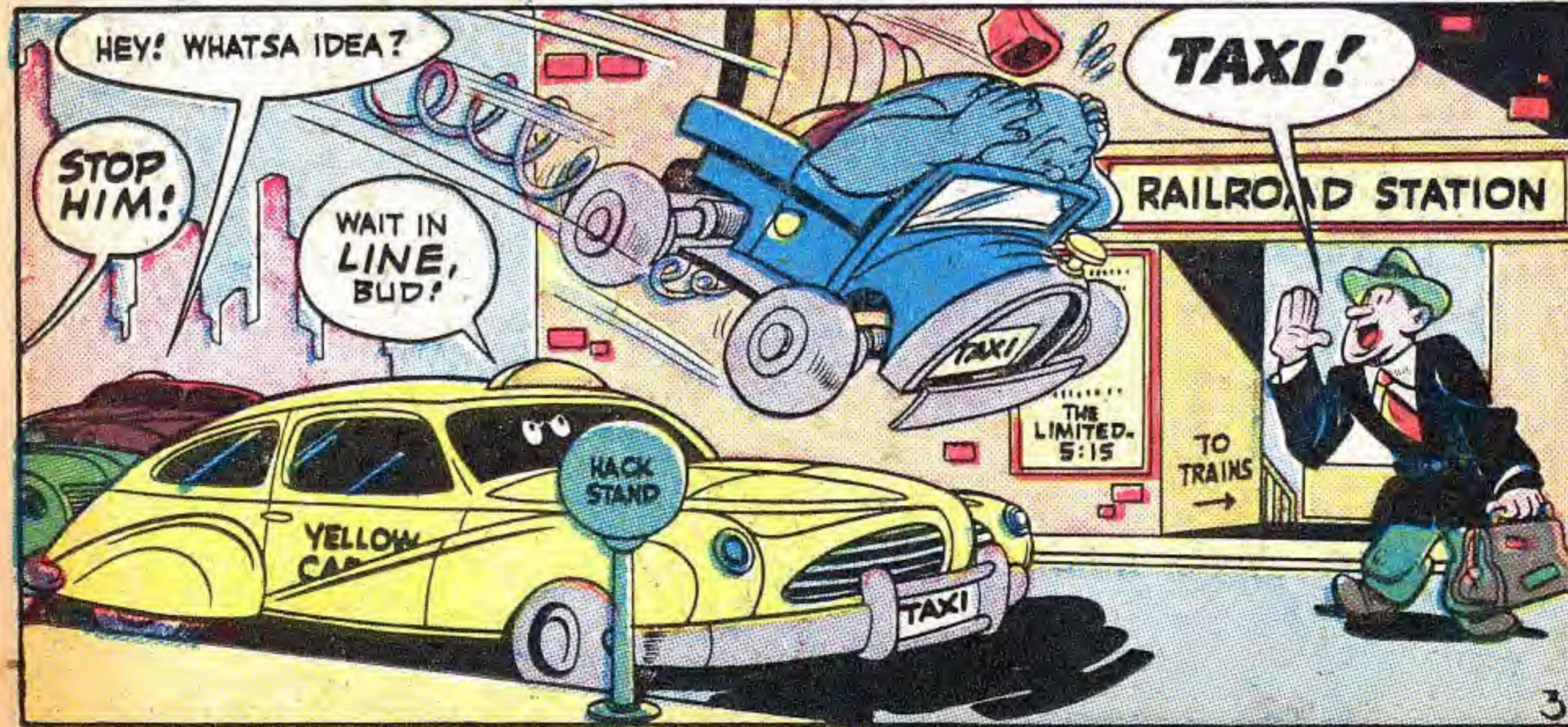


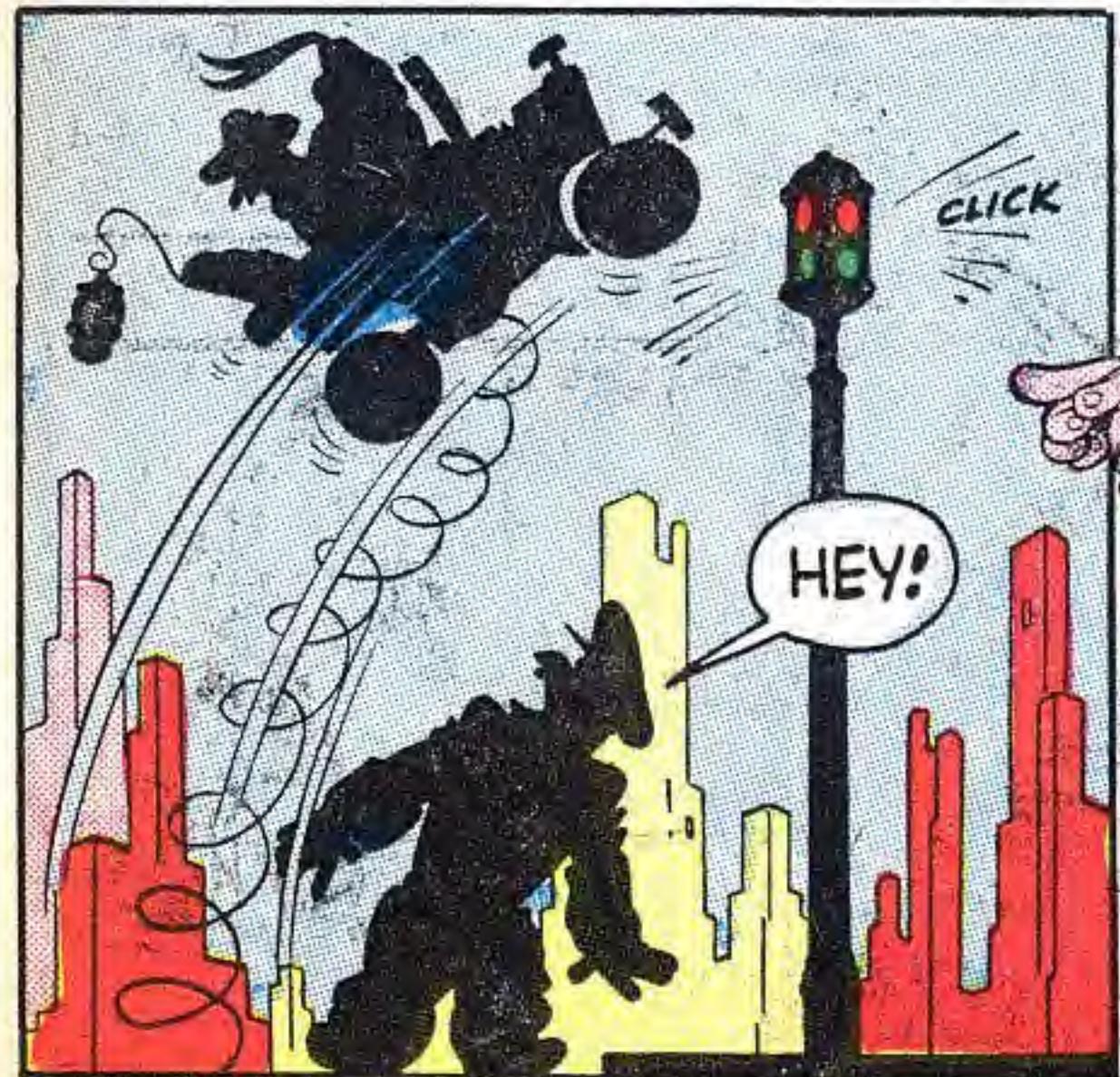
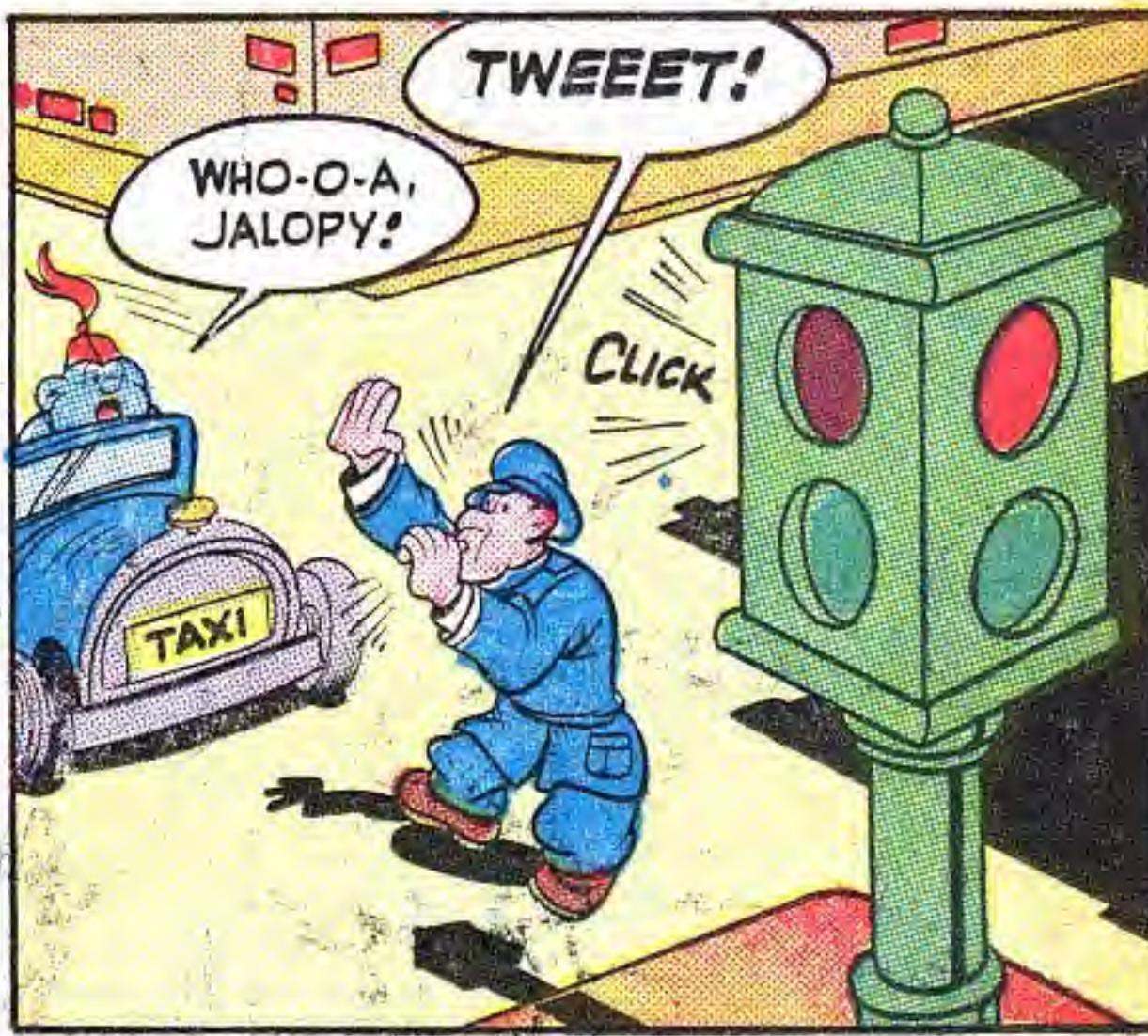
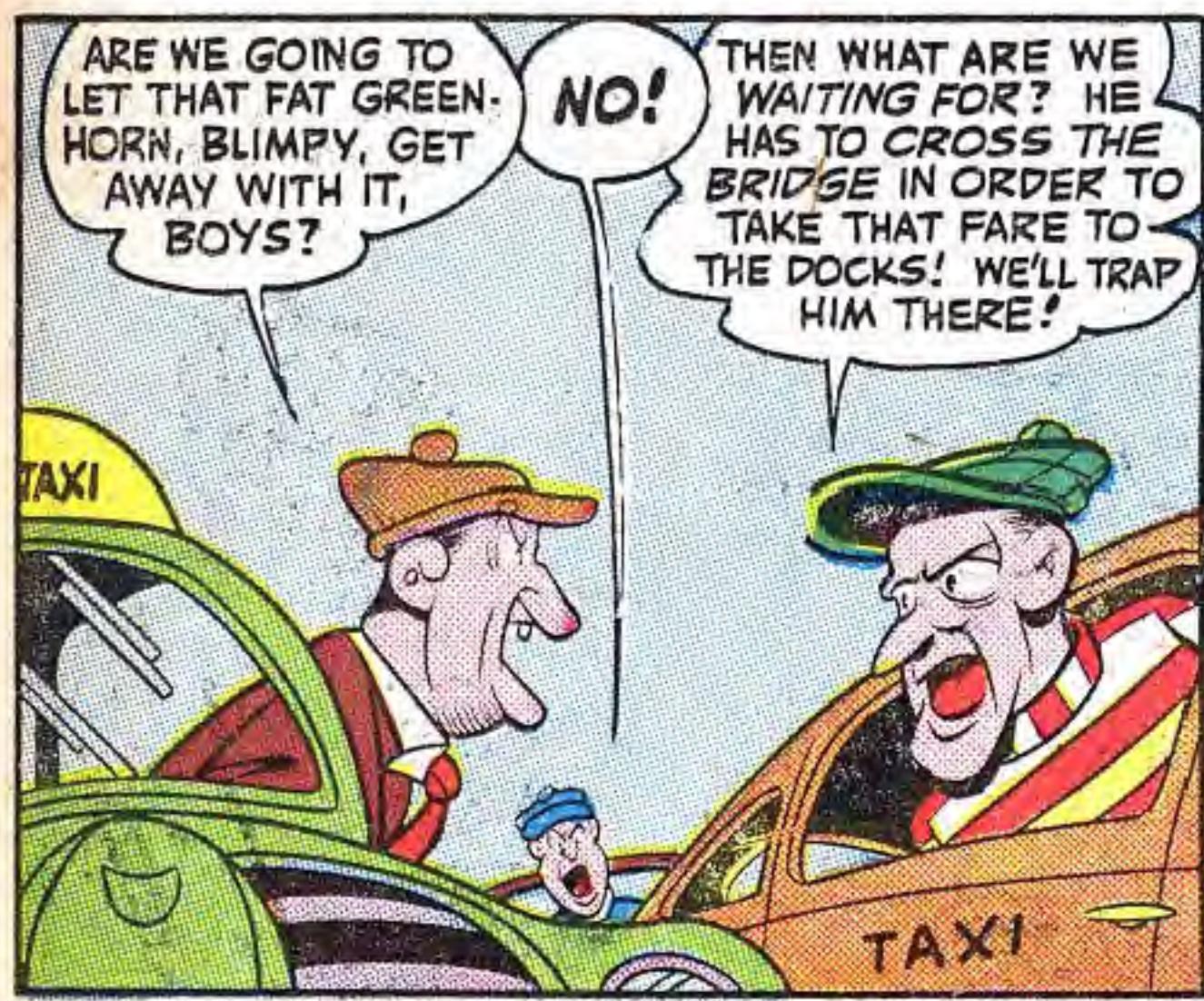
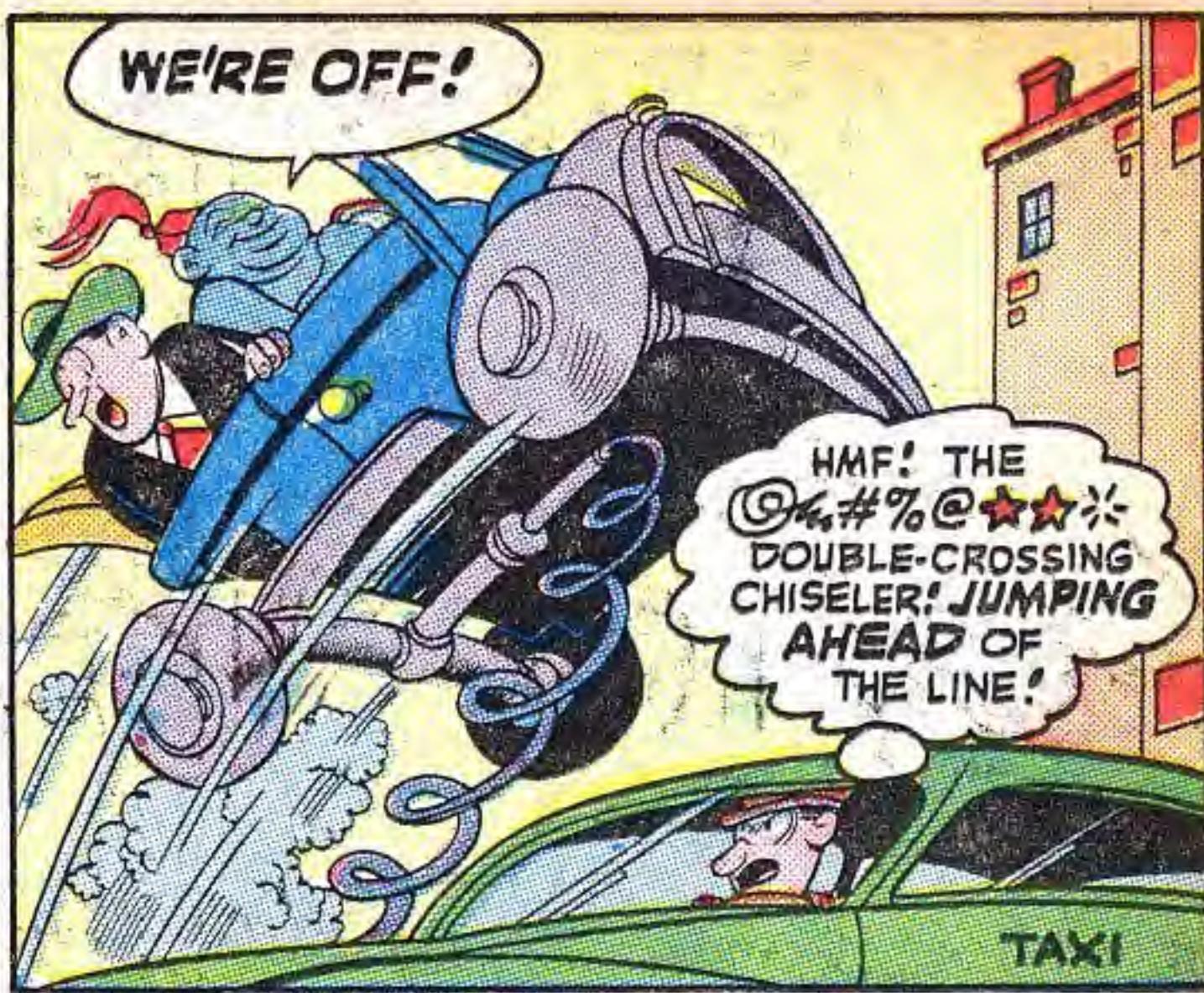
BLIMPY



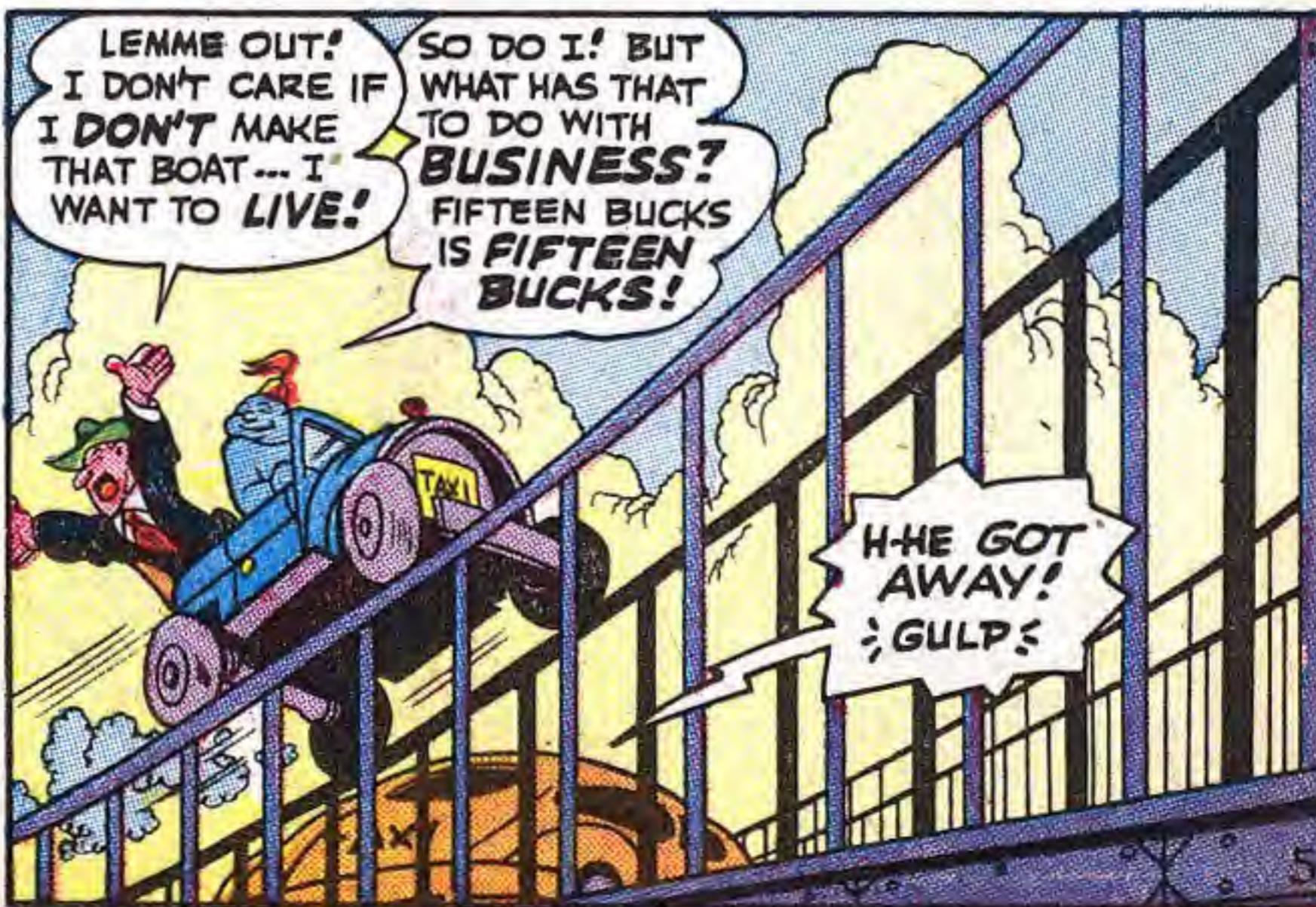
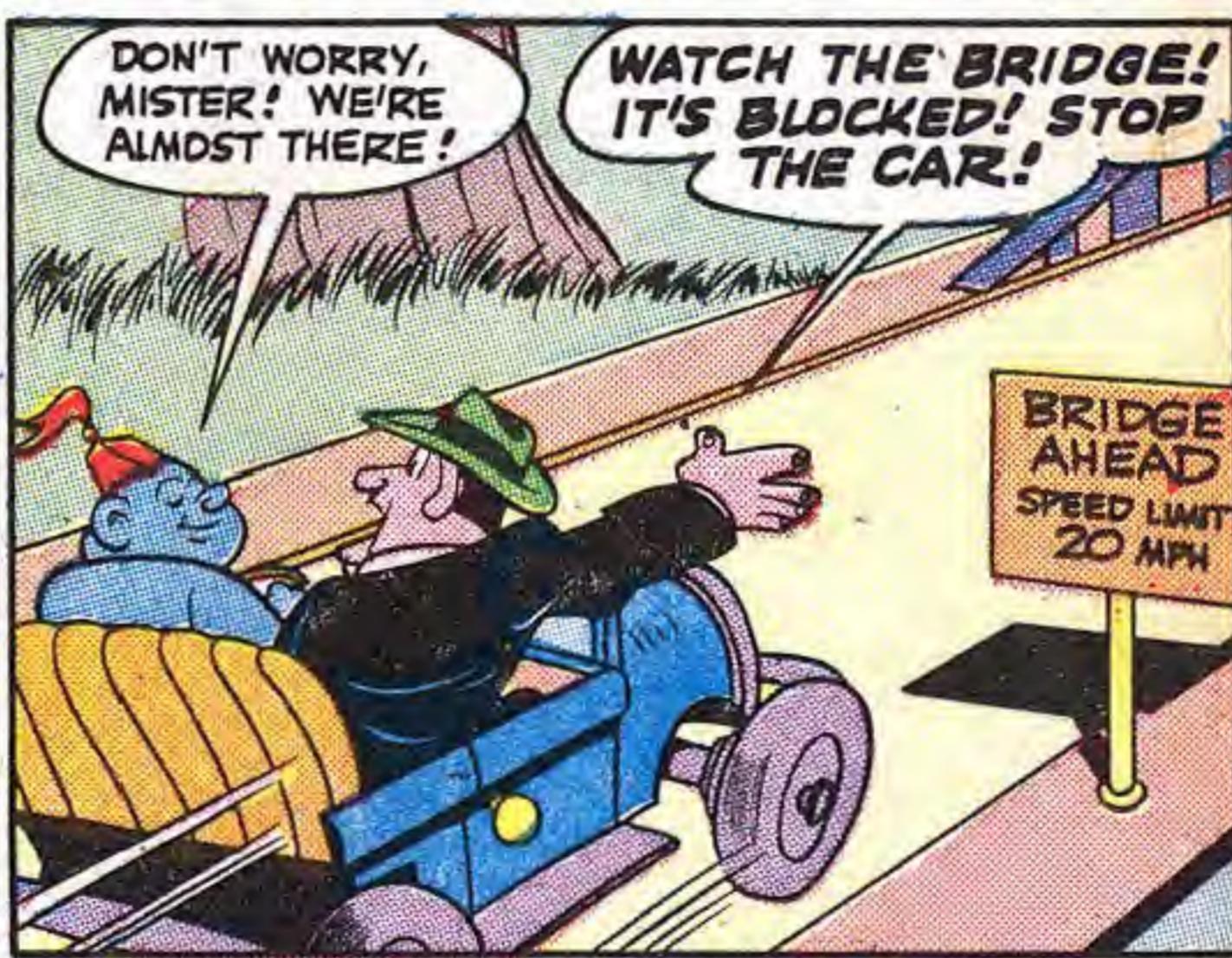
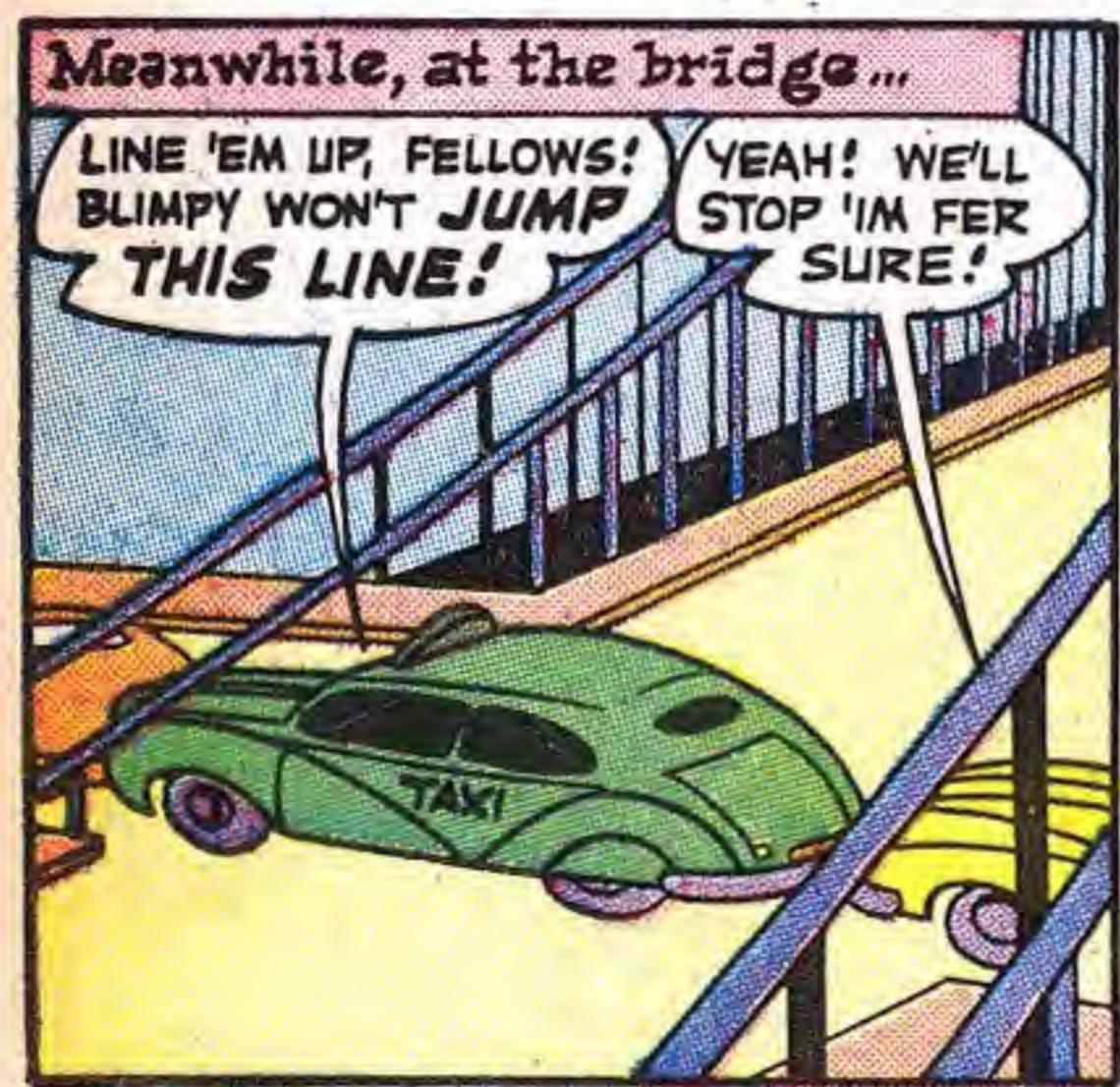
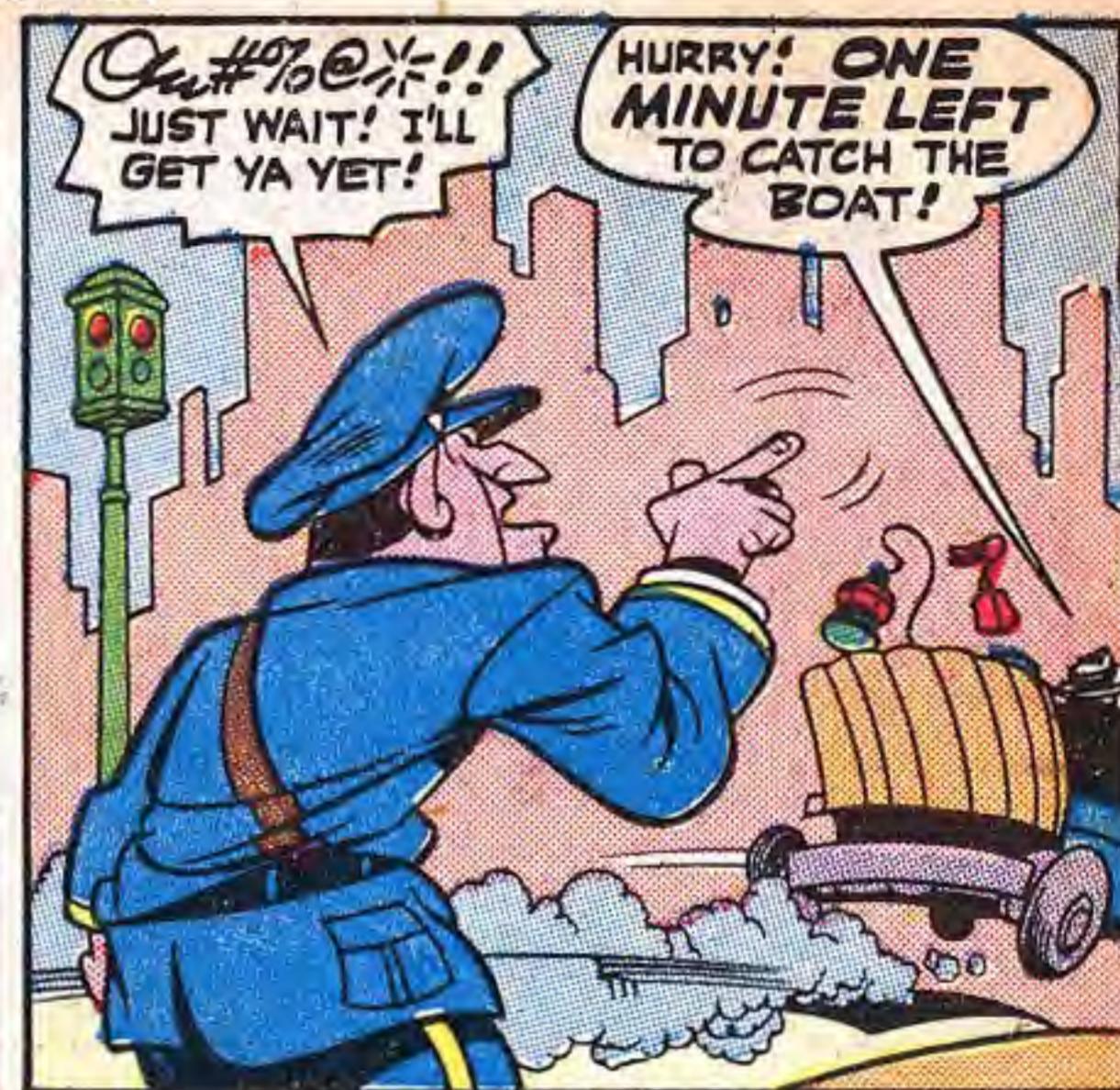
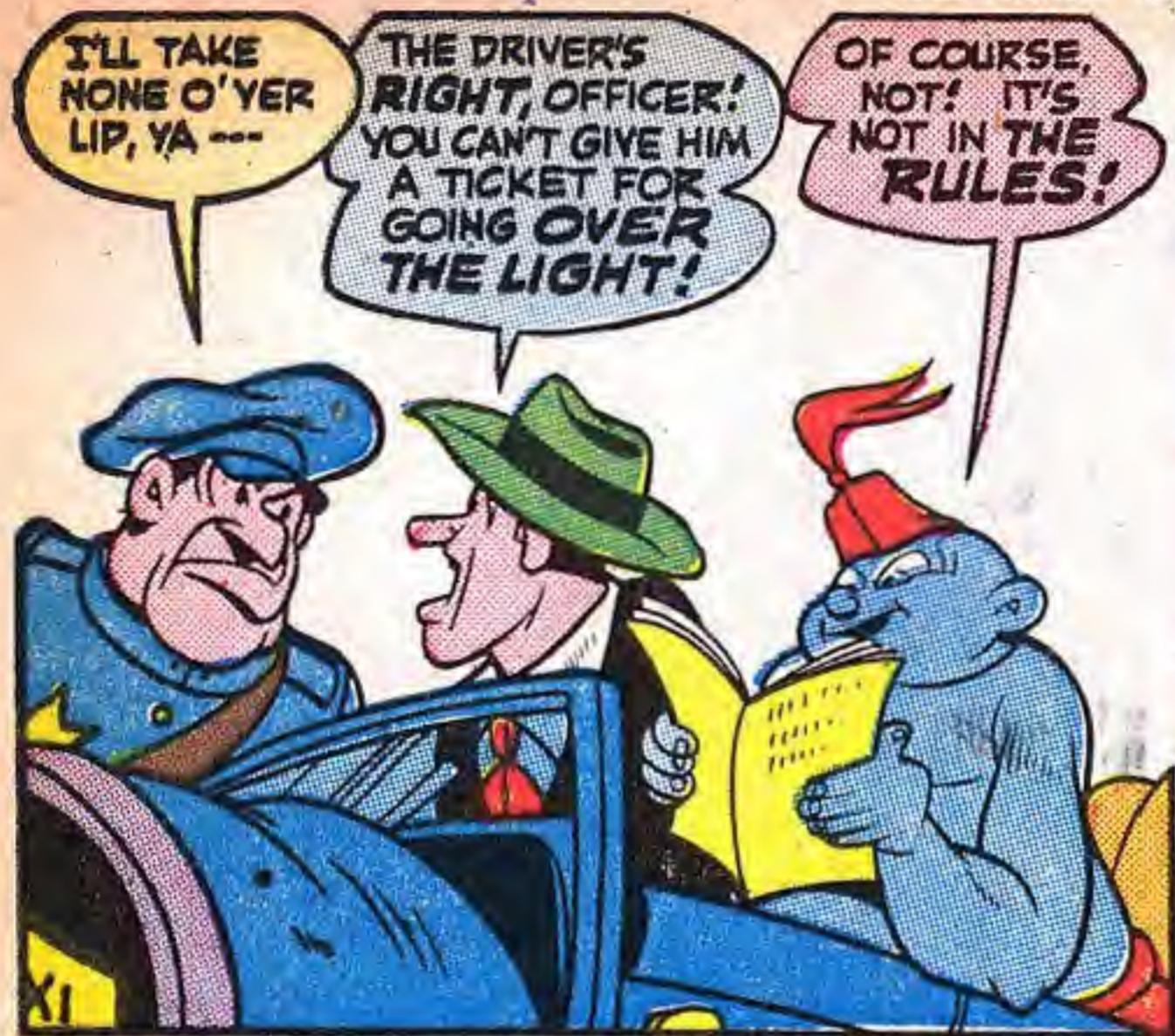
FEATURE COMICS



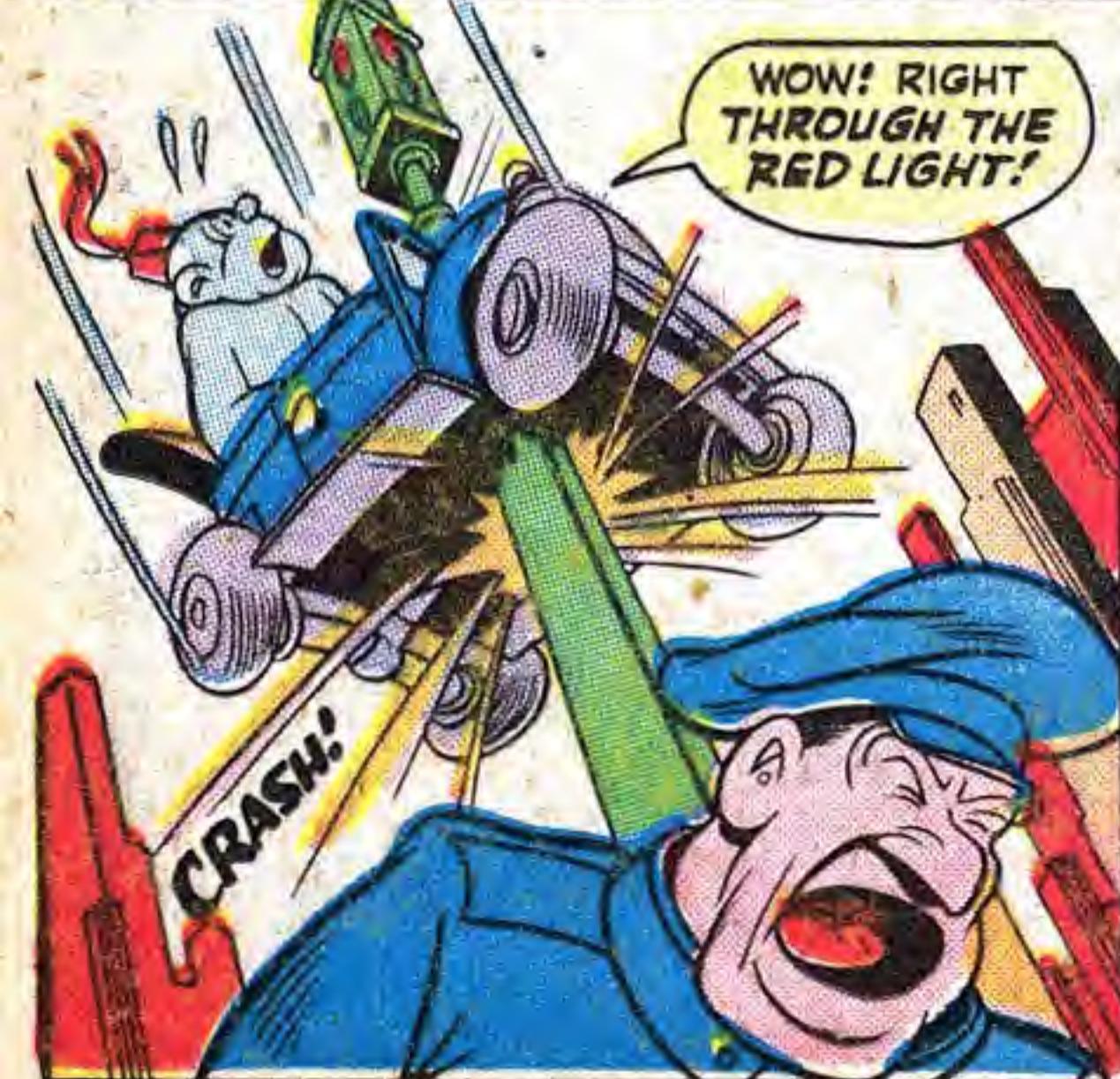
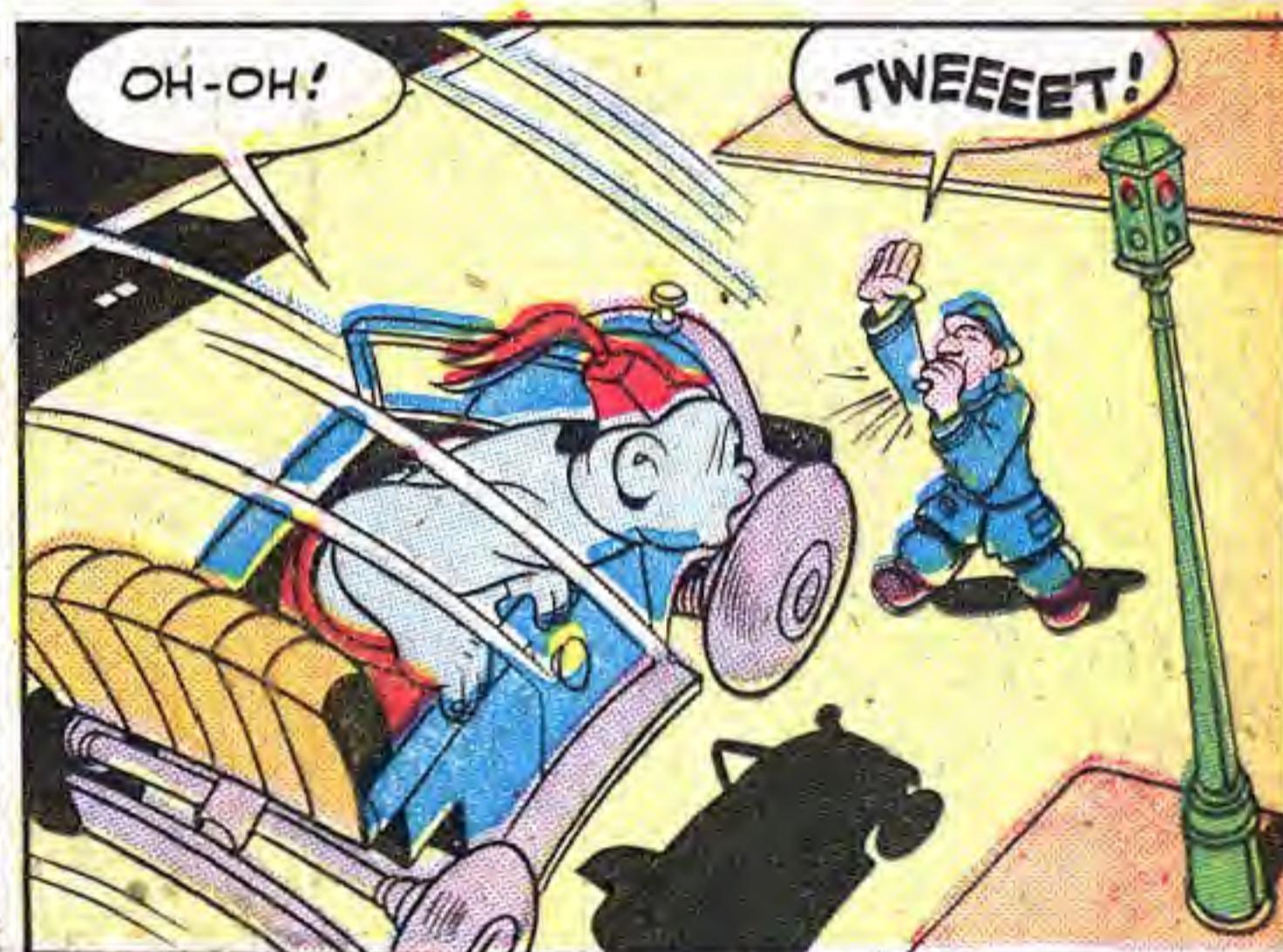
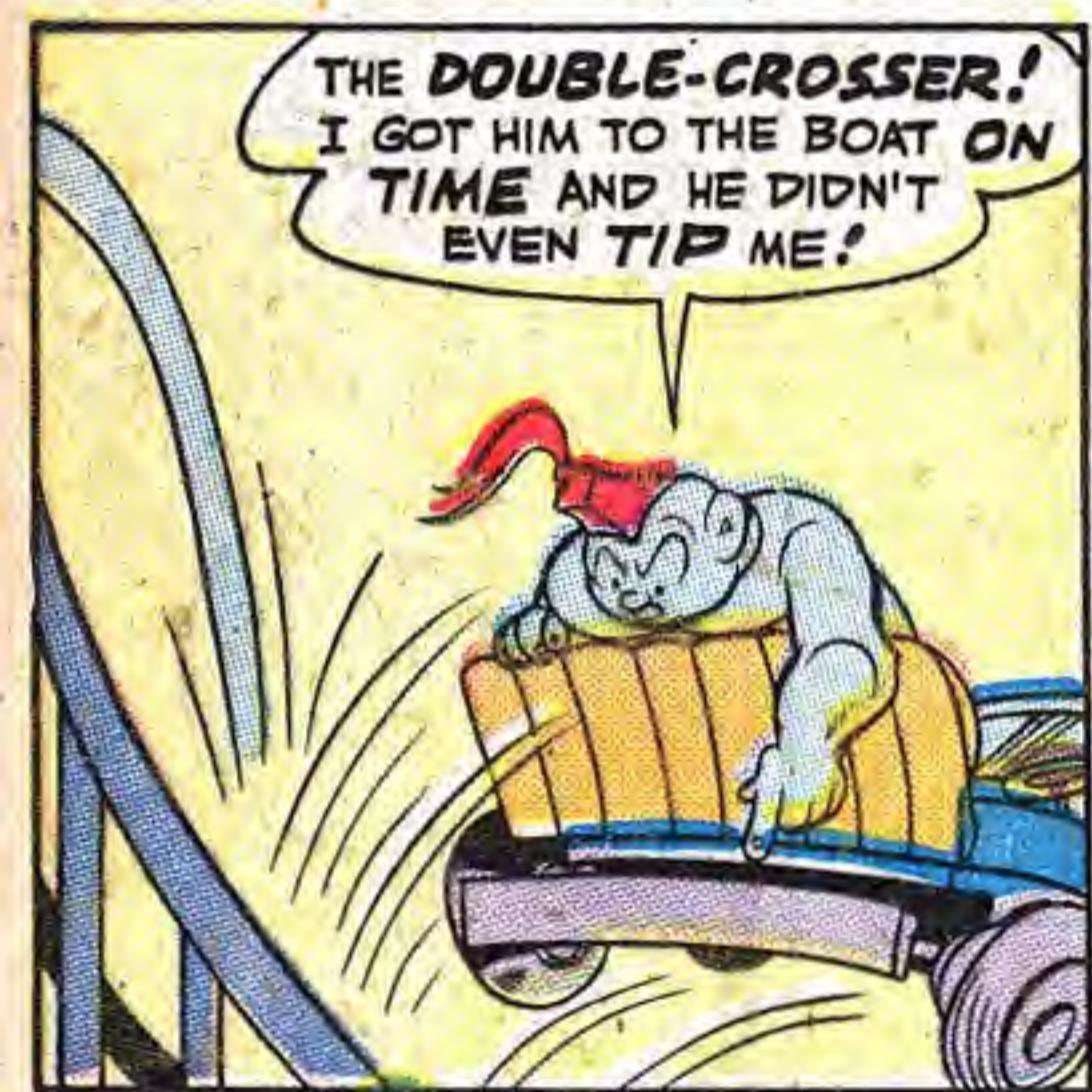
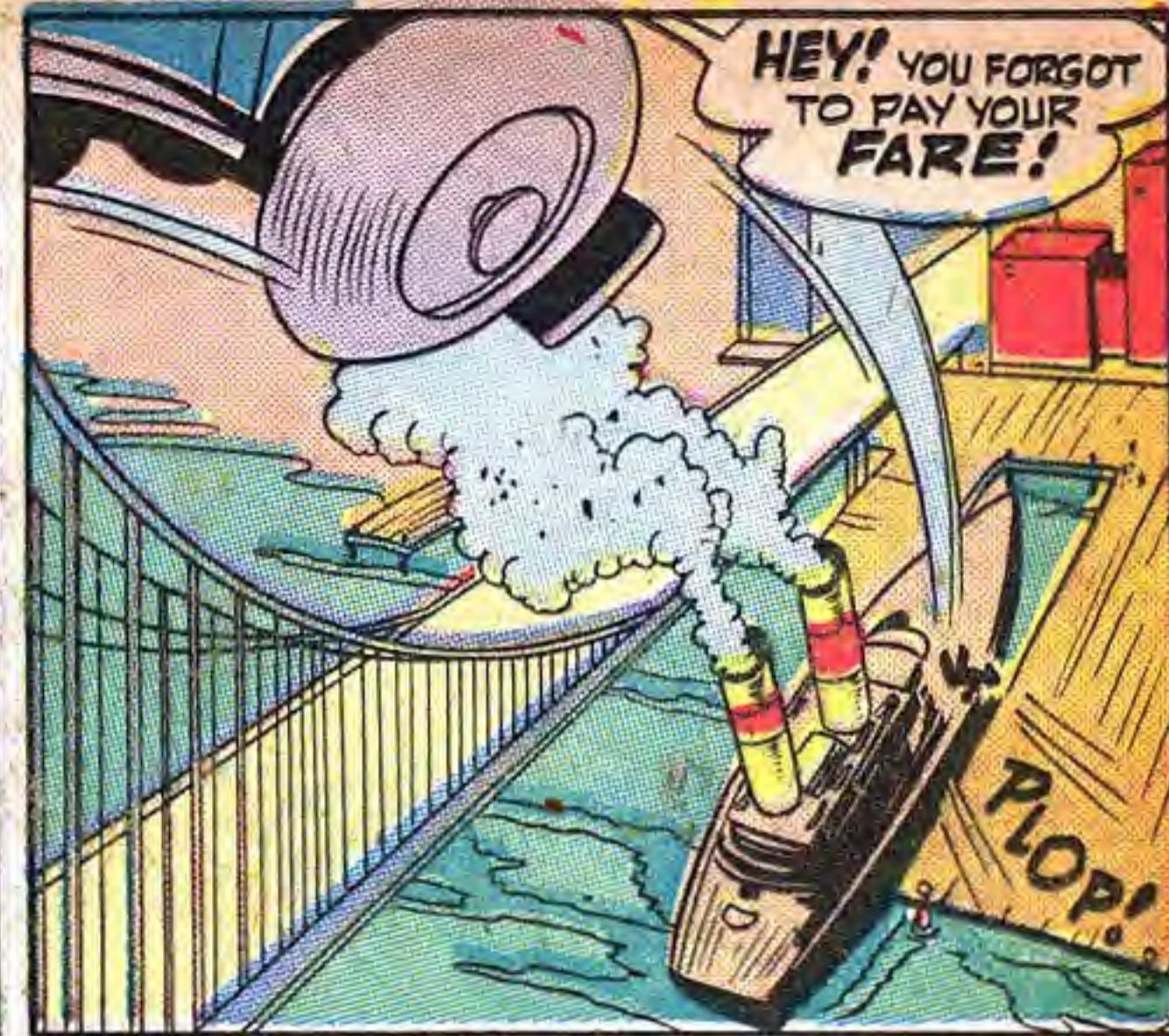
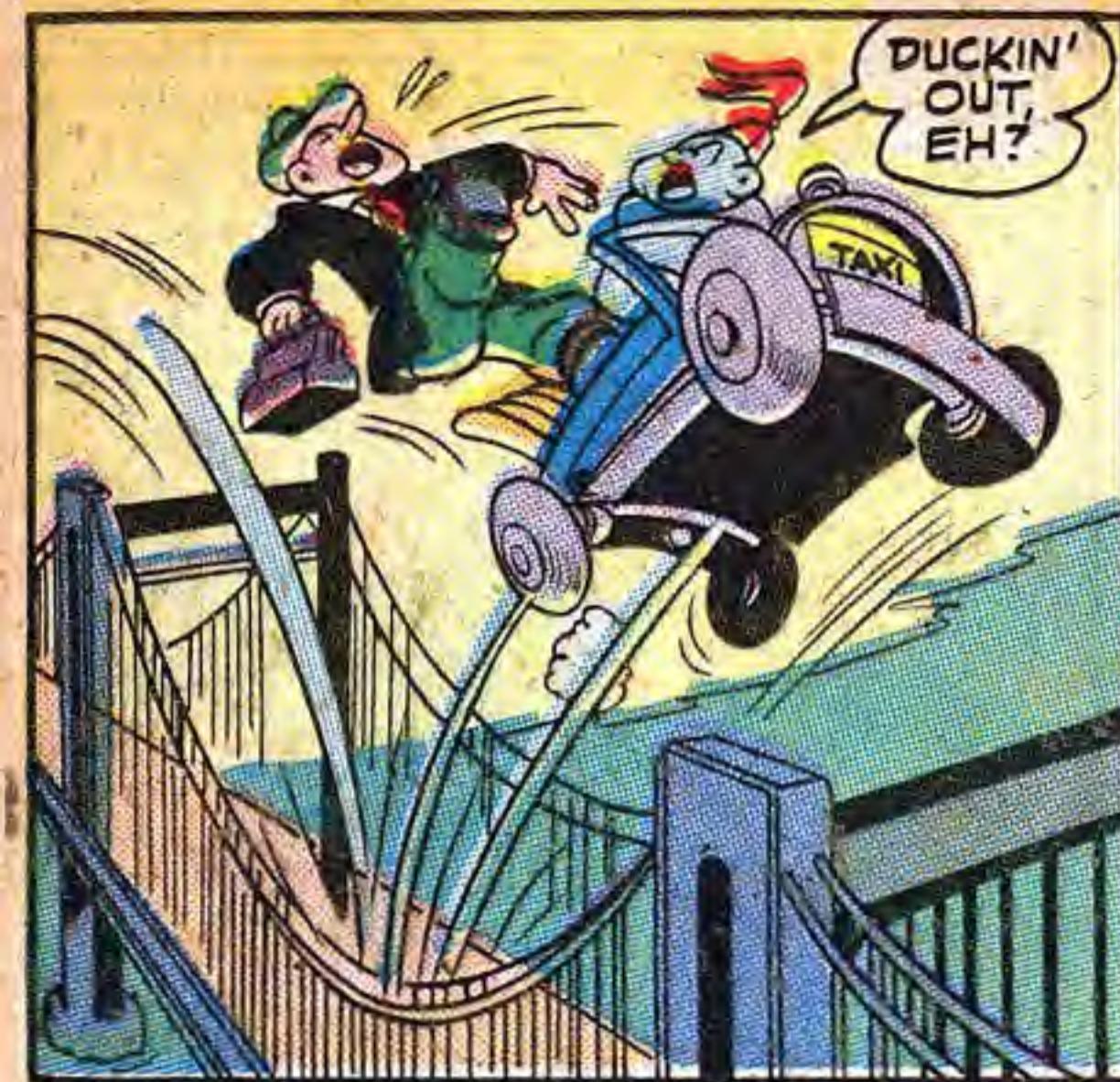




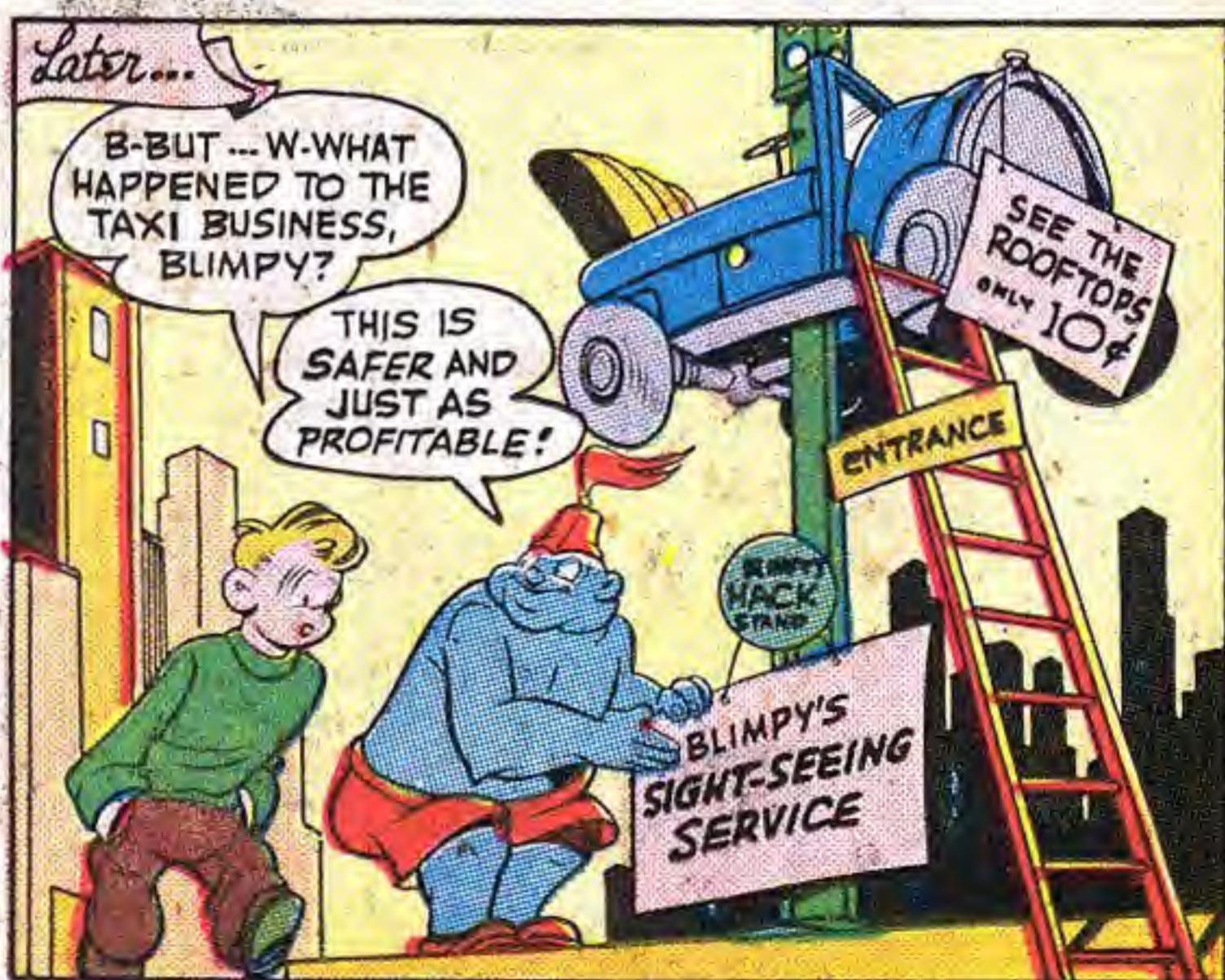
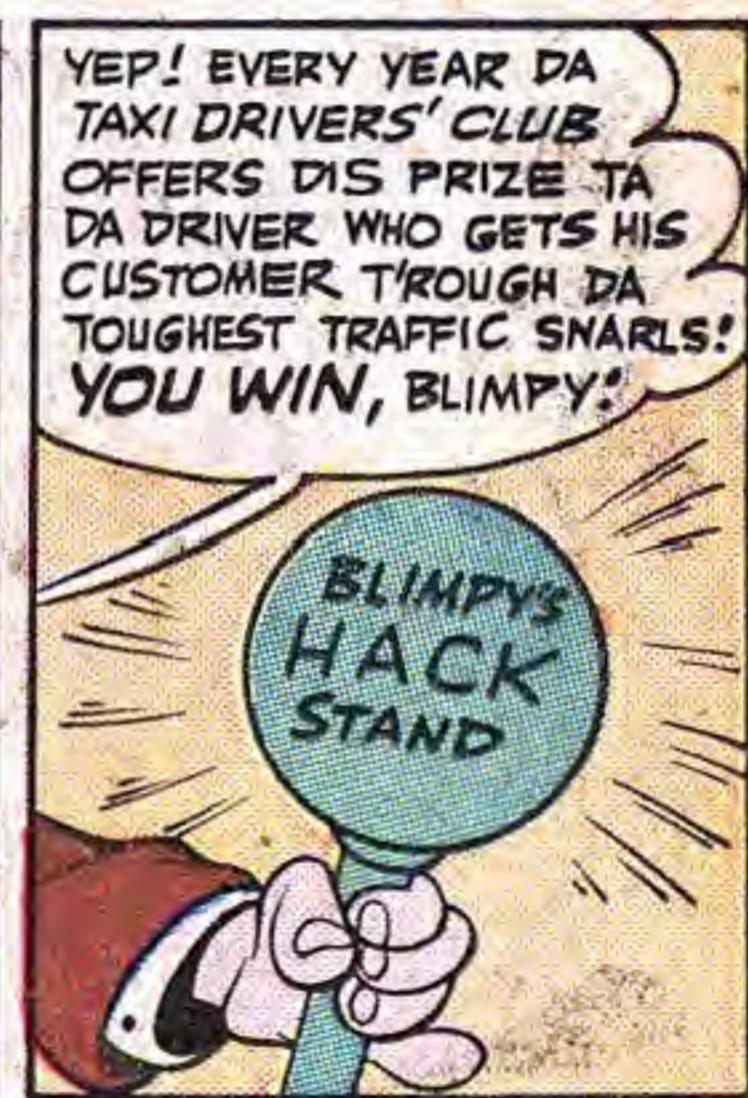
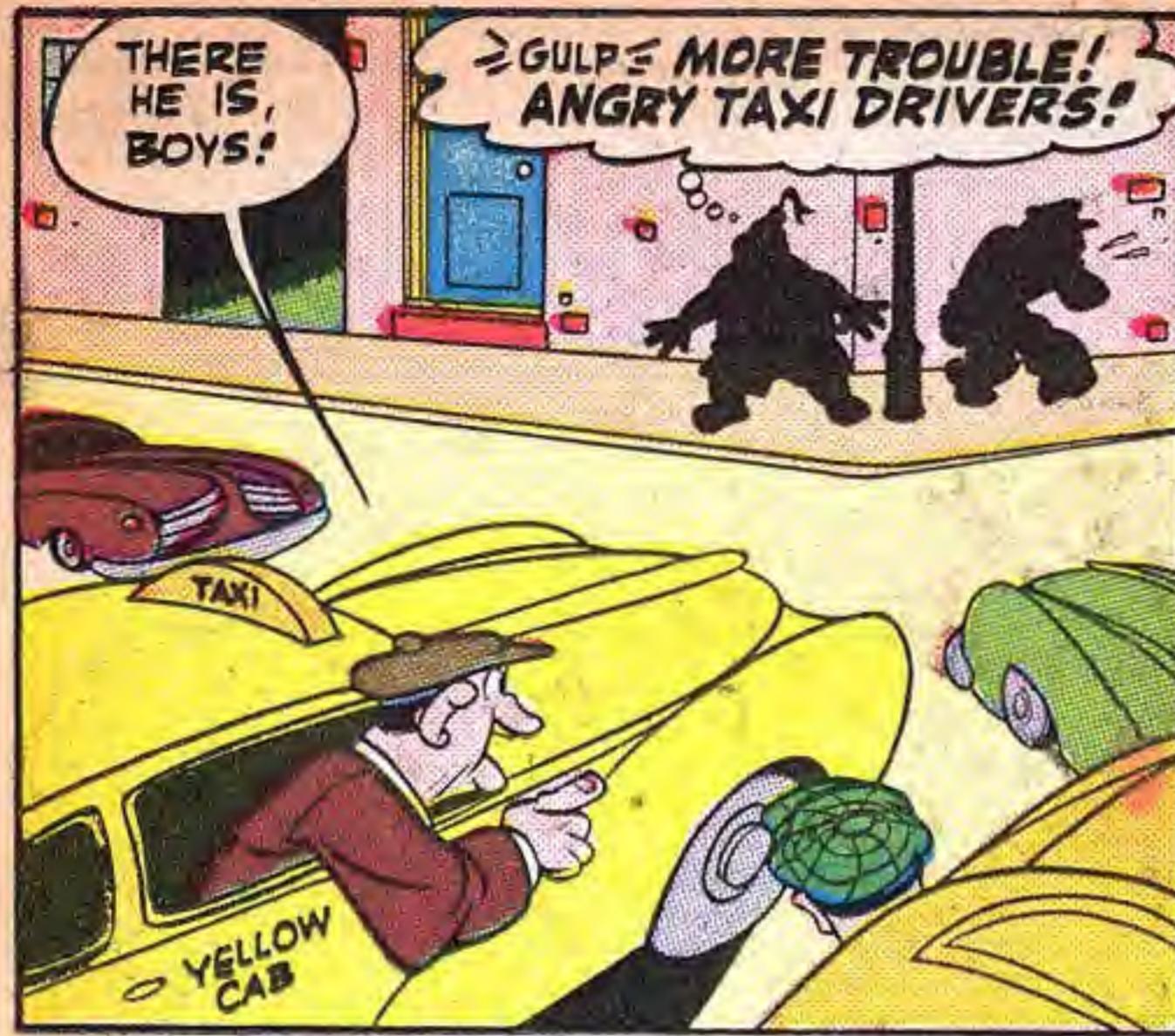
FEATURE COMICS



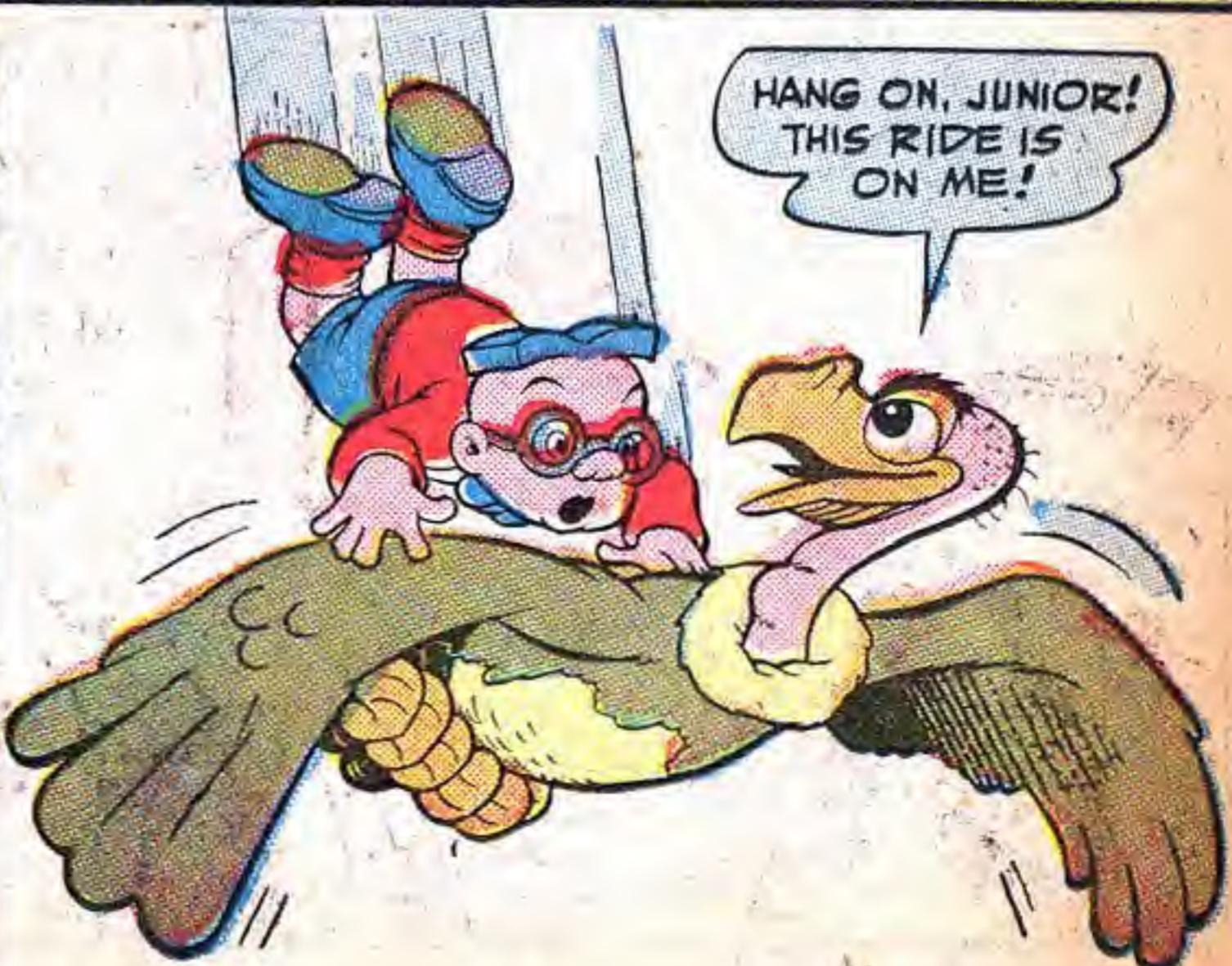
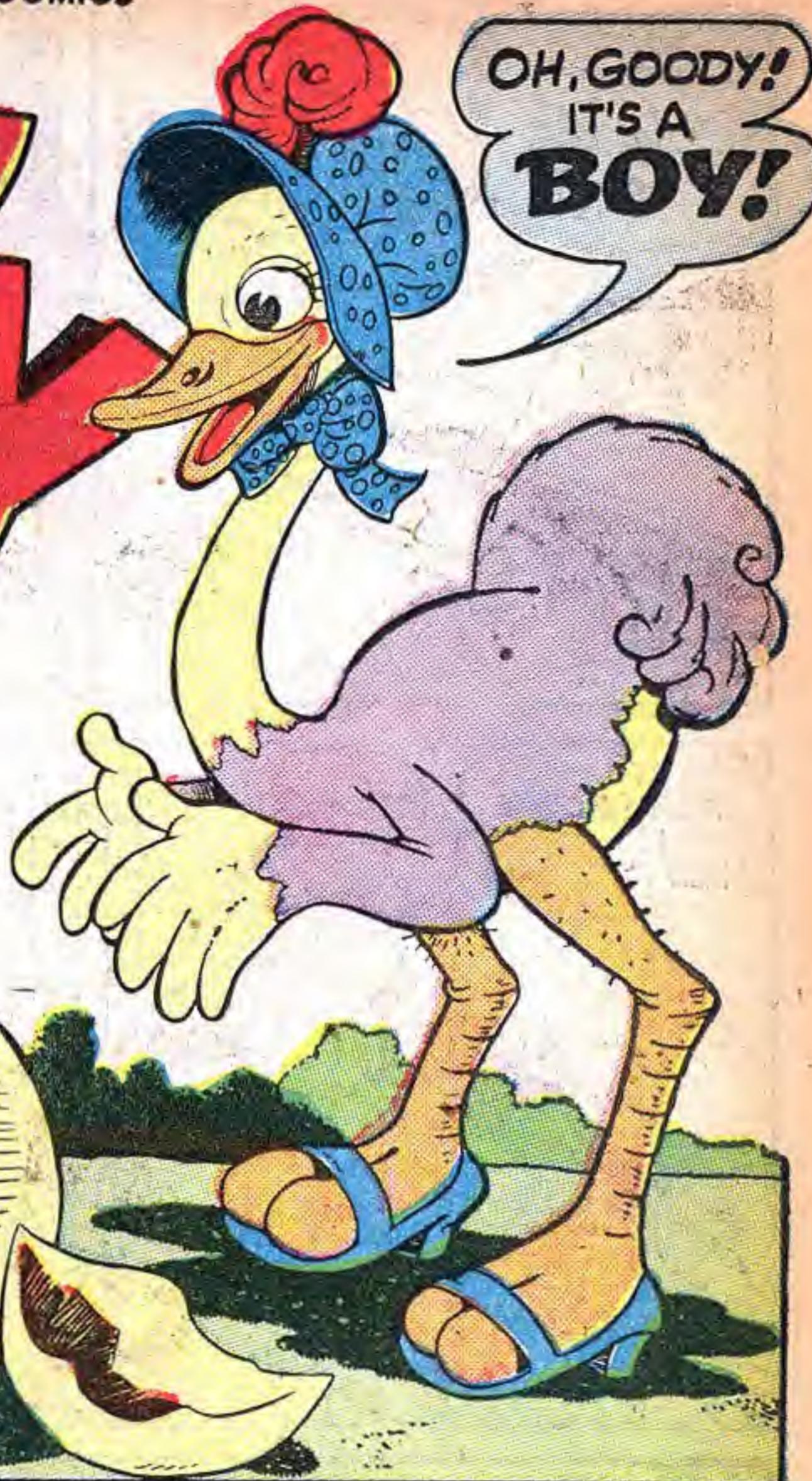
FEATURE COMICS



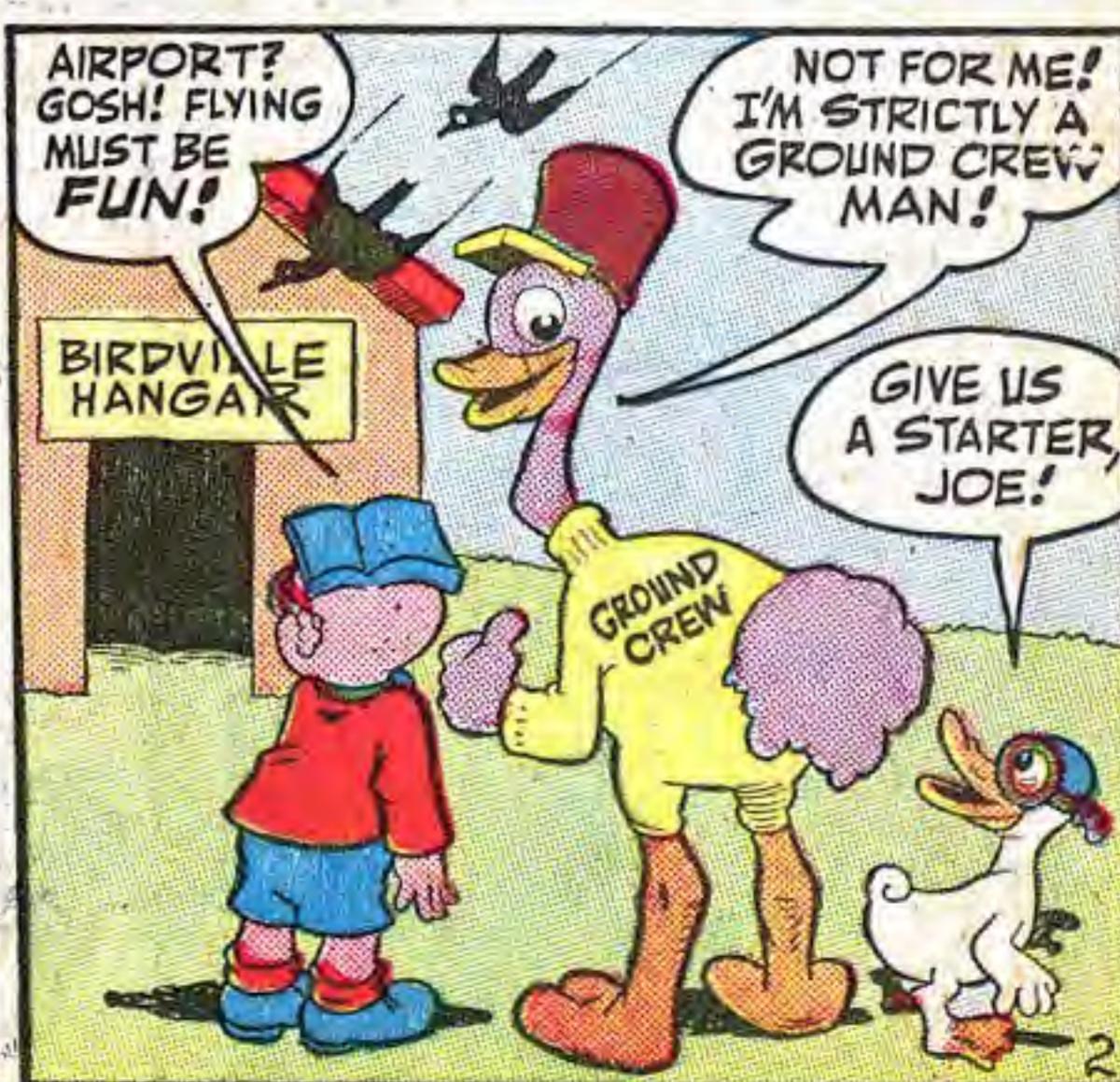
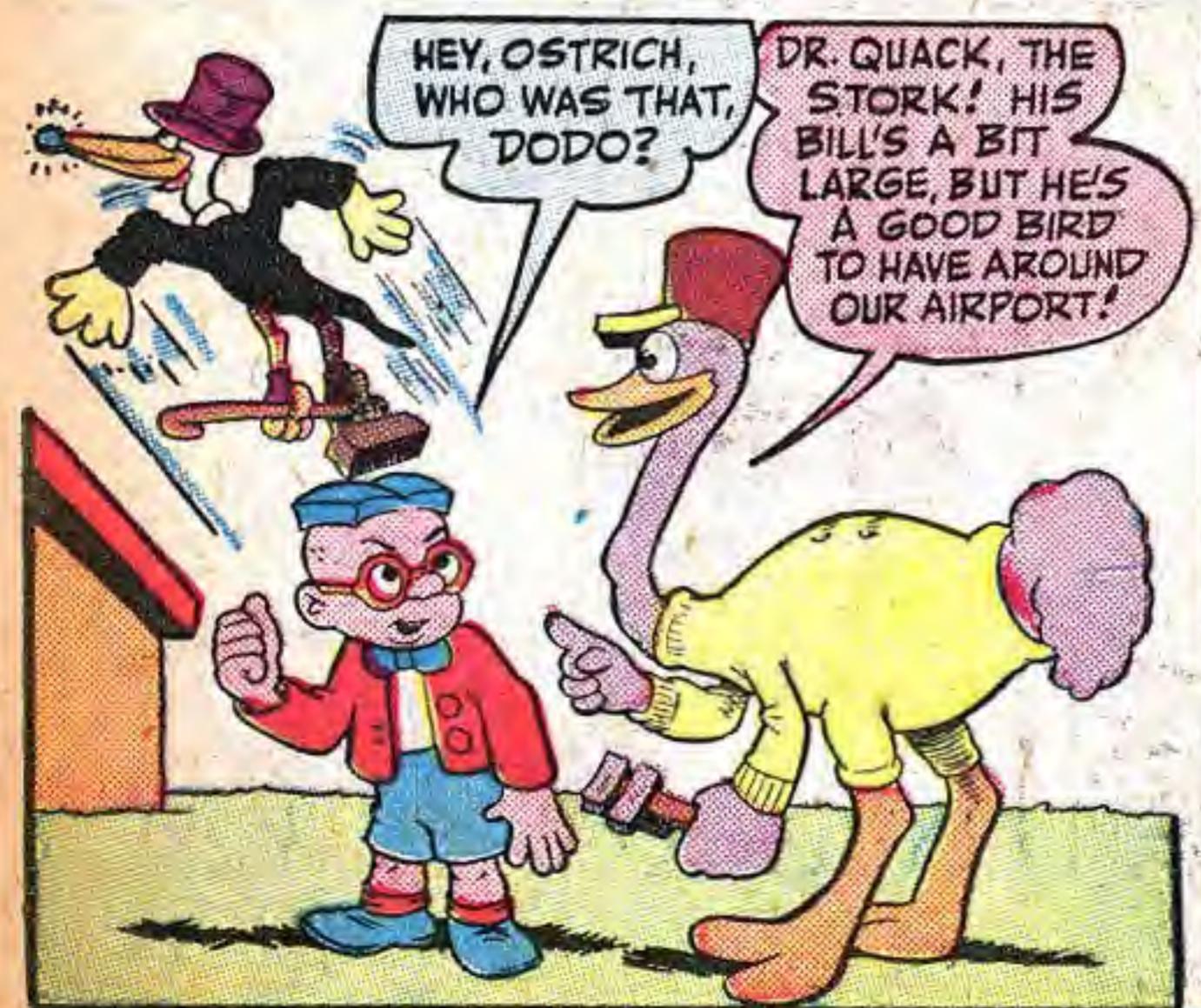
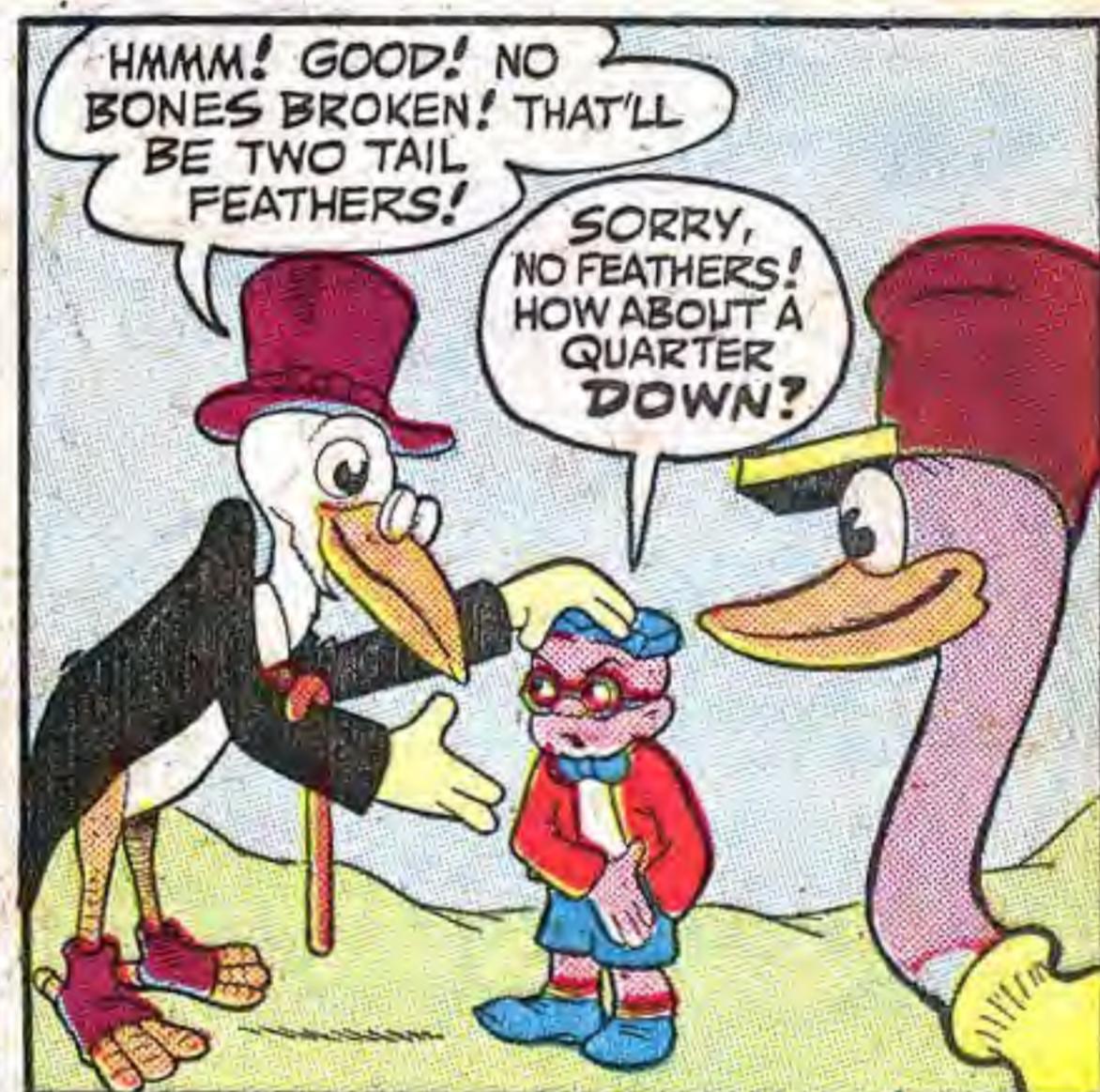
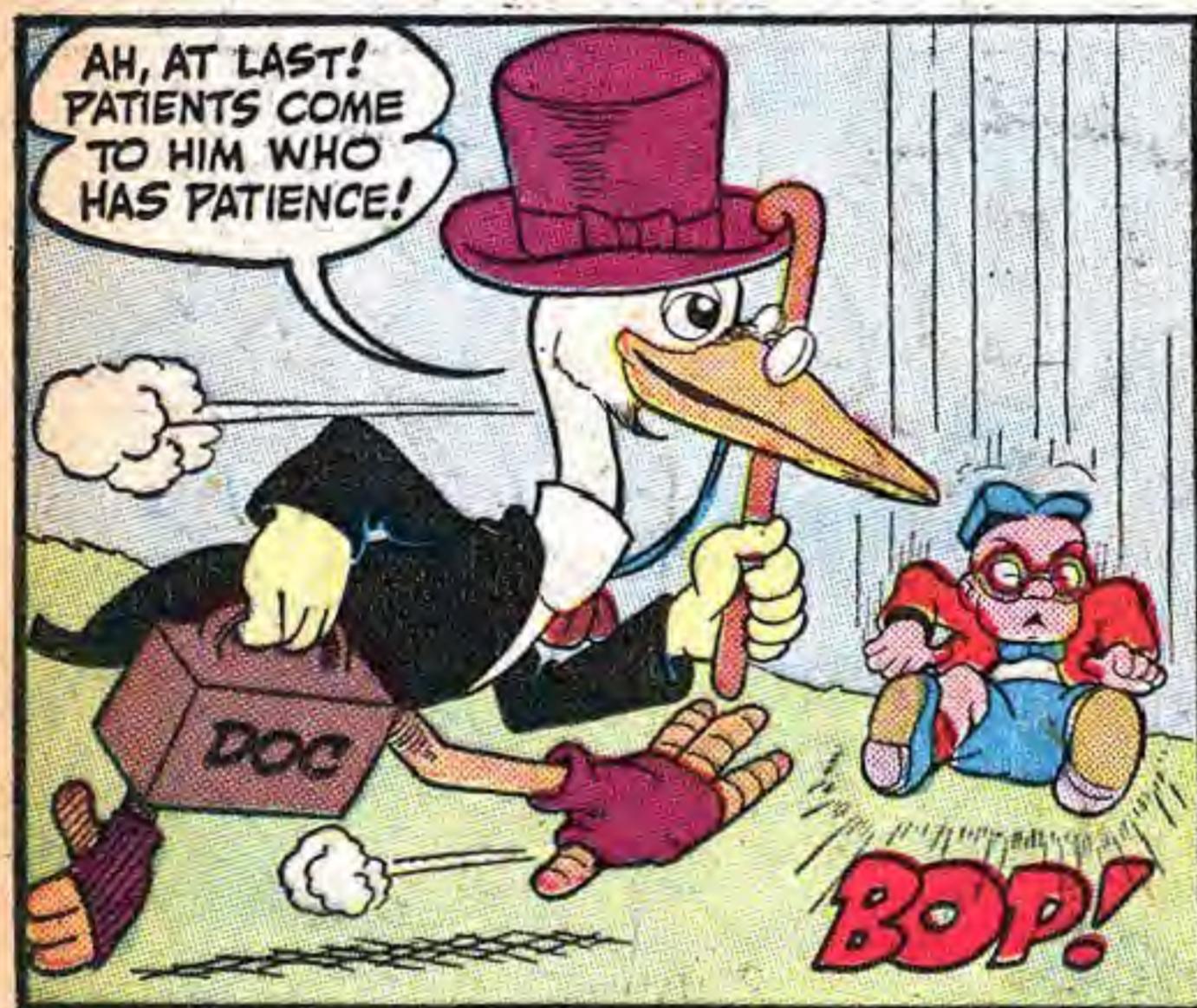
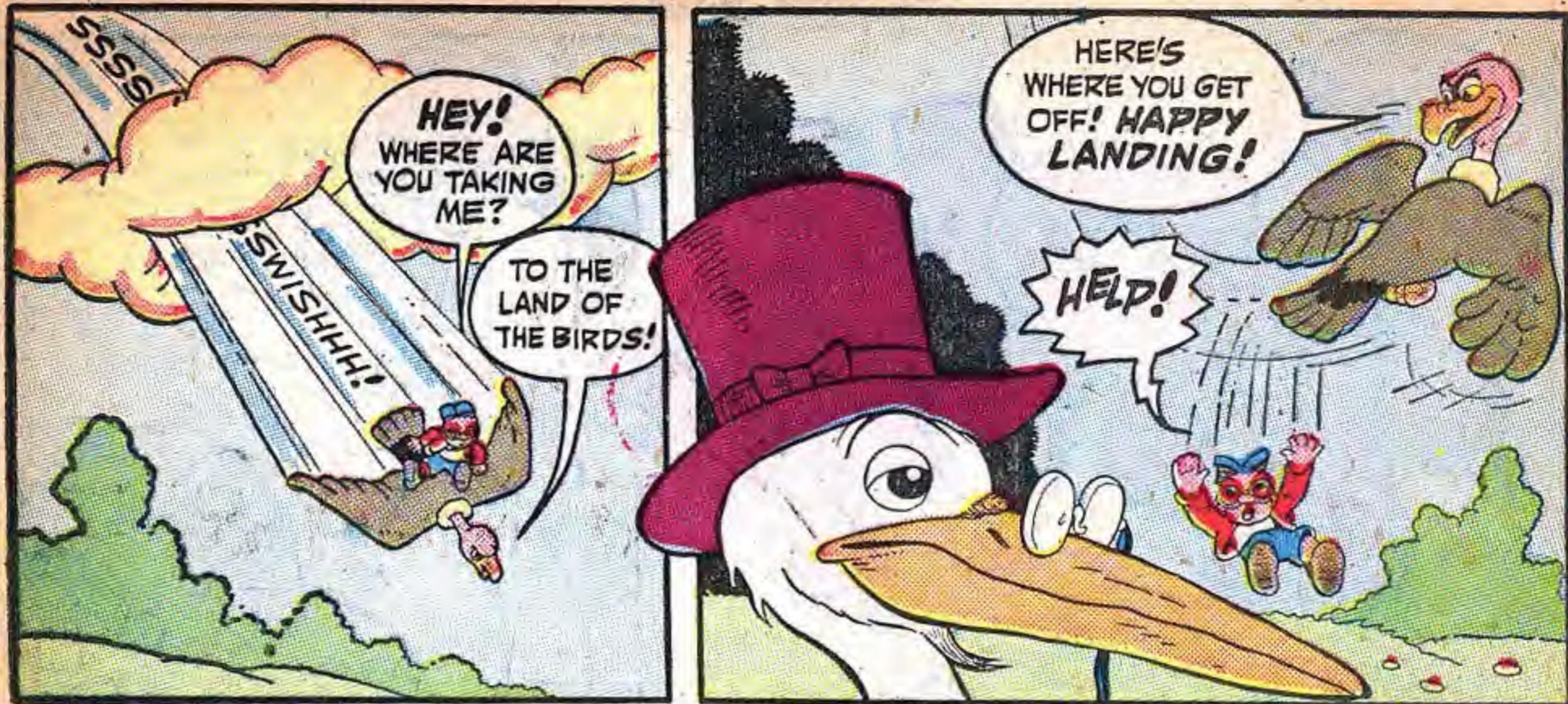
FEATURE COMICS



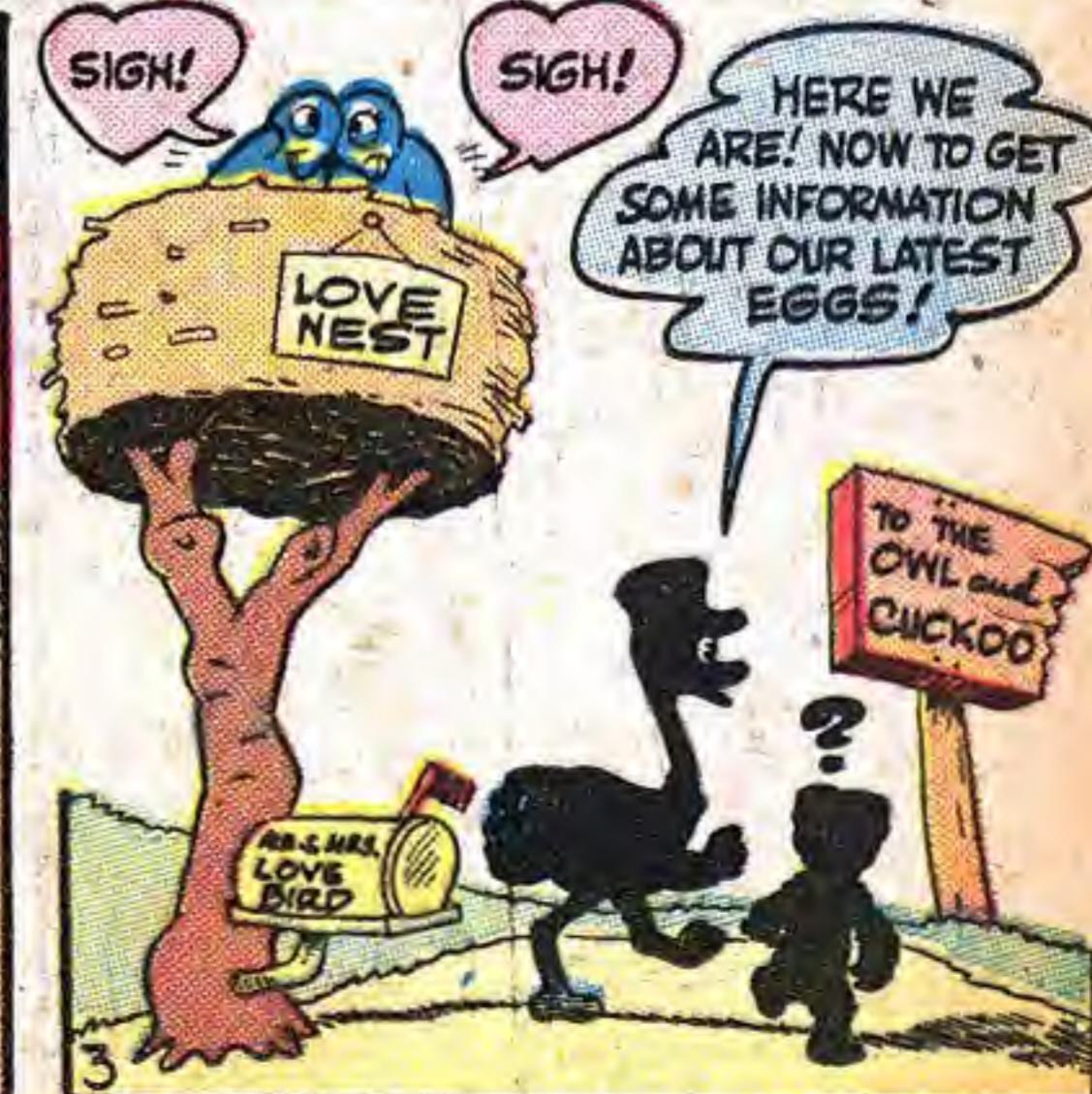
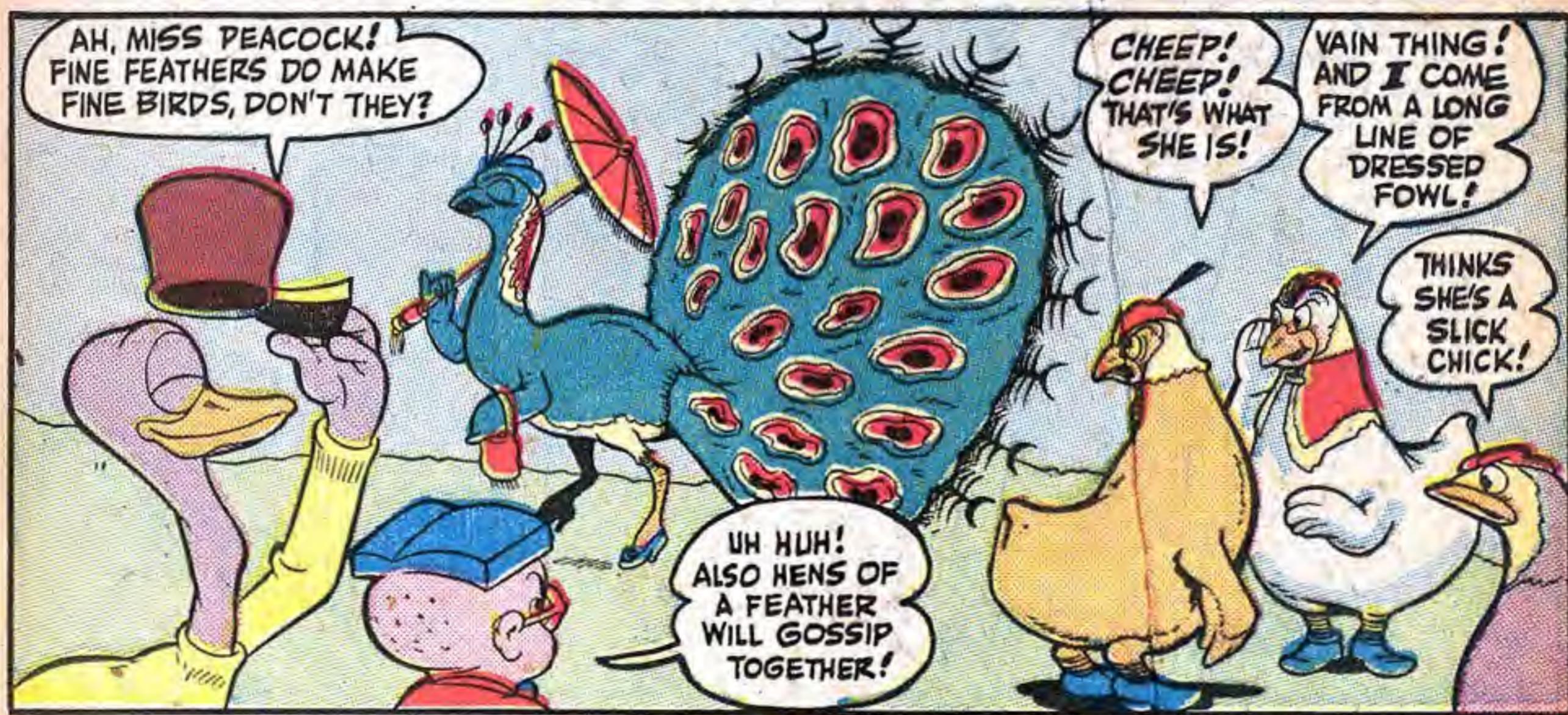
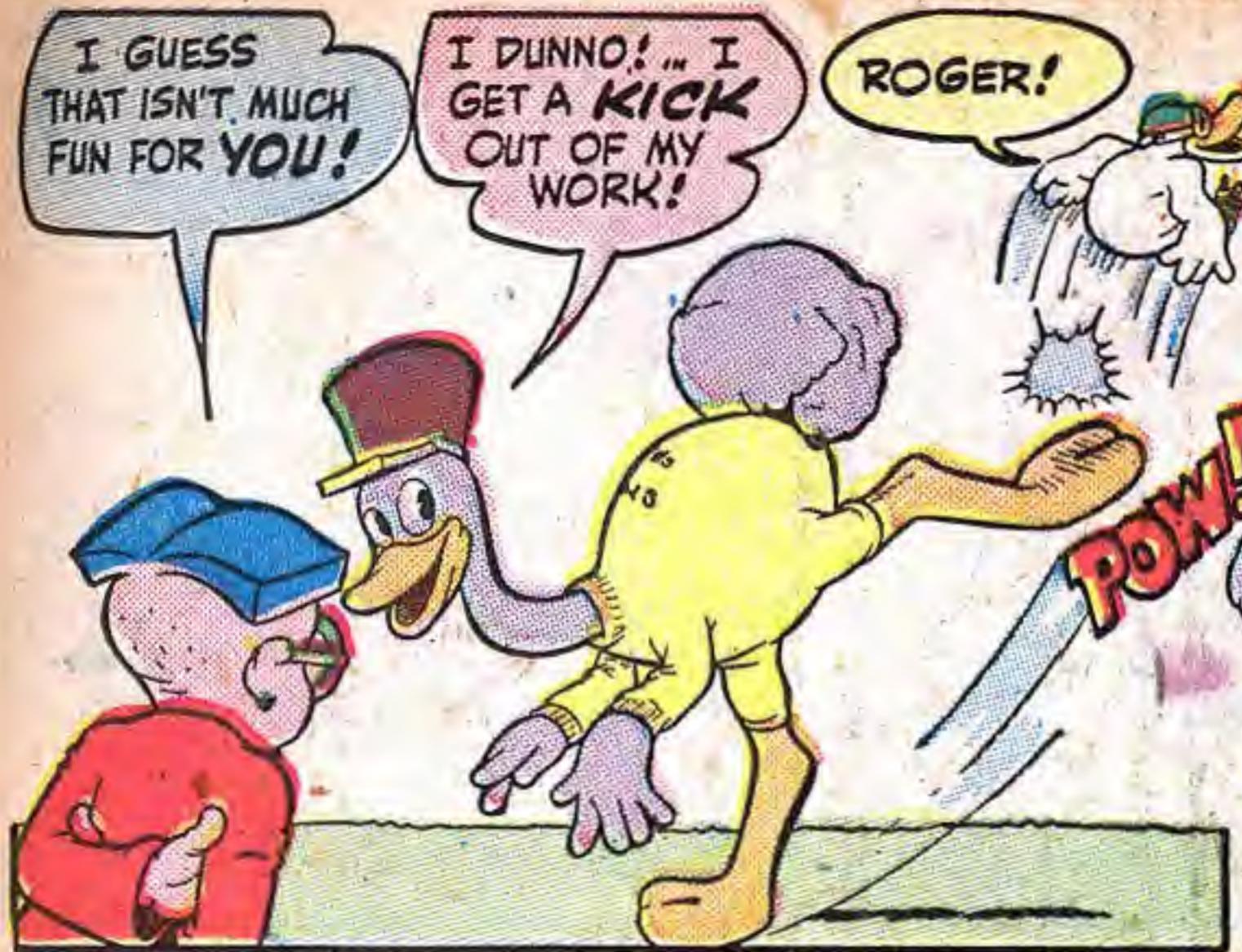
PERRY PERKY



FEATURE COMICS



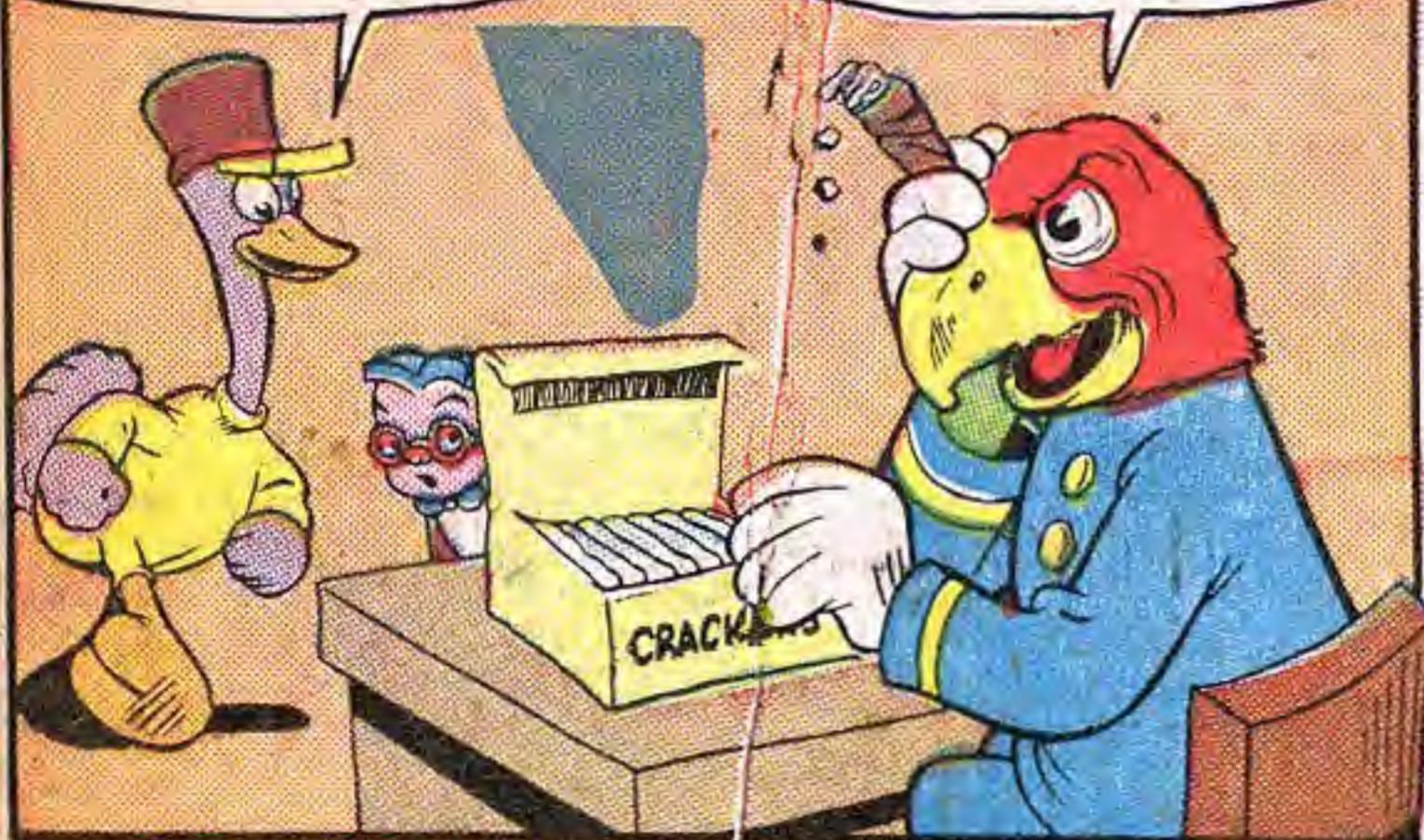
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

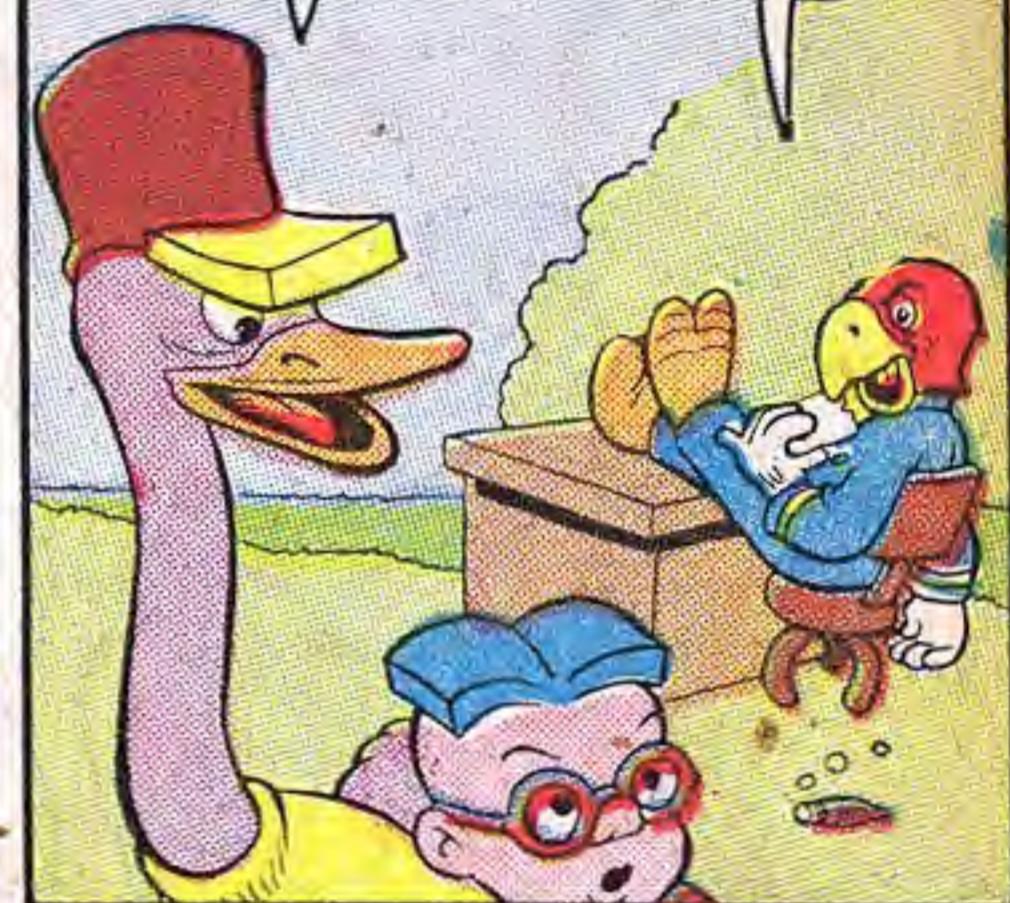
AHEM! I'D LIKE TO GET
SOME INFORMATION ABOUT
OUR NEW BATCH OF EGGS!
IS MR. OWL AWAKE?

AHEM! I'D LIKE TO GET
SOME INFORMATION ABOUT
OUR NEW BATCH OF EGGS!
IS MR. OWL AWAKE?



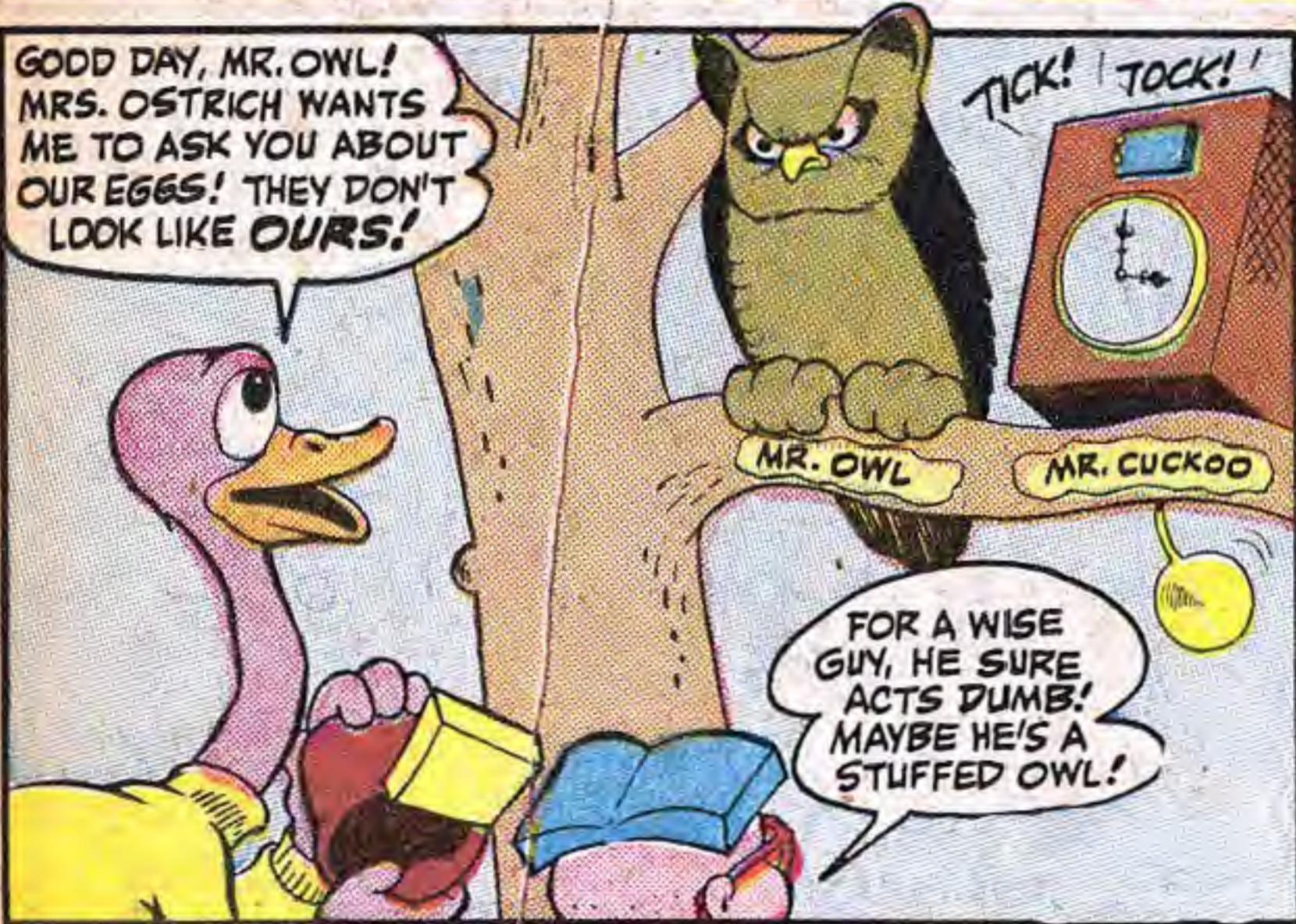
BAH! ALL THOSE
PARROTS CAN DO
IS REPEAT!

BAH! ALL
THOSE PARROTS
CAN DO IS
REPEAT!



GODD DAY, MR. OWL!
MRS. OSTRICH WANTS
ME TO ASK YOU ABOUT
OUR EGGS! THEY DON'T
LOOK LIKE OURS!

TICK! TOCK!



HE DOESN'T ANSWER BECAUSE
HE'S SO WISE! HE'S SMART
ENOUGH TO KEEP HIS
BEAK SHUT!

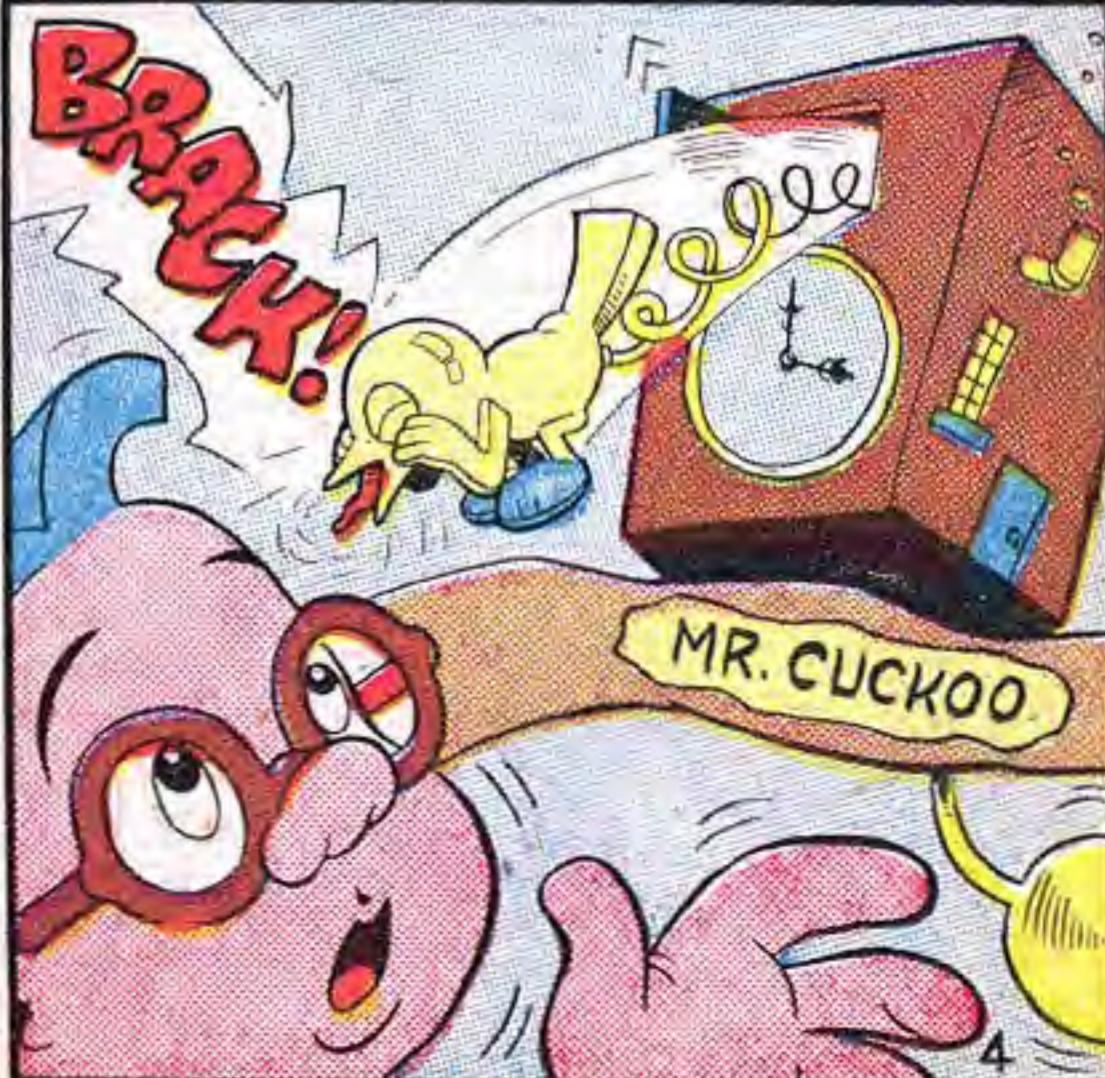
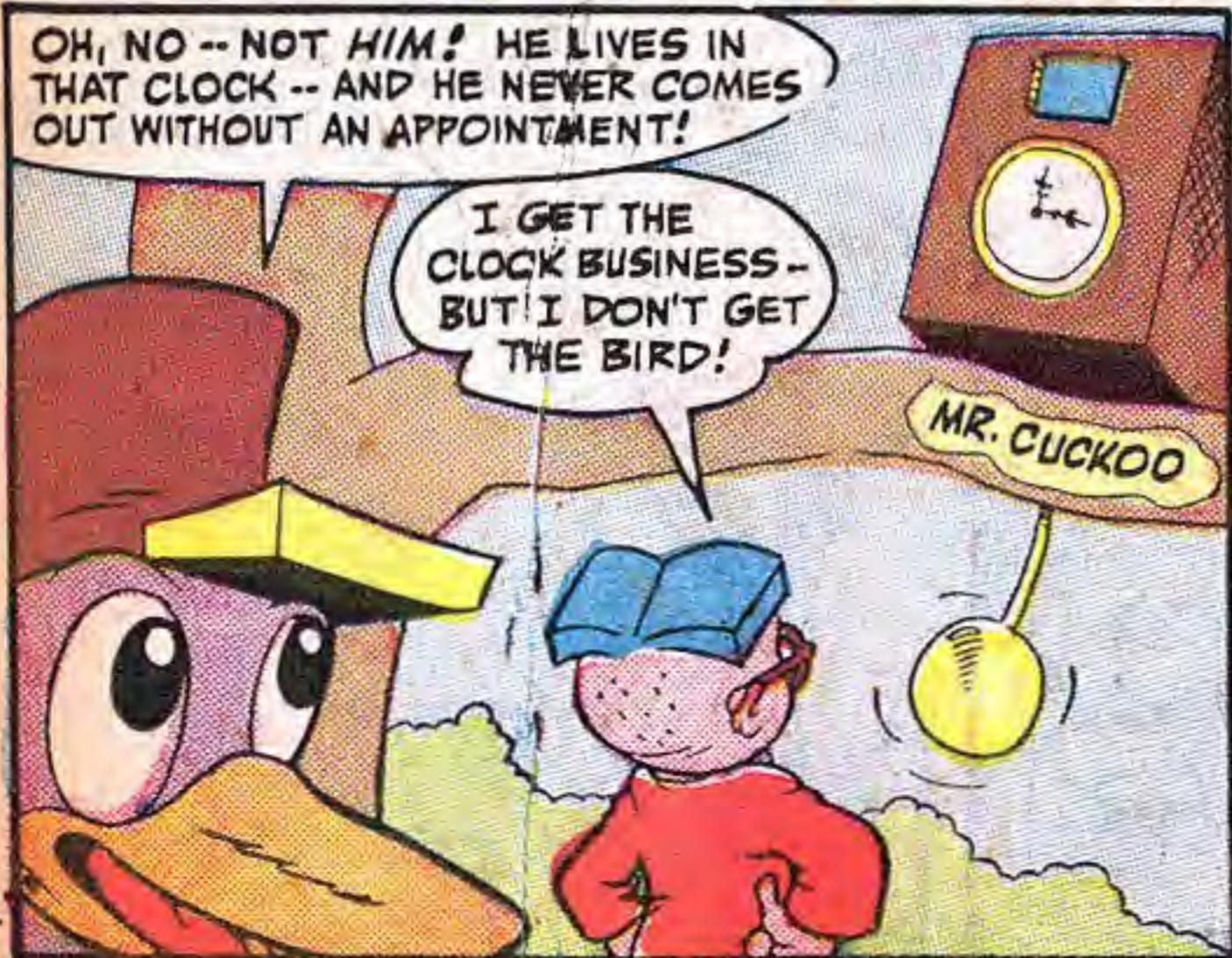
WELL,
HOW ABOUT
ASKING THE
CUCKOO? MAYBE
HE'S CUCKOO
ENOUGH TO
ANSWER!



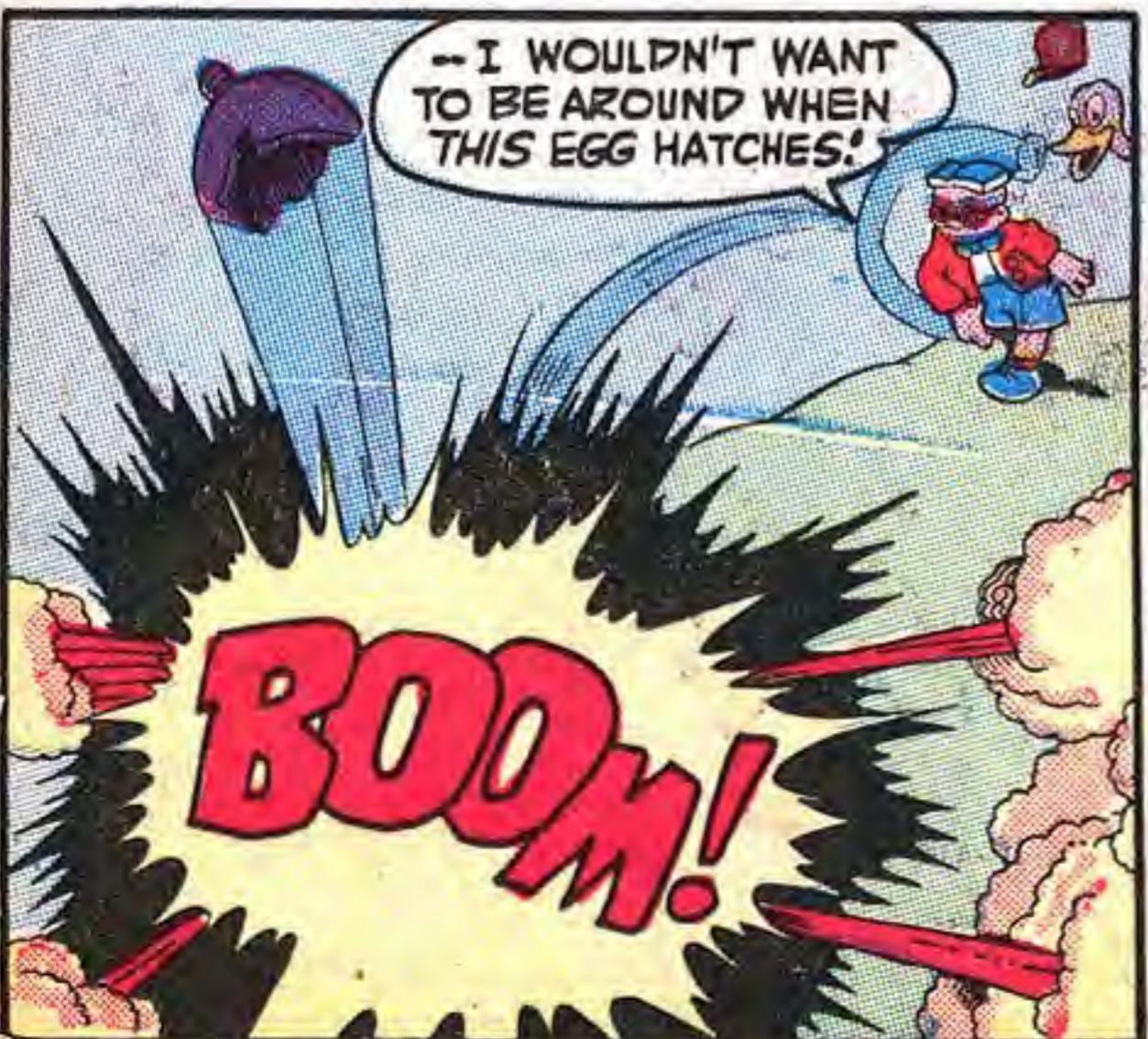
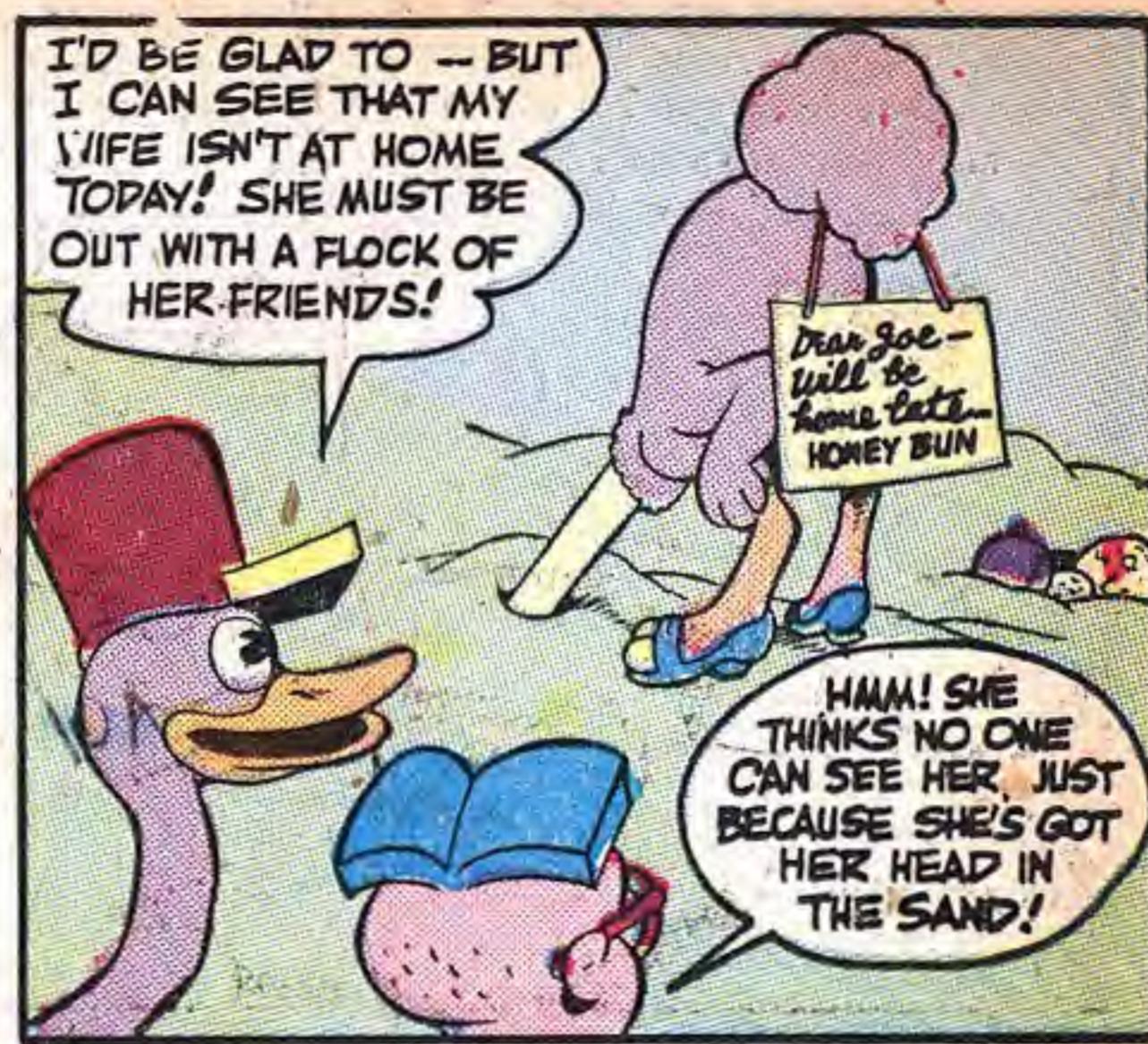
OH, NO -- NOT HIM! HE LIVES IN
THAT CLOCK -- AND HE NEVER COMES
OUT WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT!

I GET THE
CLOCK BUSINESS --
BUT I DON'T GET
THE BIRD!

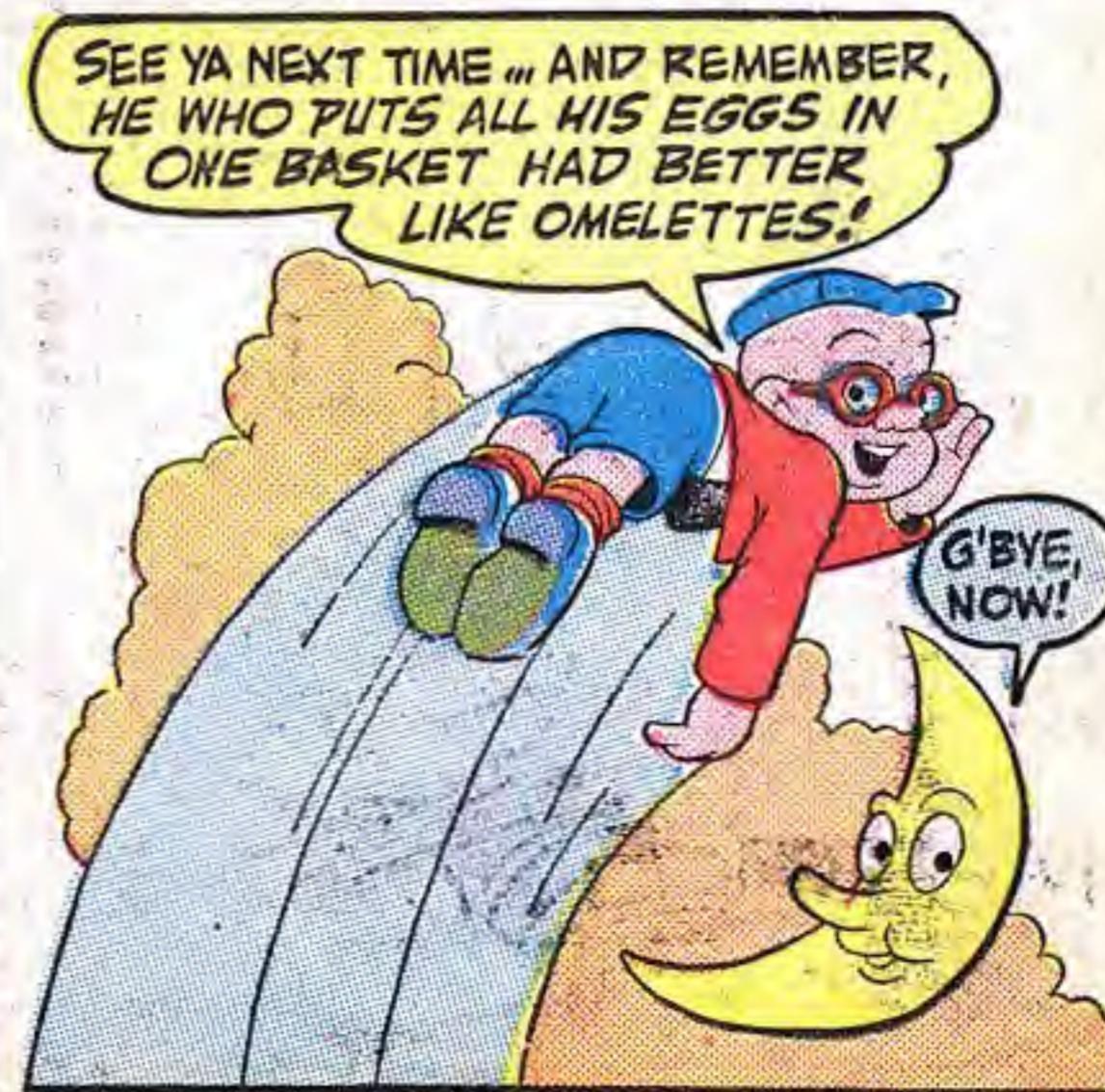
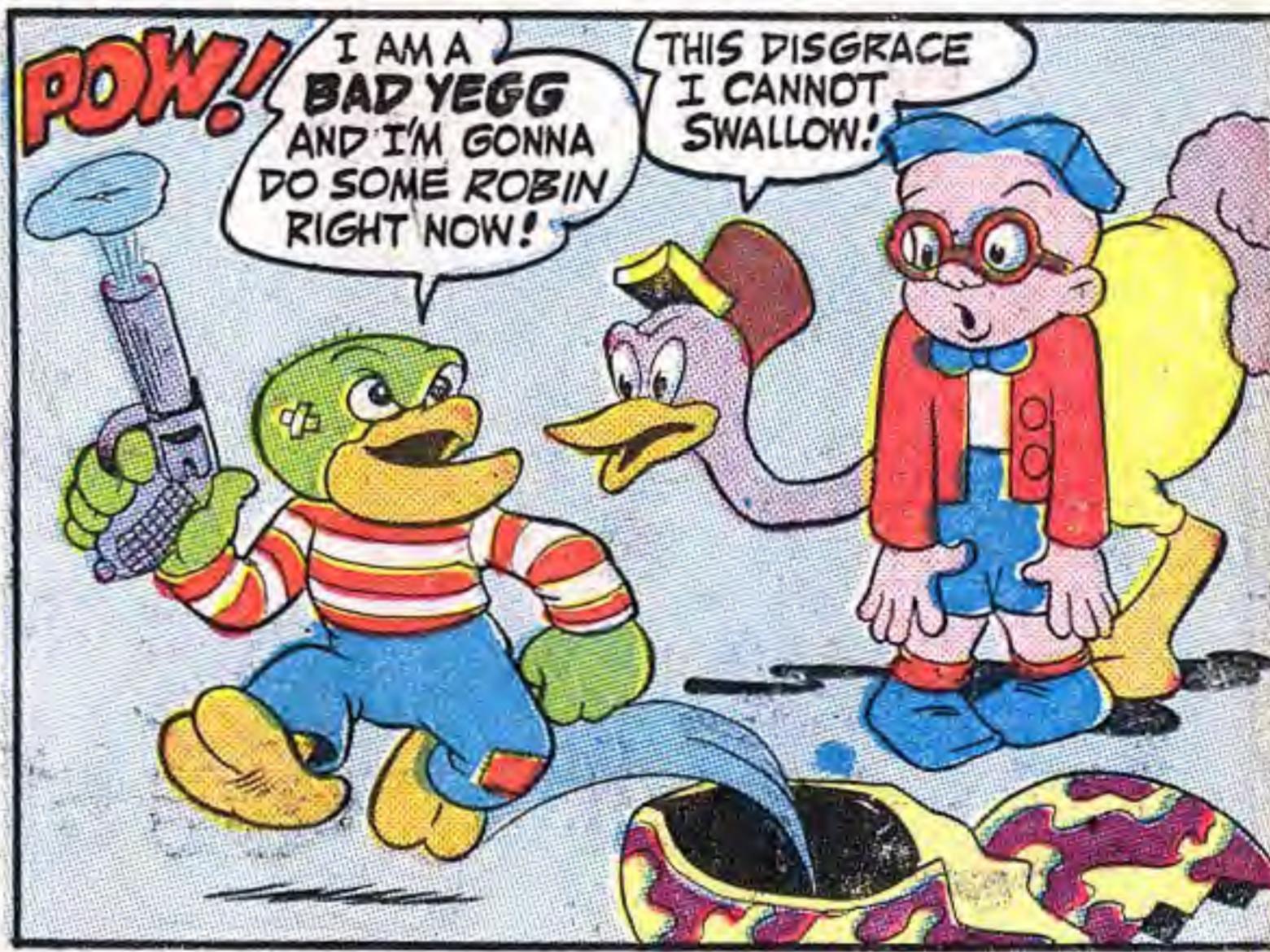
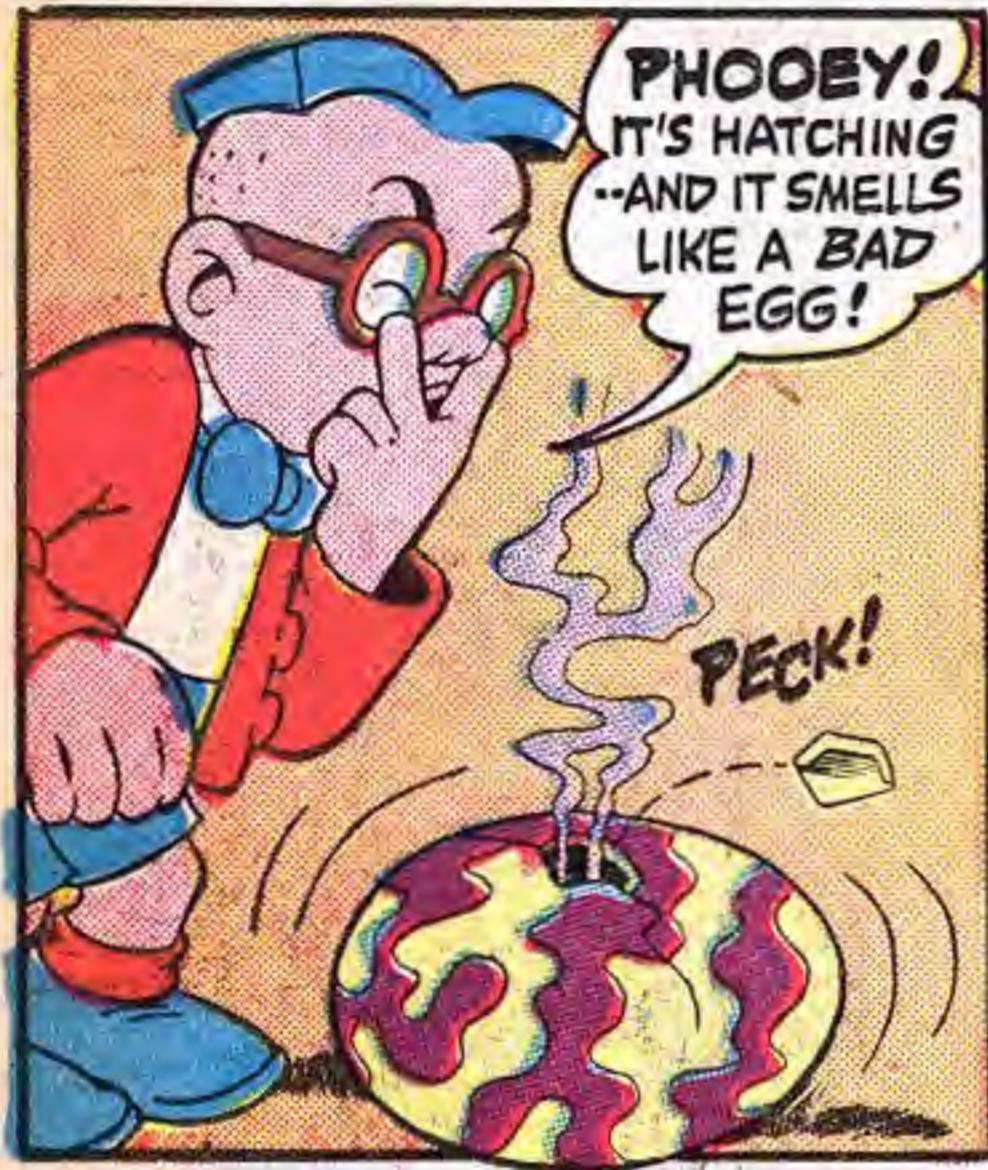
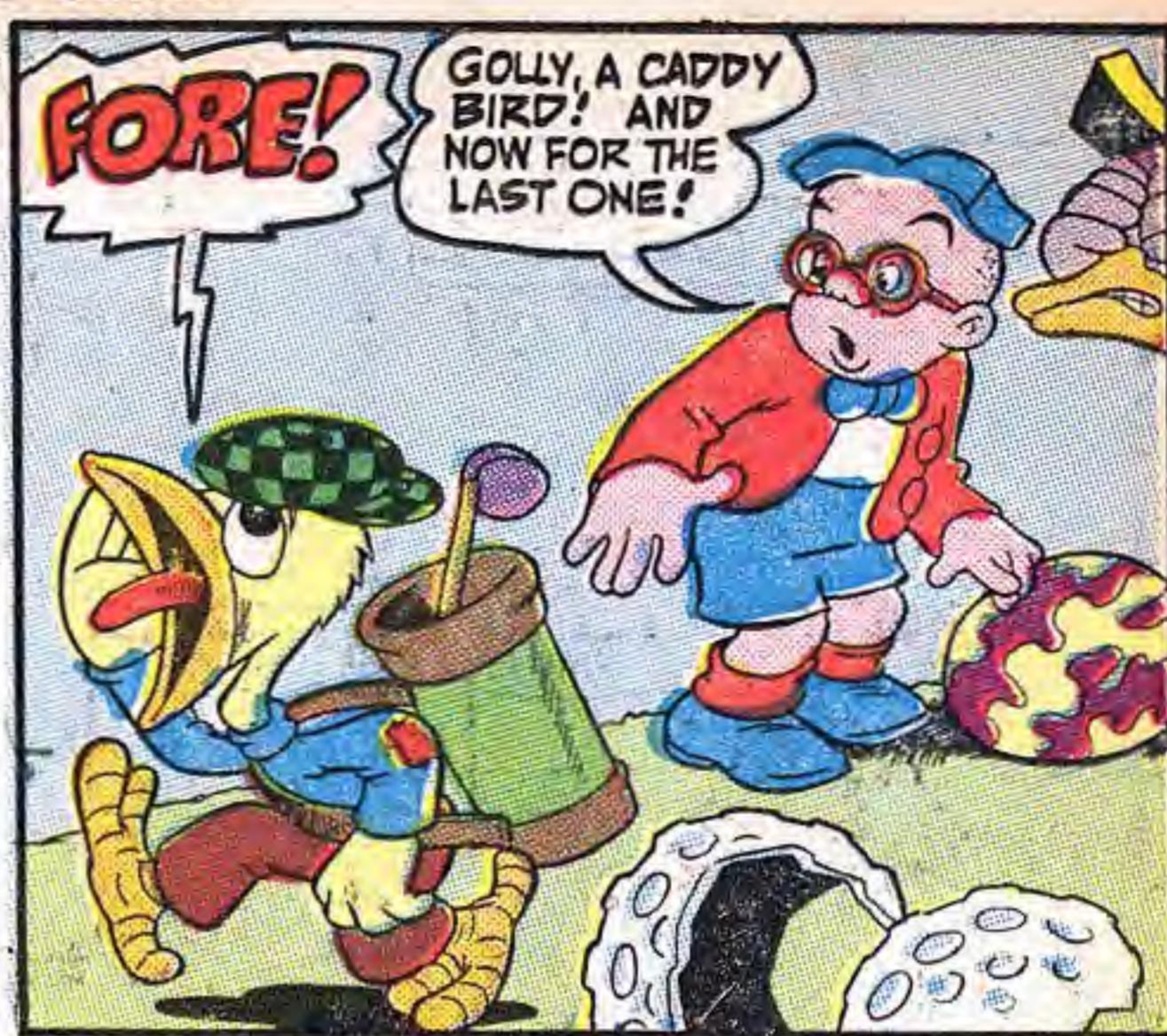
MR. CUCKOO



FEATURE COMICS

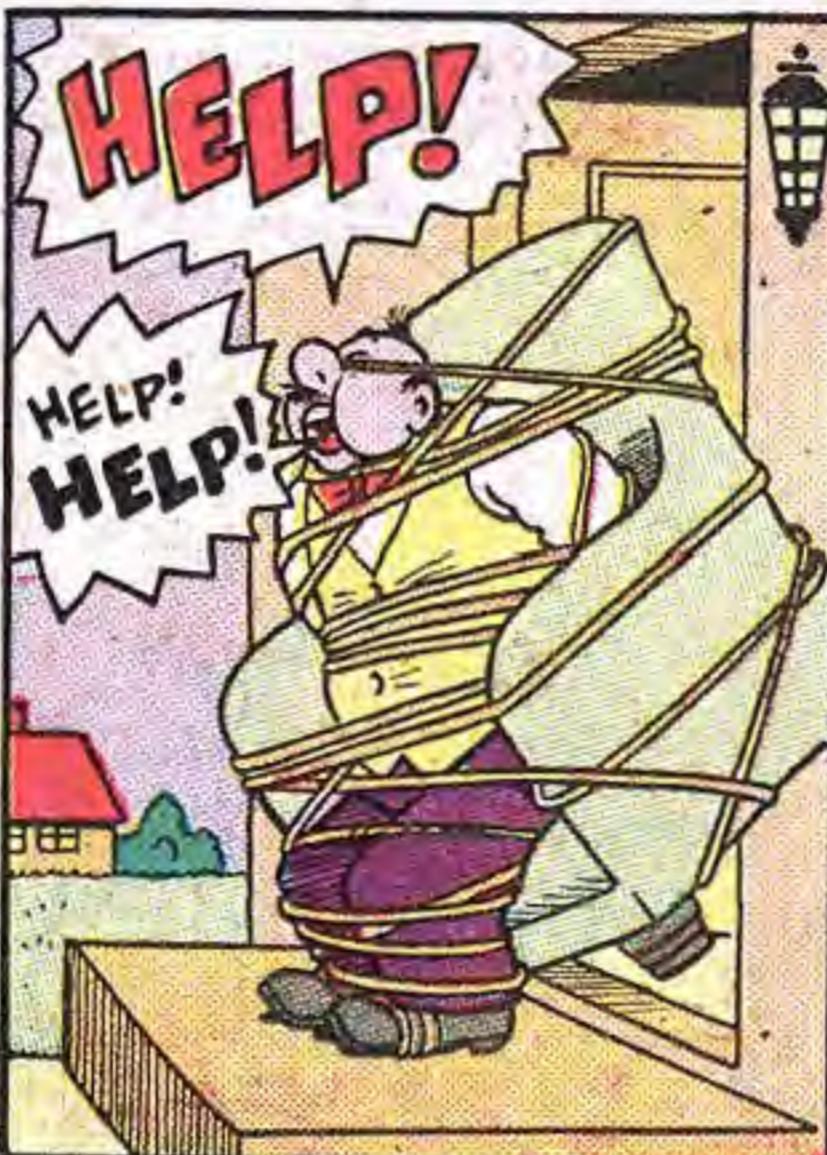
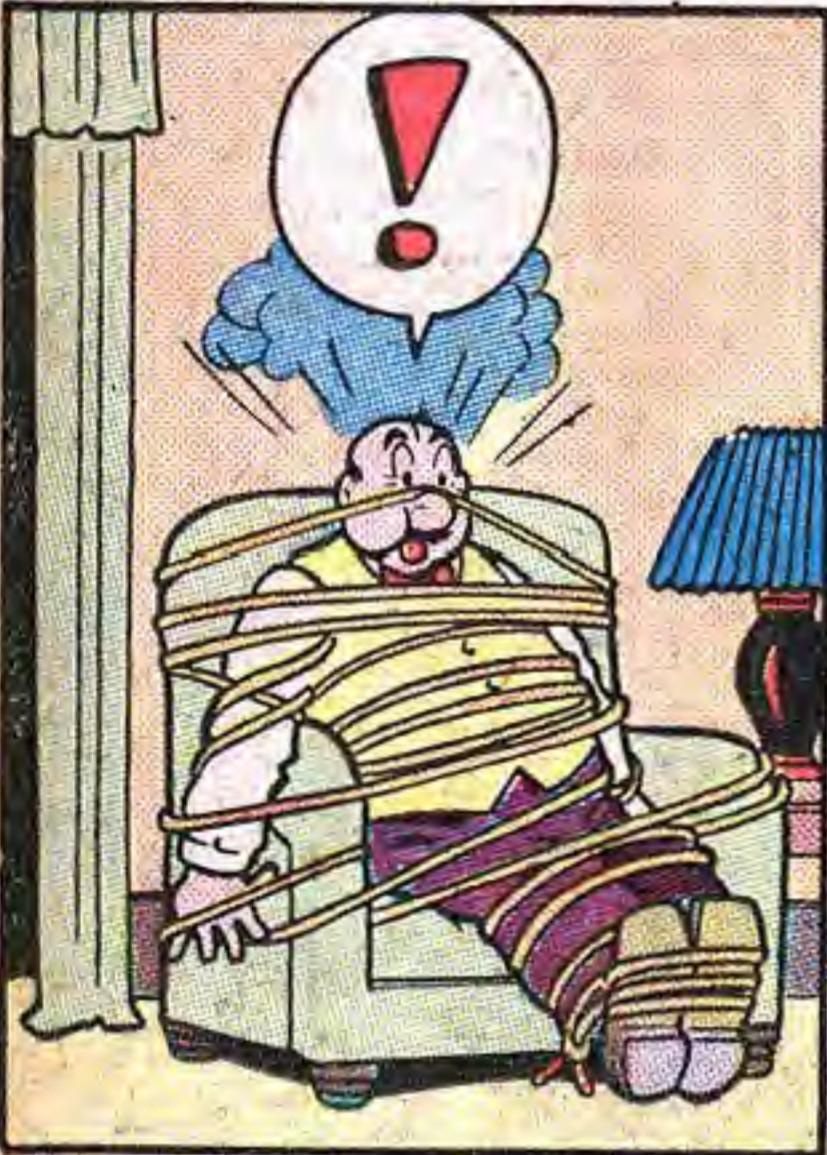
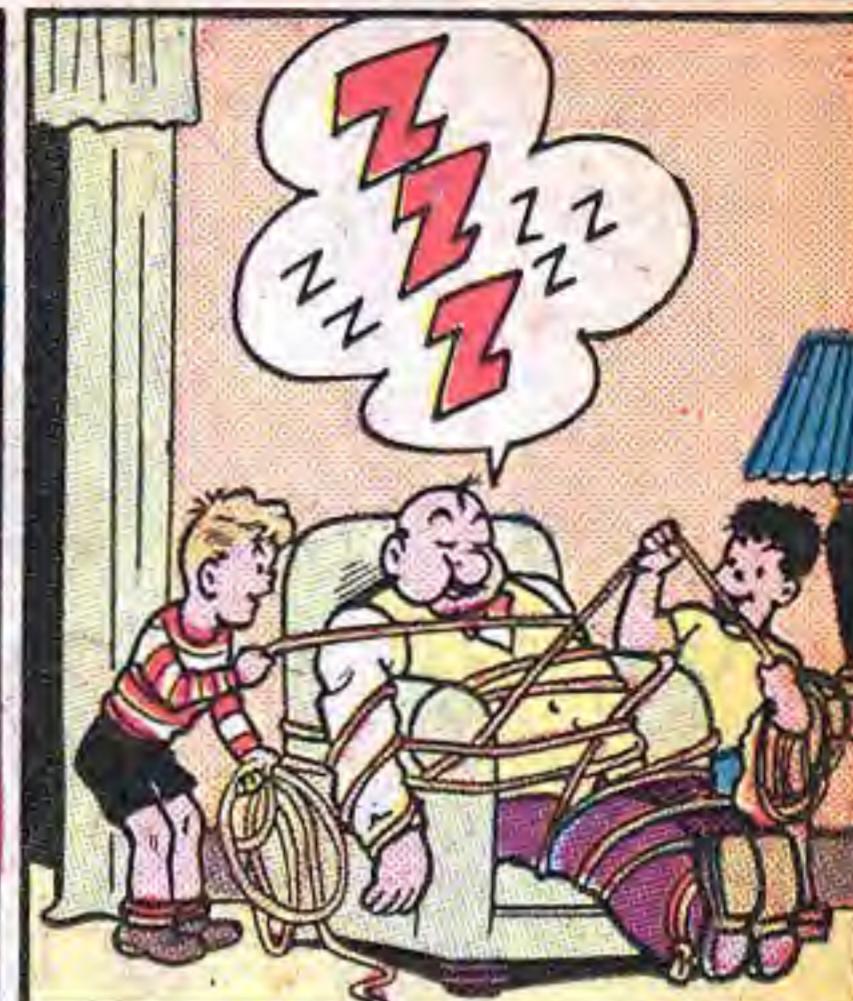
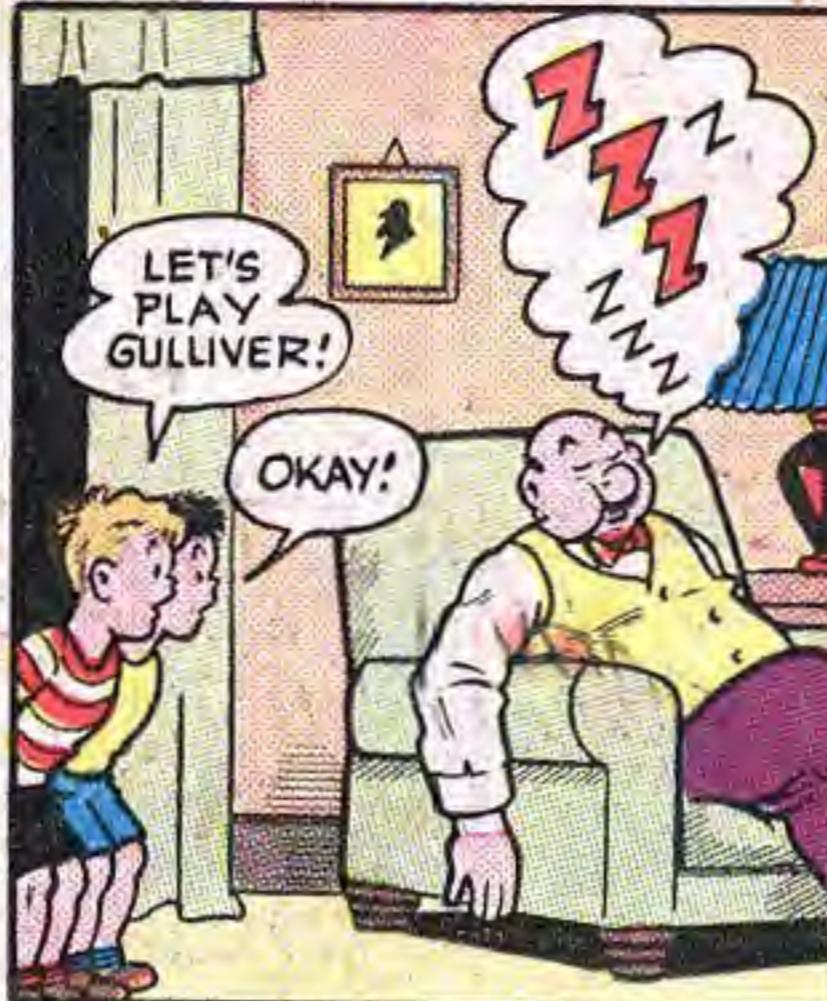
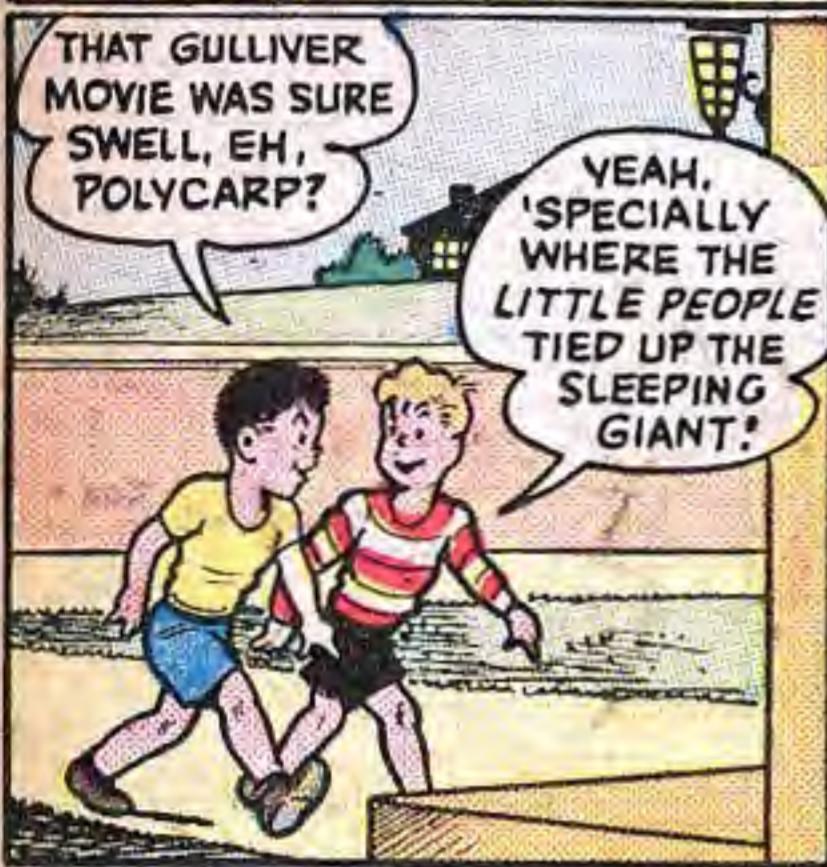


FEATURE COMICS

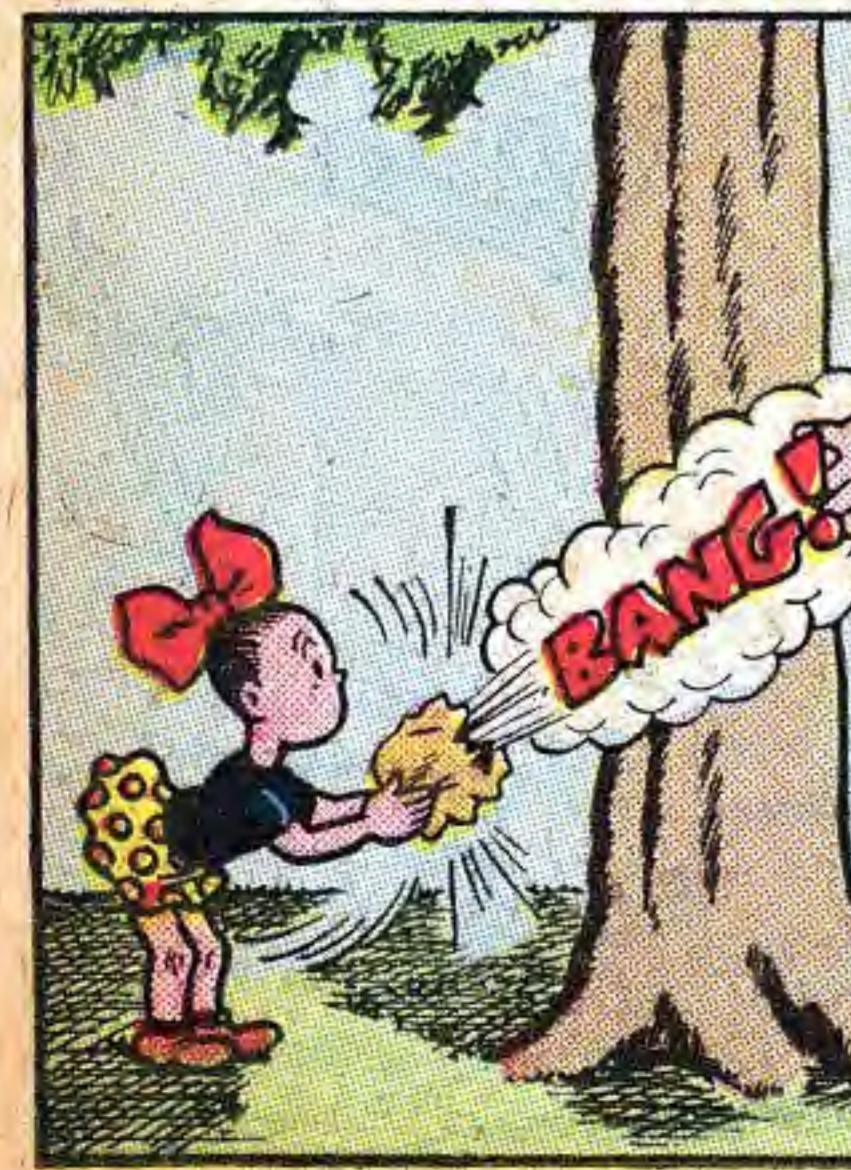
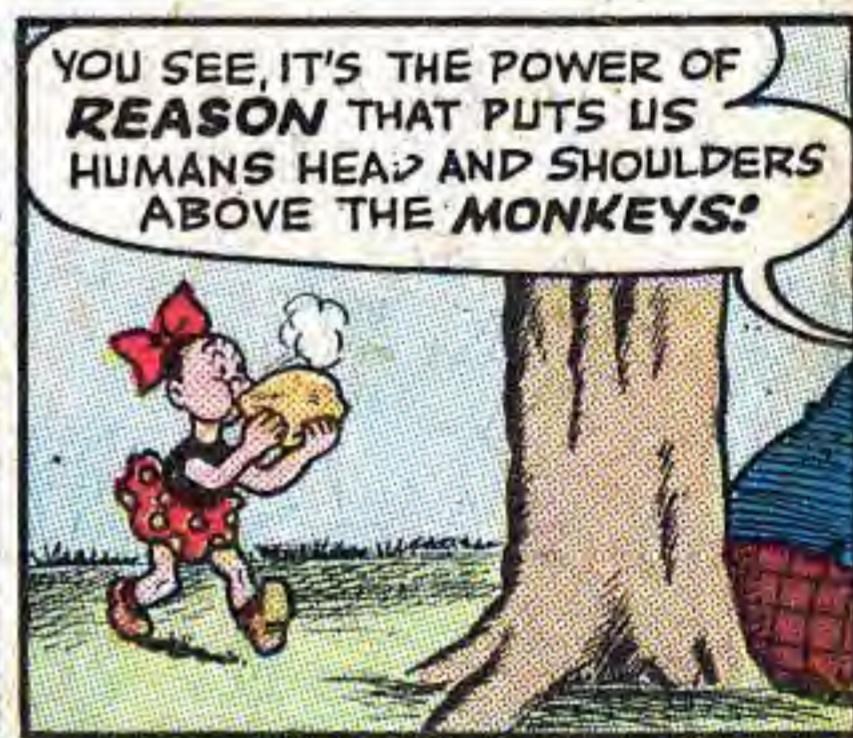
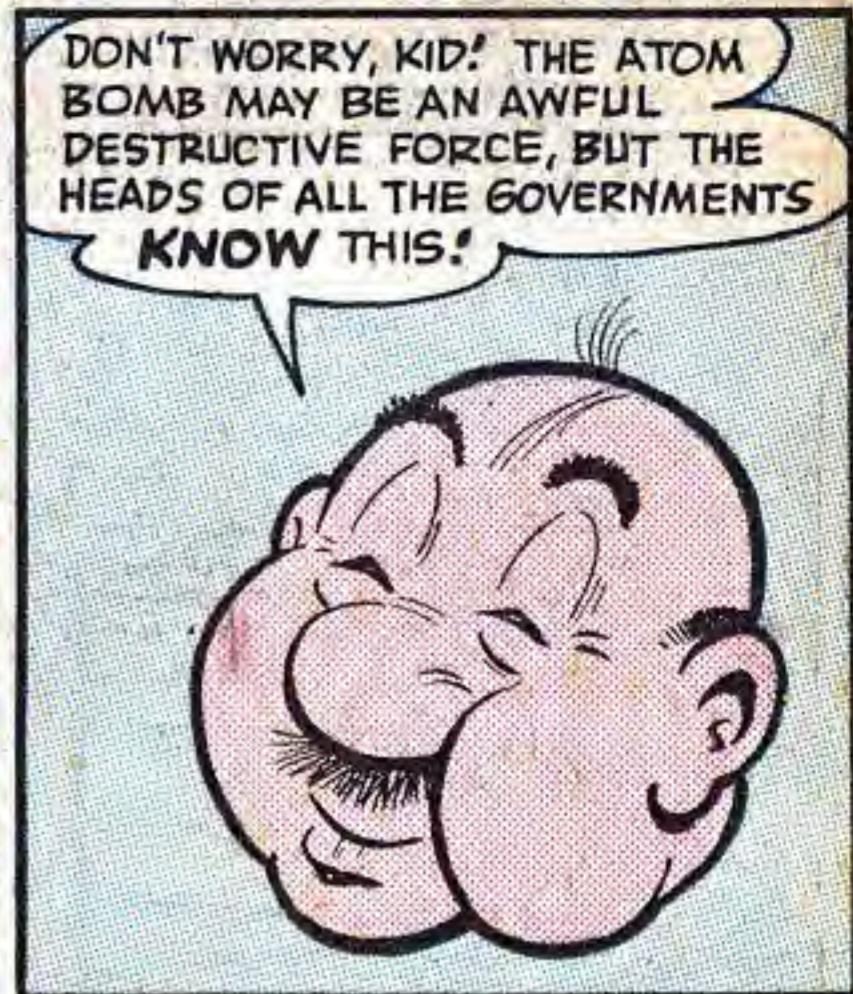


LALA PALOOZA

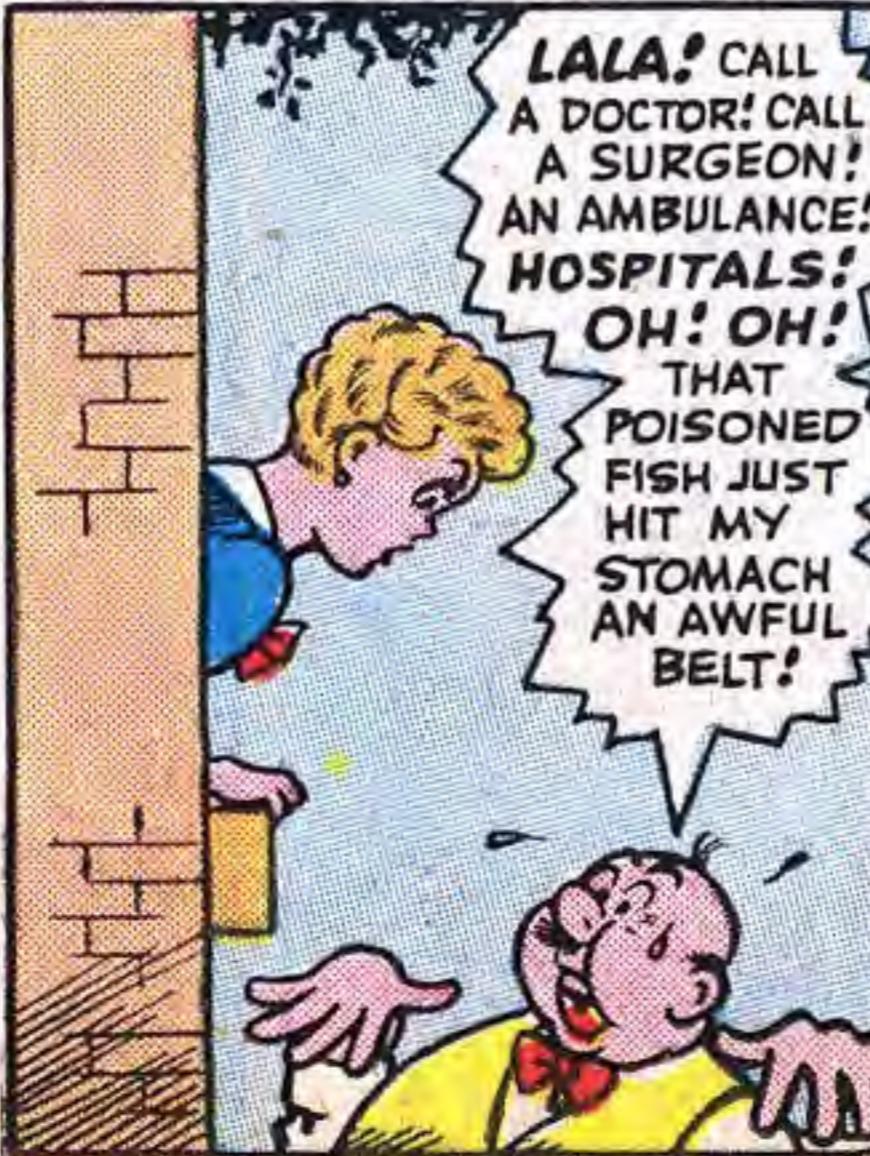
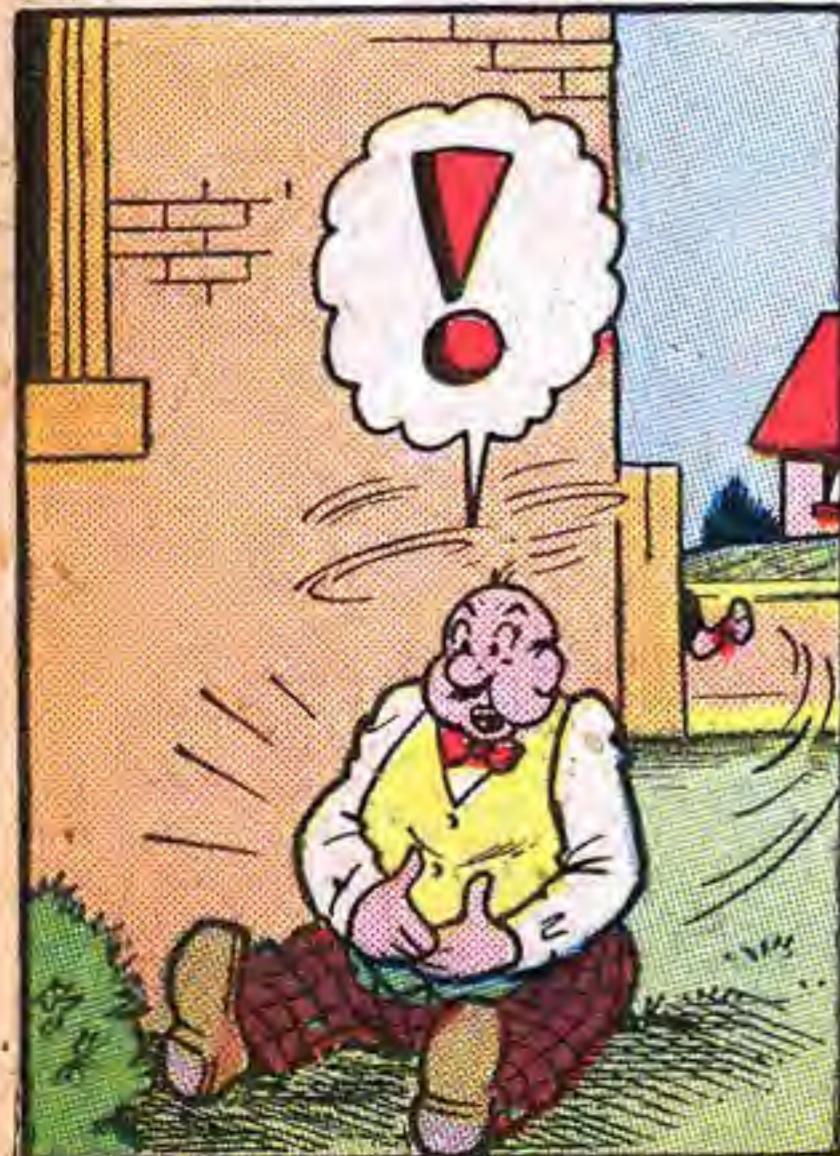
The Paloozas' nephew, Polycarp, is visiting them for a few days...



LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA



SWING SISSON



Swing Sisson's band is on its way to a new engagement....

WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS GROMAN'S GROTTO, SWING? I NEVER HEARD OF IT!

IT'S BRAND NEW, BONNIE-- AND QUITE A SPOT, THEY TELL ME!

IT'S BUILT IN AN OLD PIRATE'S CAVE FACING THE OCEAN! THE CAVE RUNS FAR BACK -- SO FAR IT'S NEVER BEEN ALL EXPLORERED!

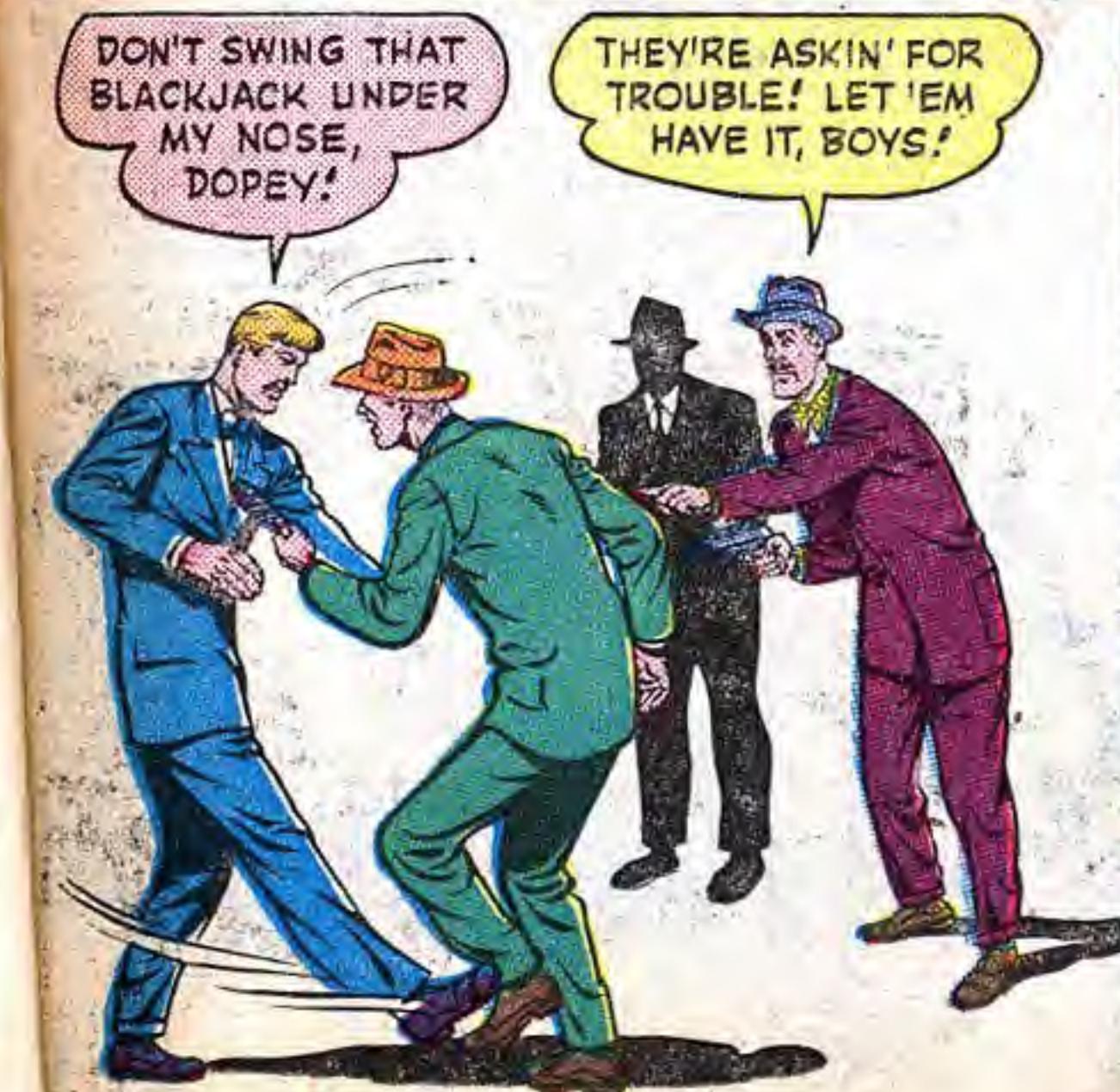
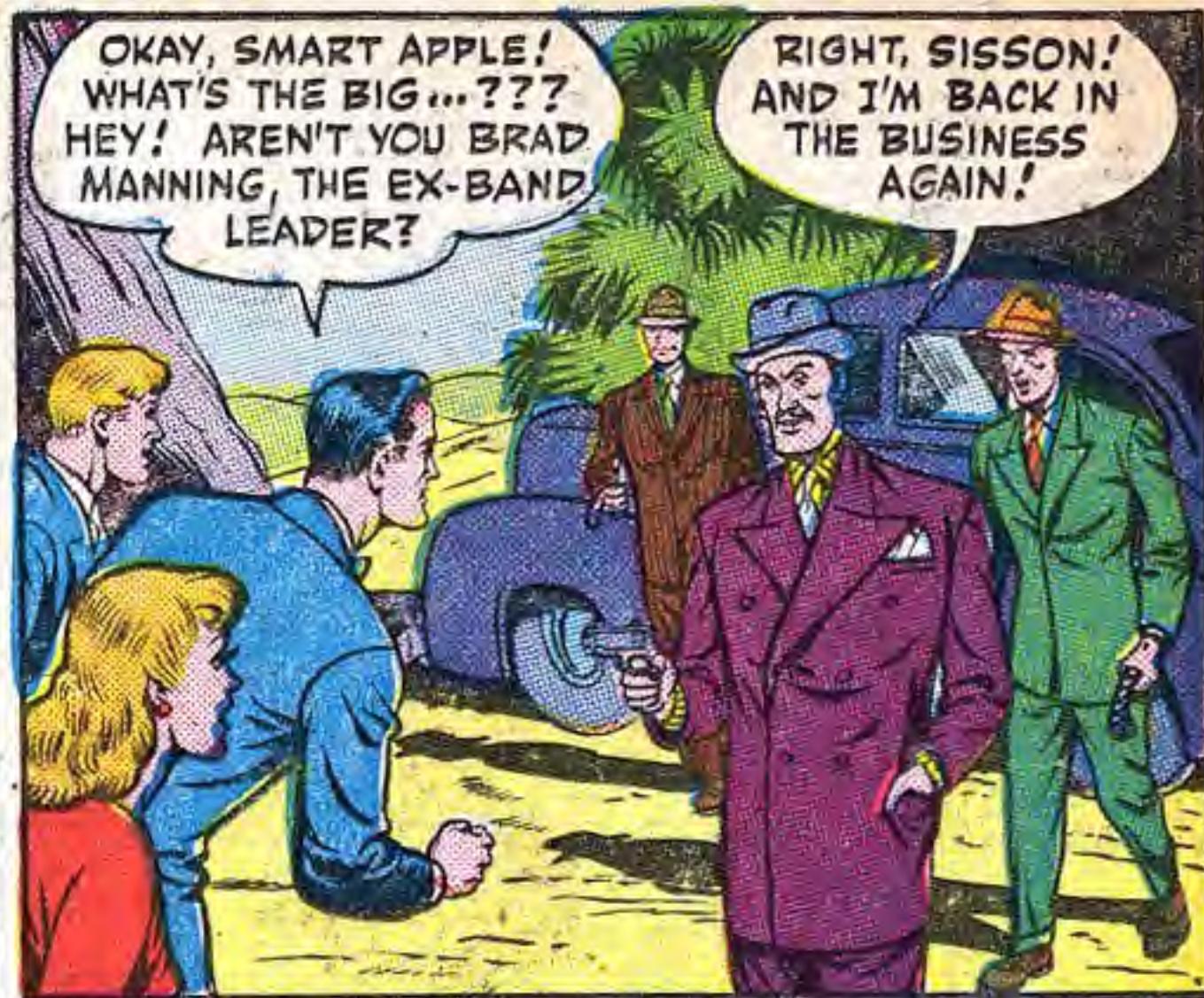
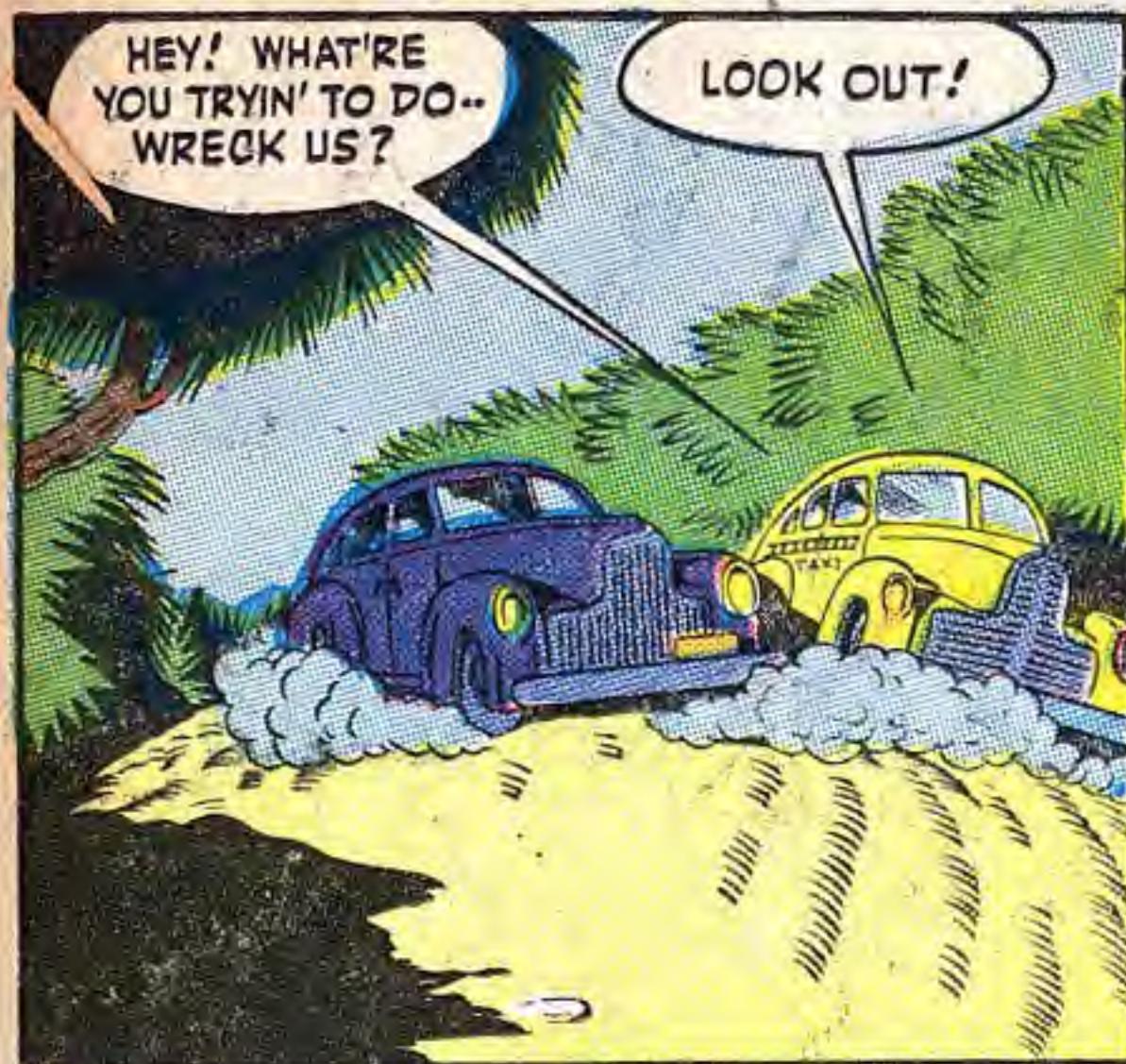
BRRRR!
SOUNDS CREEPY--
BUT FOR THE MONEY
THEY'RE PAYING US, I GUESS WE CAN STAND IT!

THERE THEY GO,
MISTER MANNING!
THAT'S SISSON,
ALL RIGHT!

THEN WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
GET GOING!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



ACCORDING TO STORIES, THERE'S PIRATE TREASURE BURIED BACK IN THERE! PEOPLE HAVE BEEN LOST HUNTING FOR IT!

SWING, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THAT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH MANNING, DO YOU?

I DOUBT IT, TOBY! MANNING LIKES A SURE THING--NOT THE GAMBLE OF TREASURE-HUNTING!

LET'S FORGET MANNING, BOYS! MY WATCH AND THE CROWD SAY IT'S TIME TO START EARNING OUR MONEY!



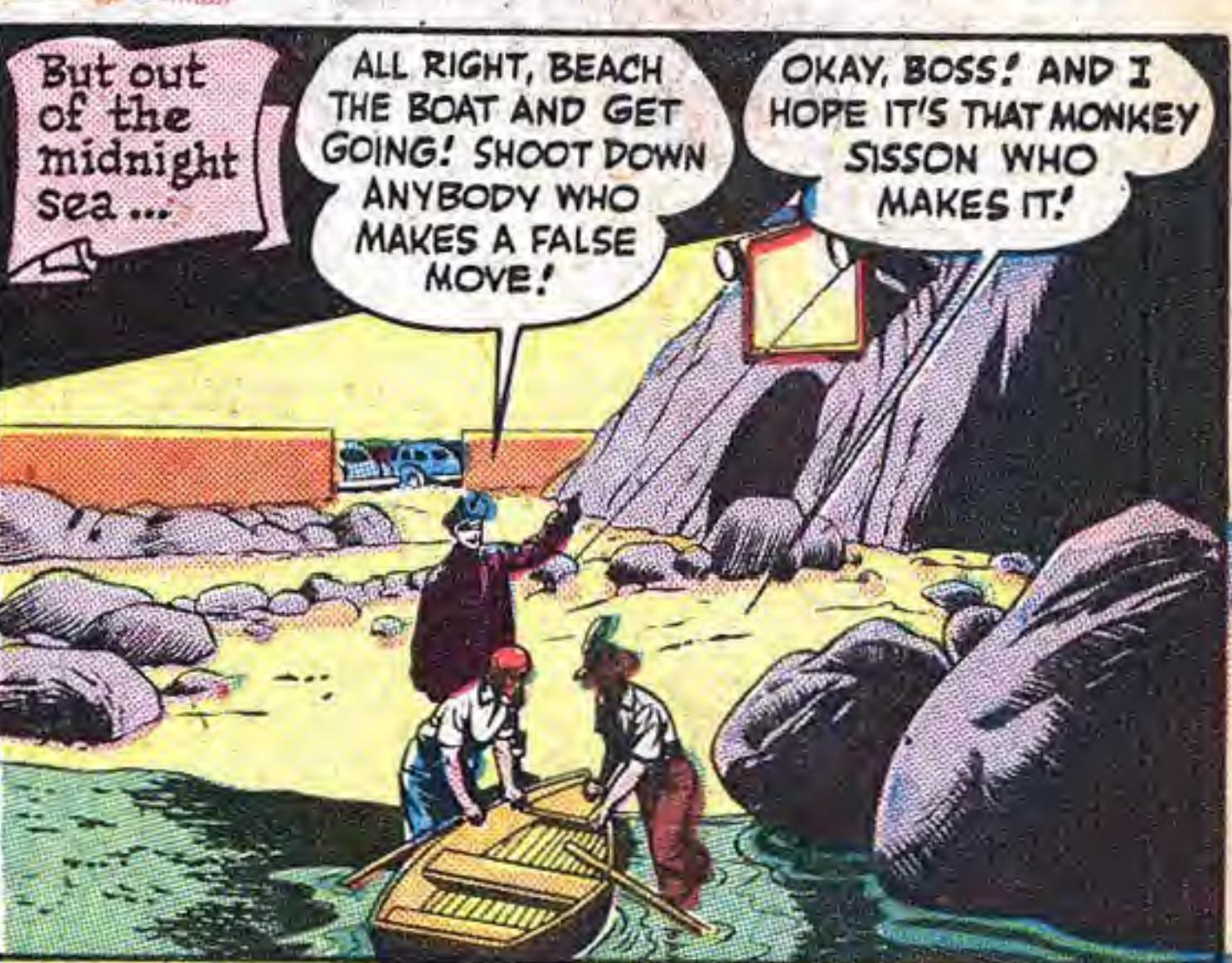
Far into the night, Swing Sisson's band plays to a packed club!



But out of the midnight Sea ...

ALL RIGHT, BEACH THE BOAT AND GET GOING! SHOOT DOWN ANYBODY WHO MAKES A FALSE MOVE!

OKAY, BOSS! AND I HOPE IT'S THAT MONKEY SISSON WHO MAKES IT!



HERE! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GO... ARGHHHHHHH!

WHAT D'YOU CARE, BUDDY? YOU AIN'T GONNA BE AROUND TO SQUAWK!

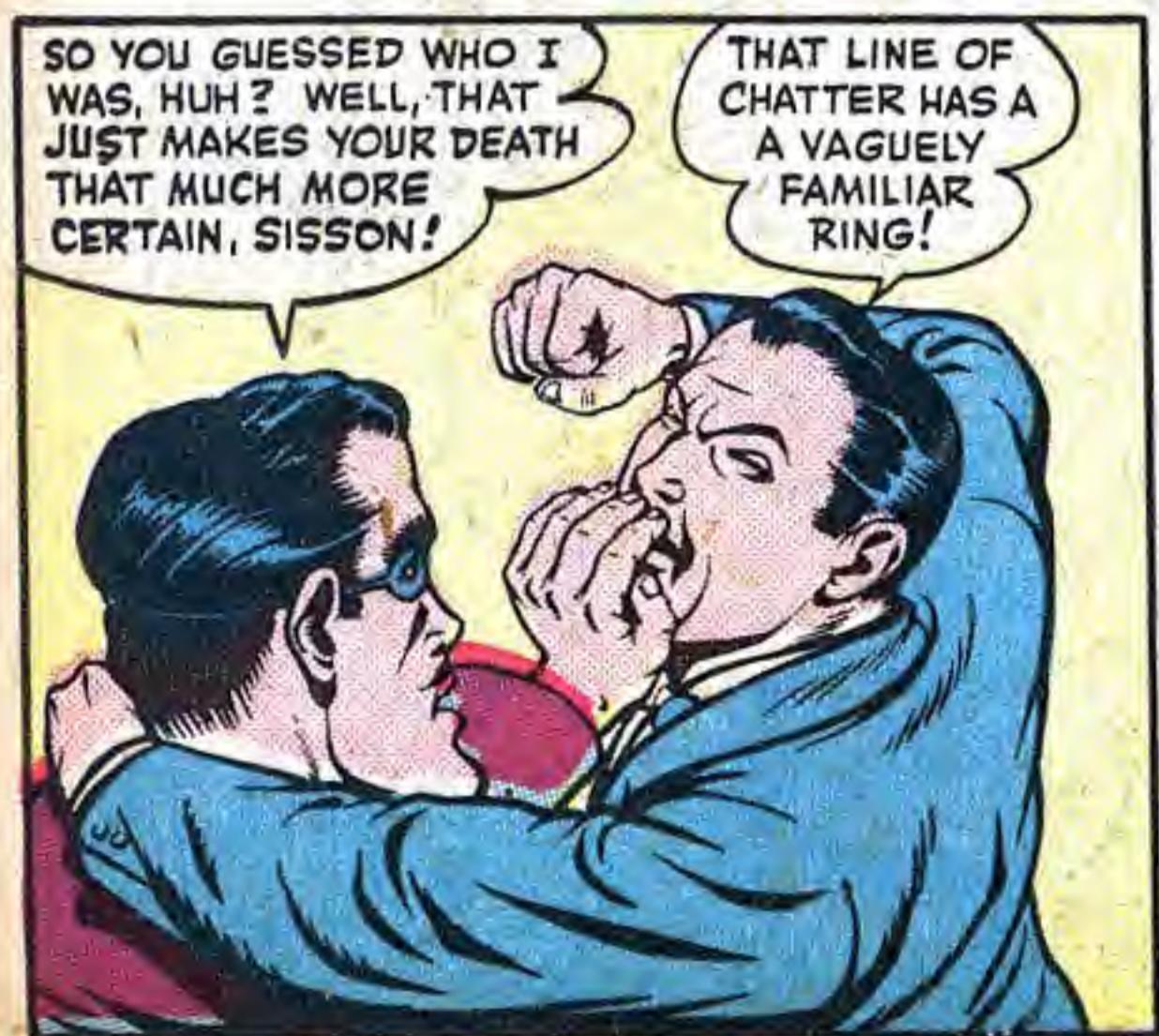
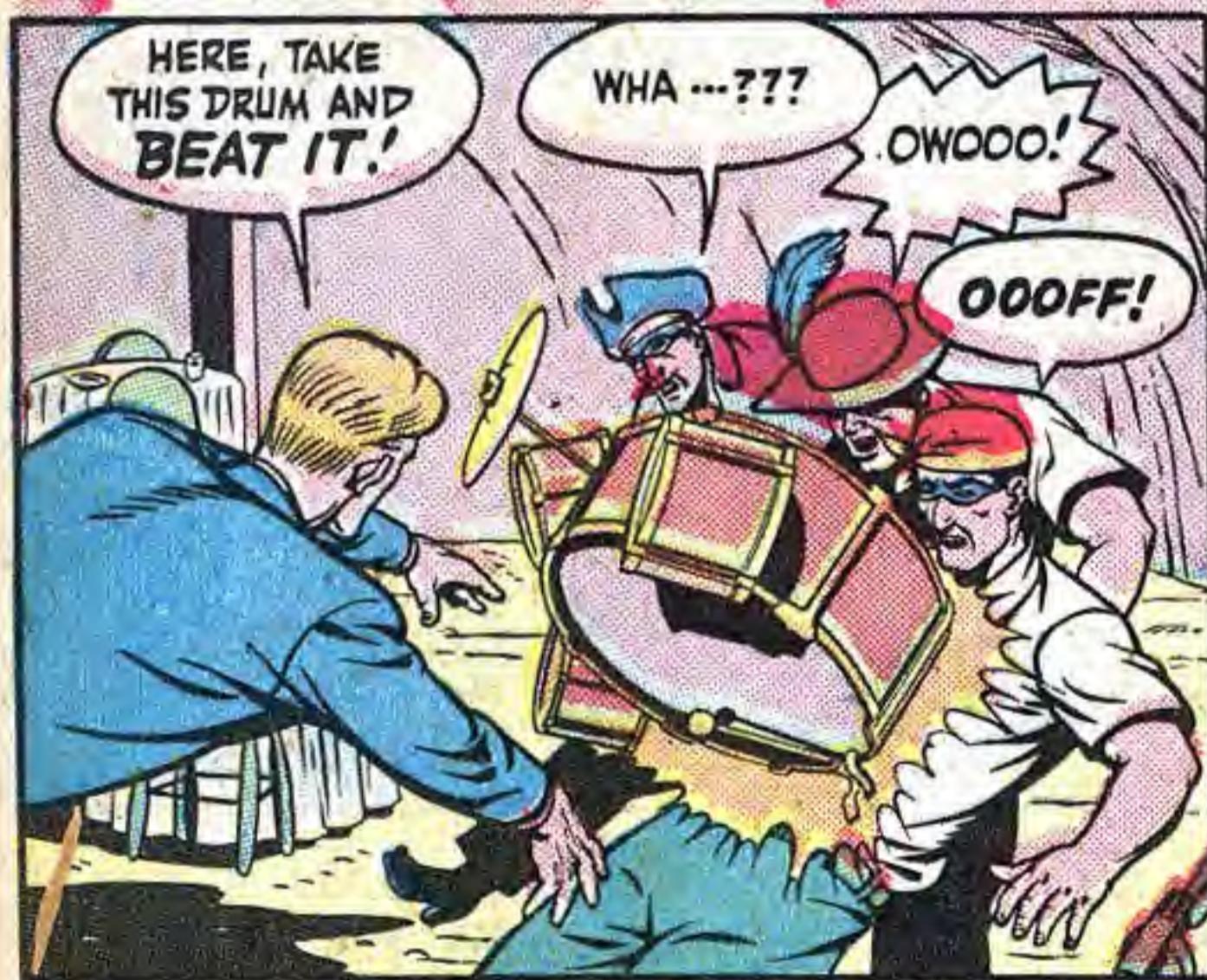


OKAY, EVERYBODY! GET YOUR DUDS AND SCRAM! THIS PLACE IS GOING OUT OF BUSINESS **RIGHT NOW!**

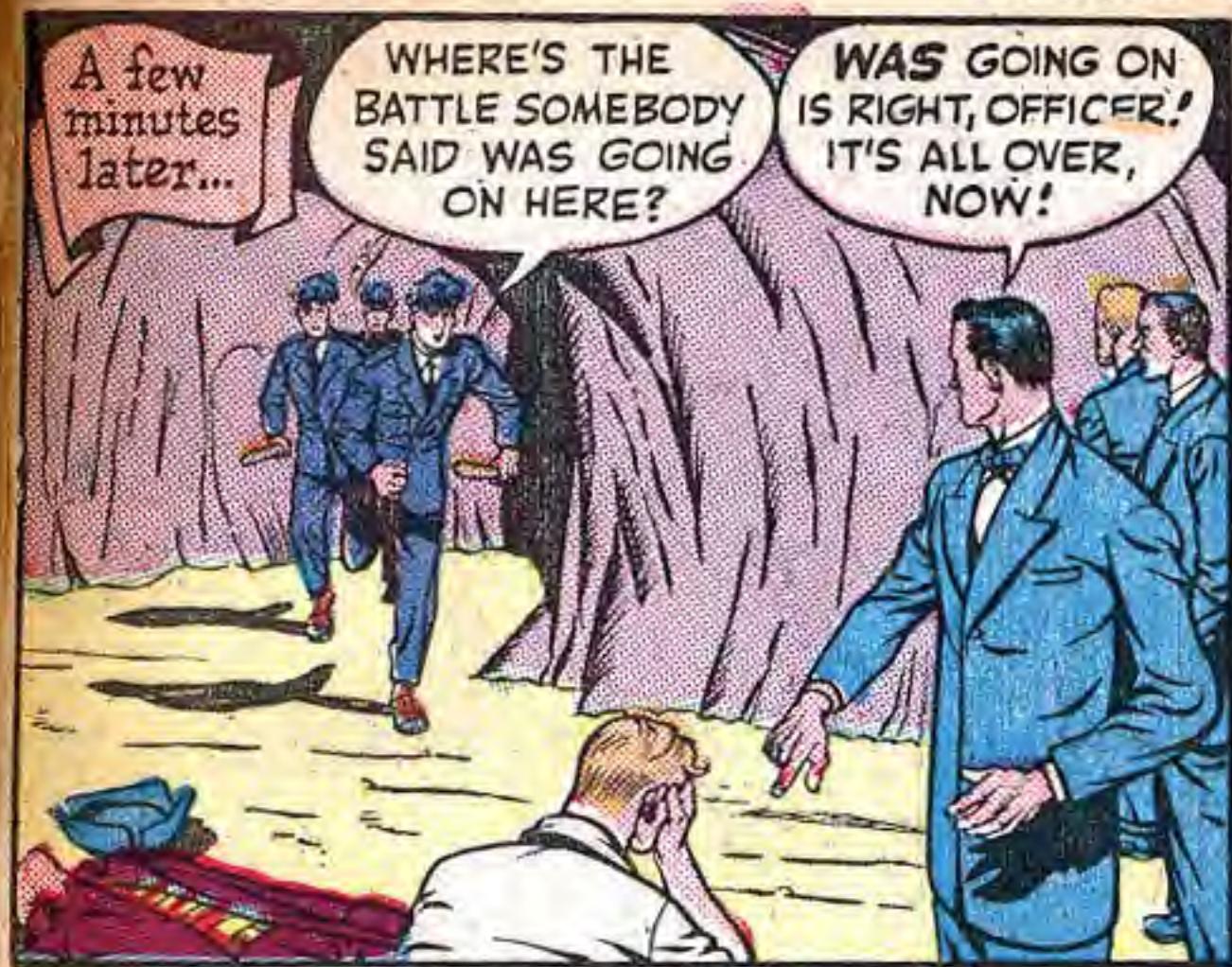
AND THE FIRST ONE TO WIGGLE WON'T BE GOING ANYWHERE BUT TO THE UNDERTAKER'S!



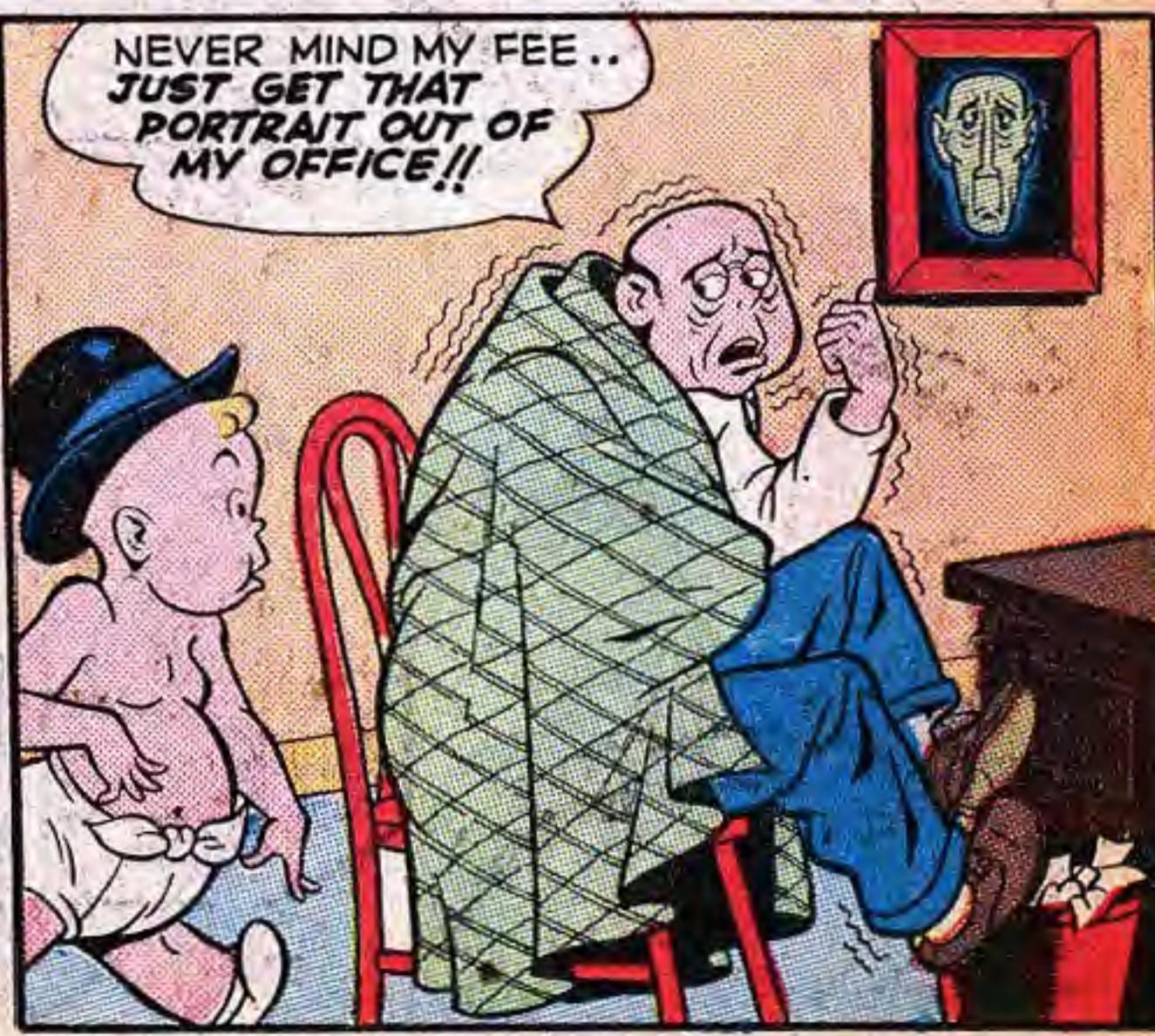
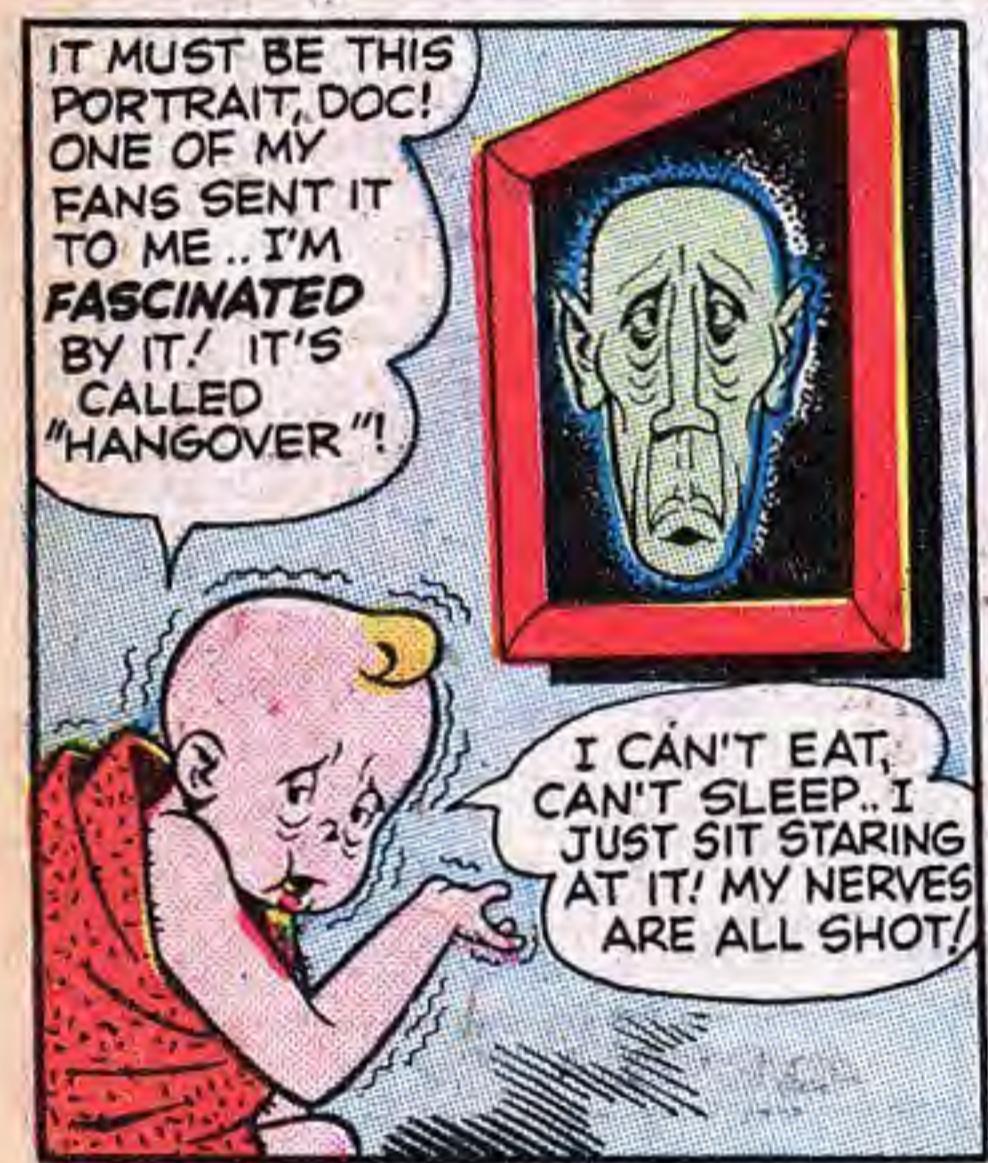
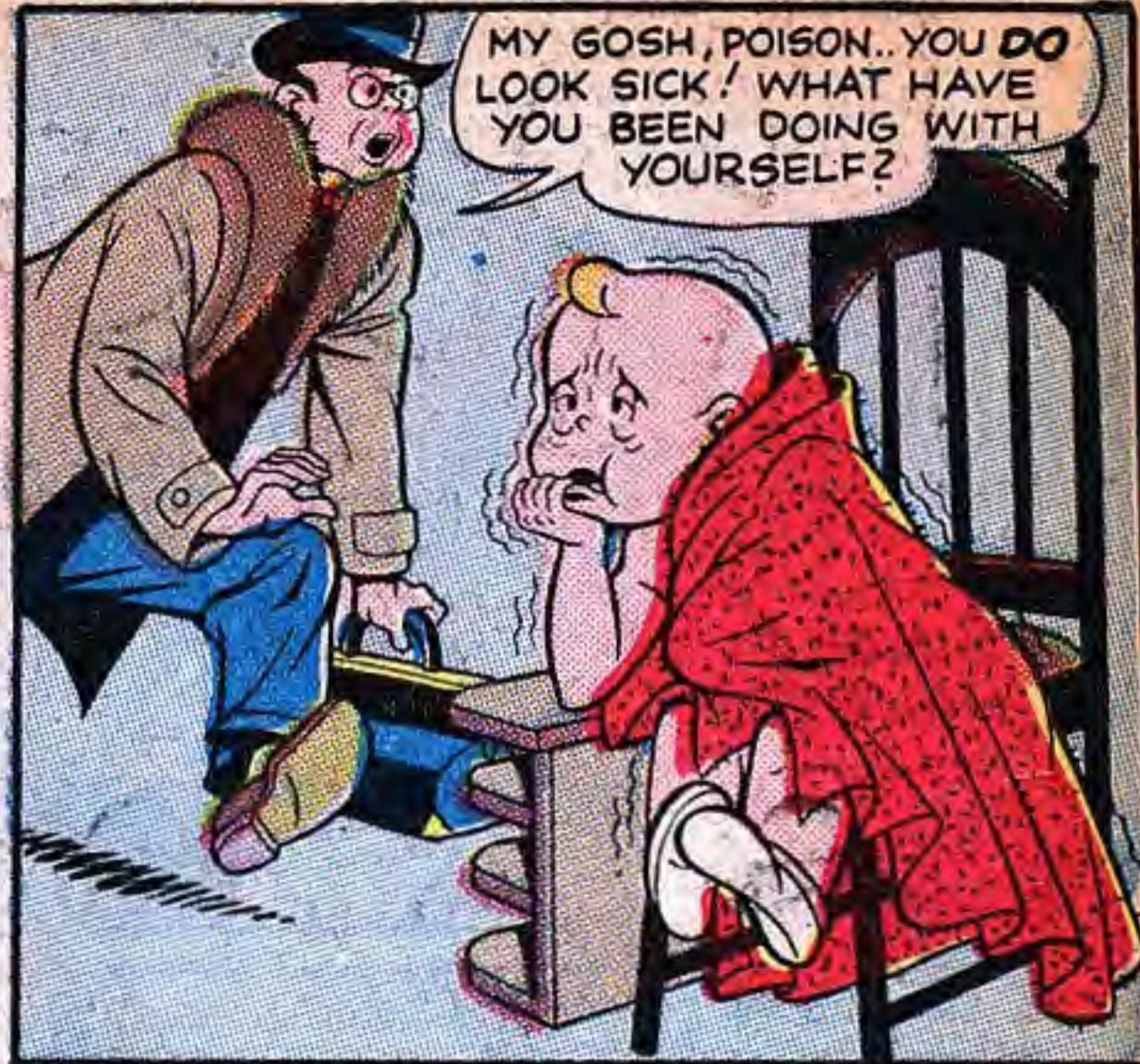
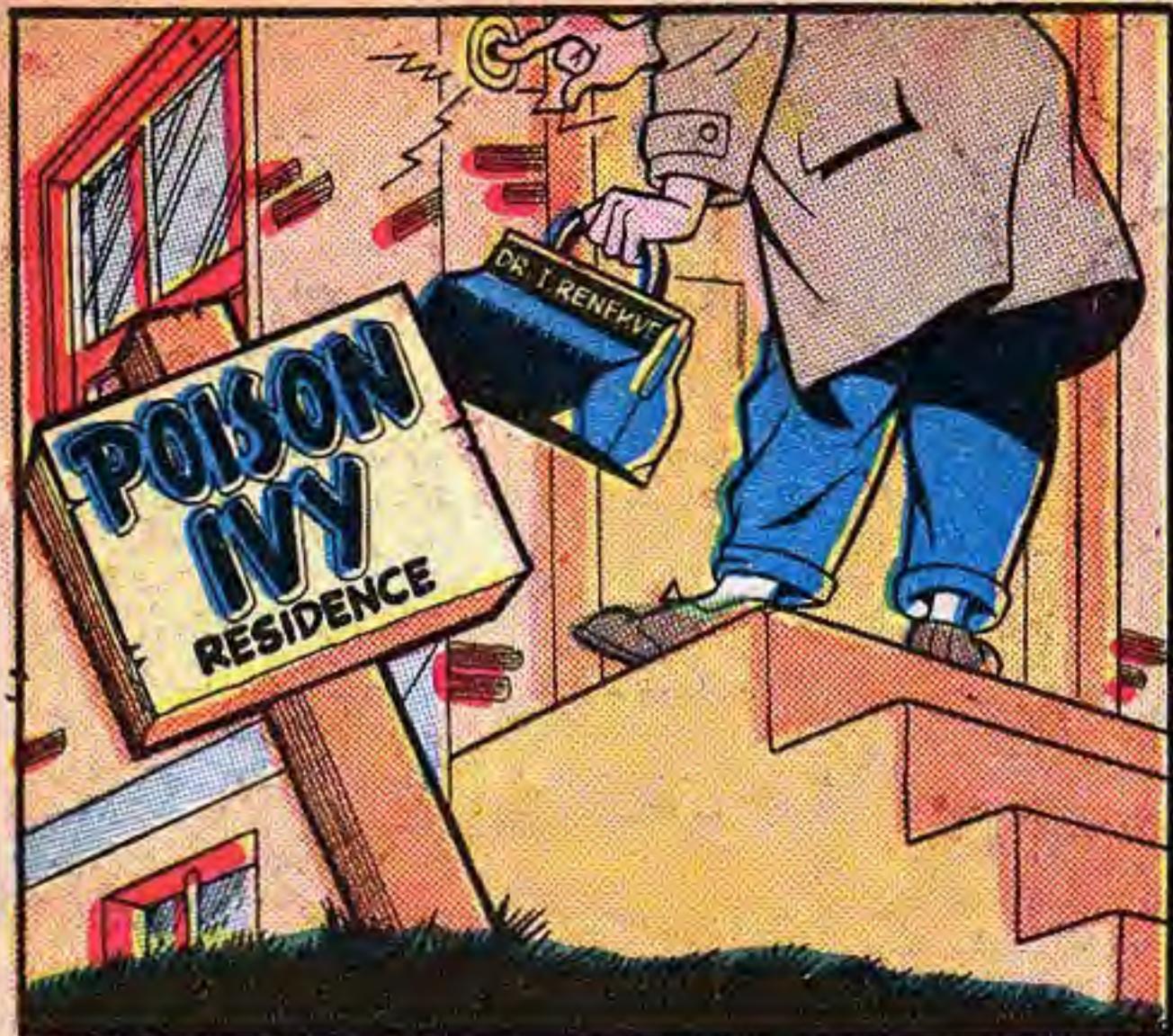
FEATURE COMICS



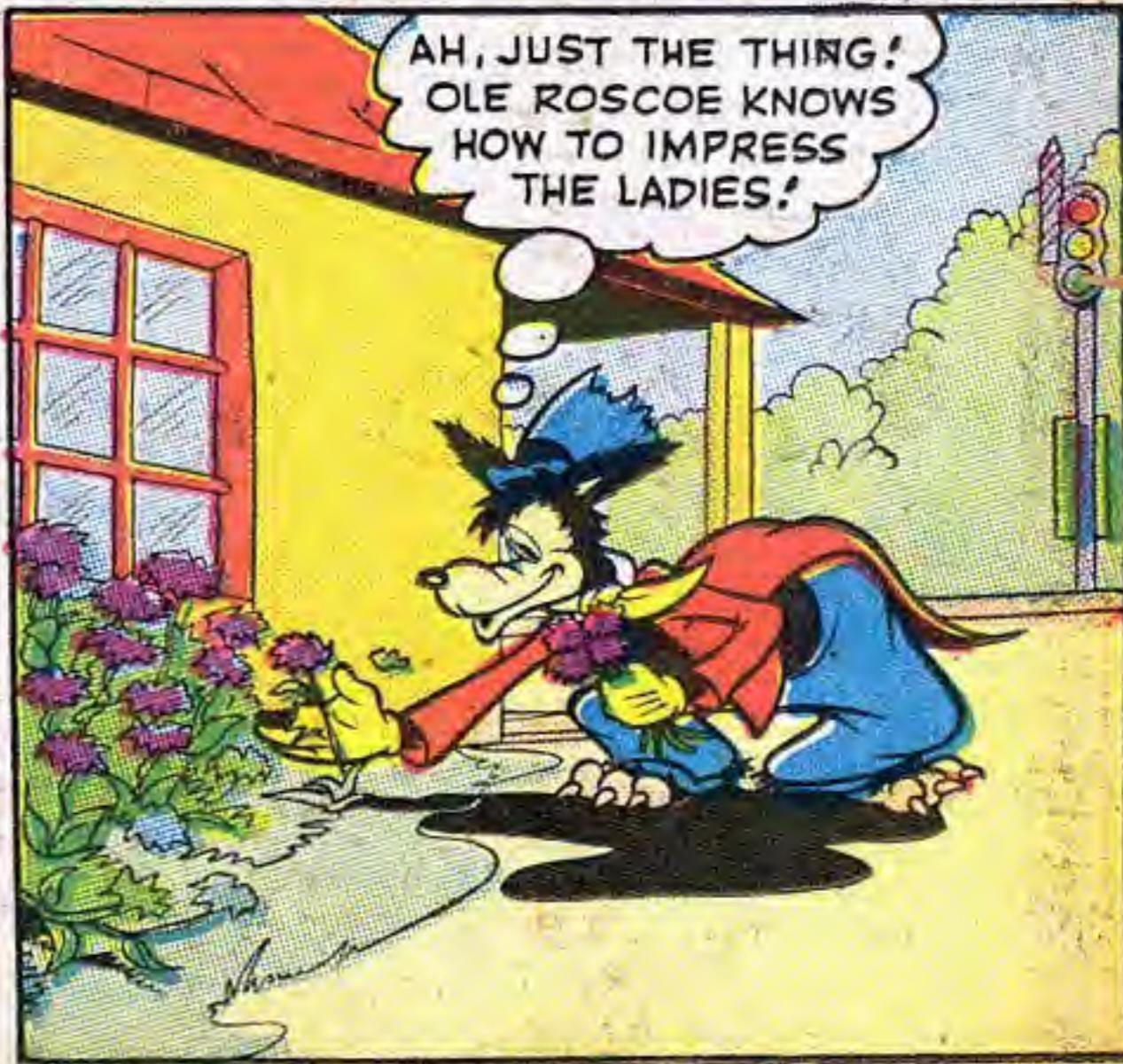
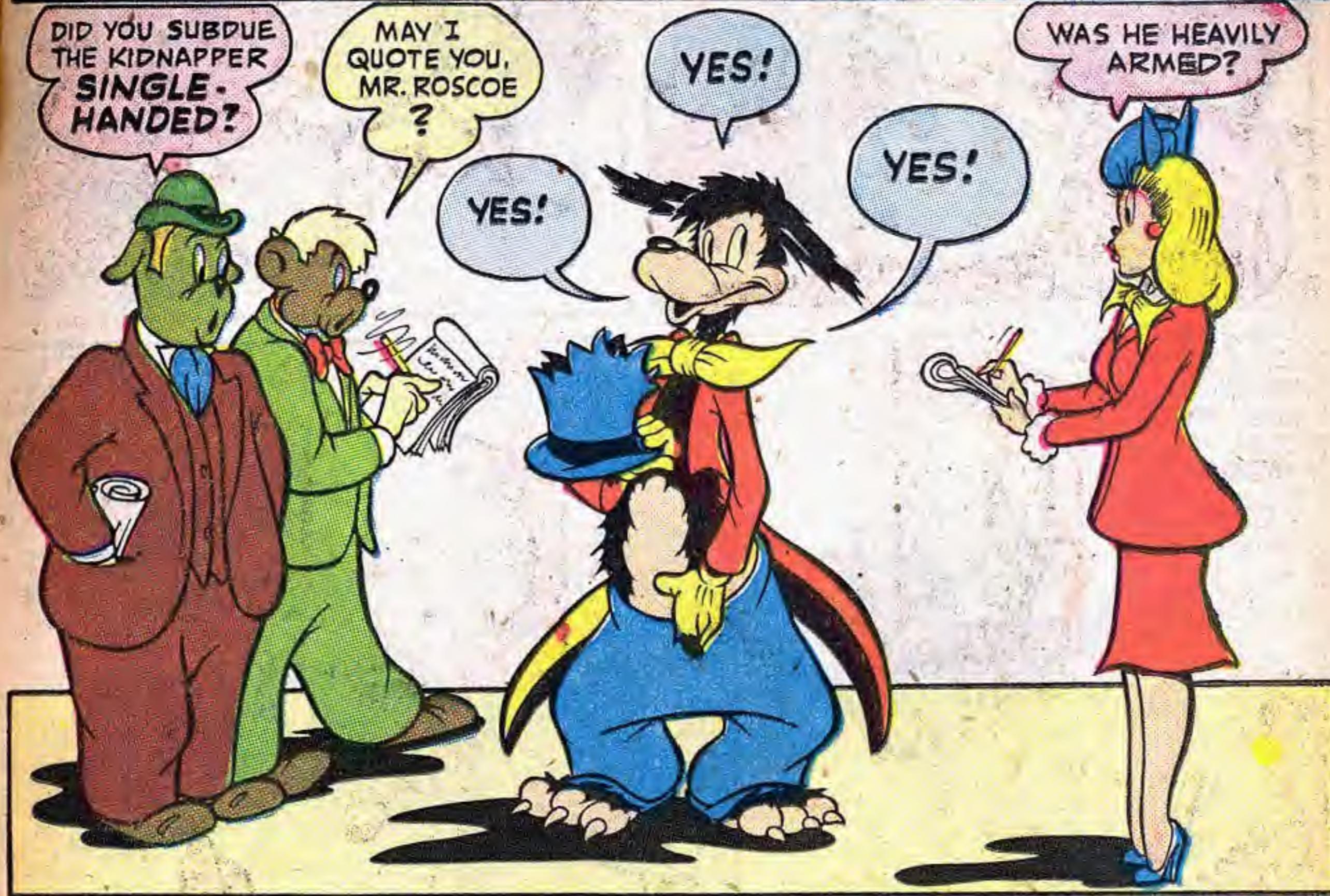
FEATURE COMICS



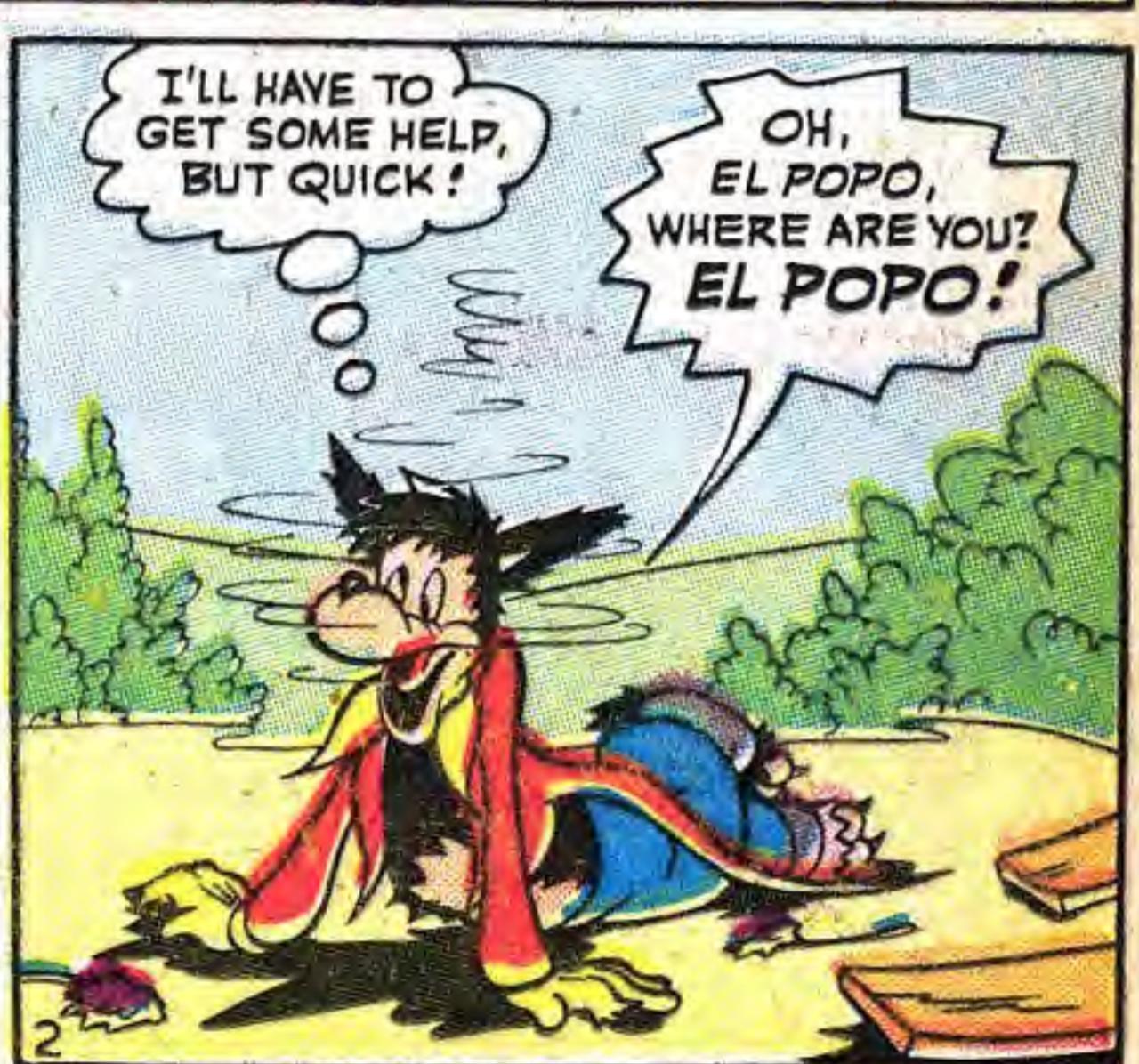
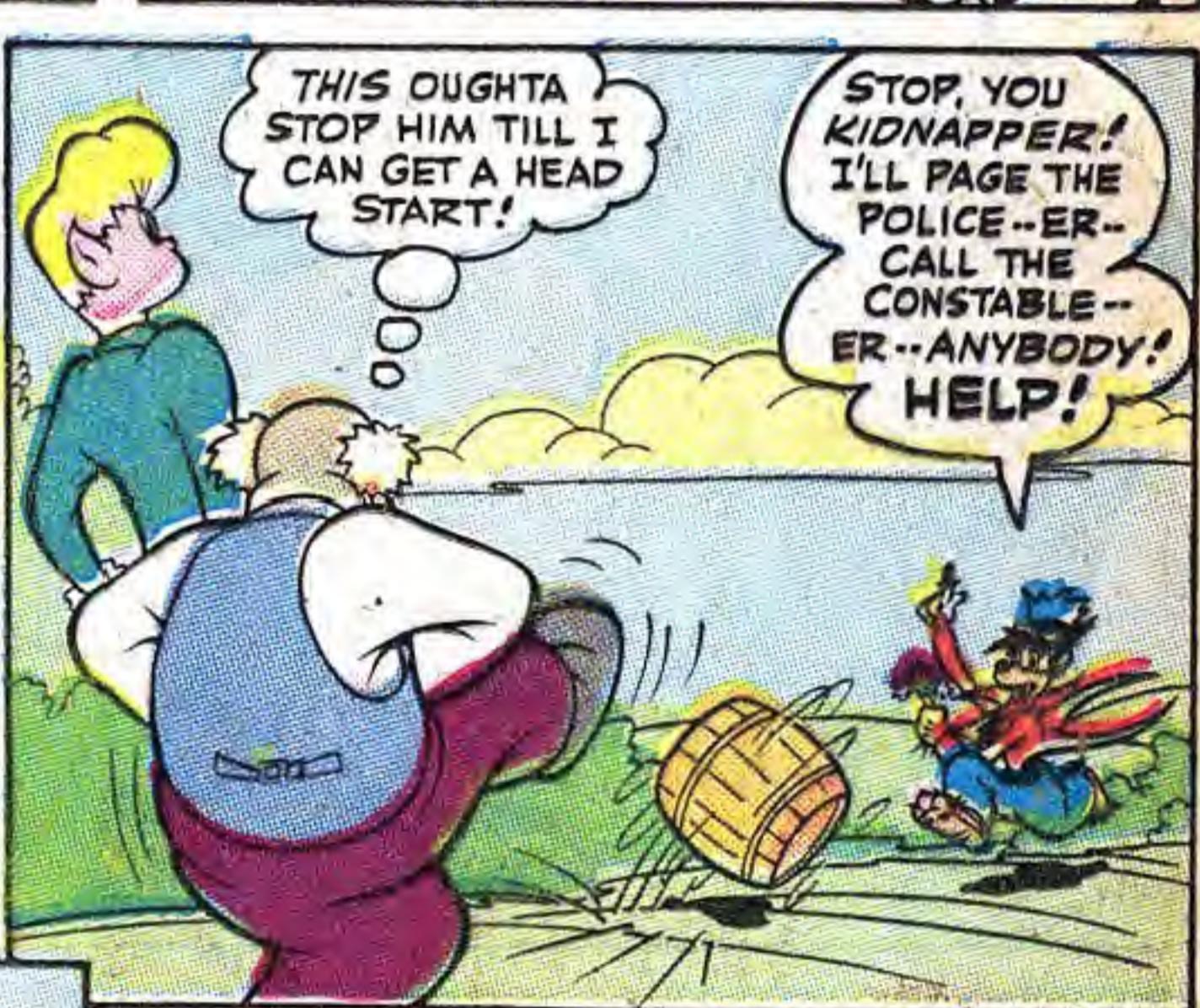
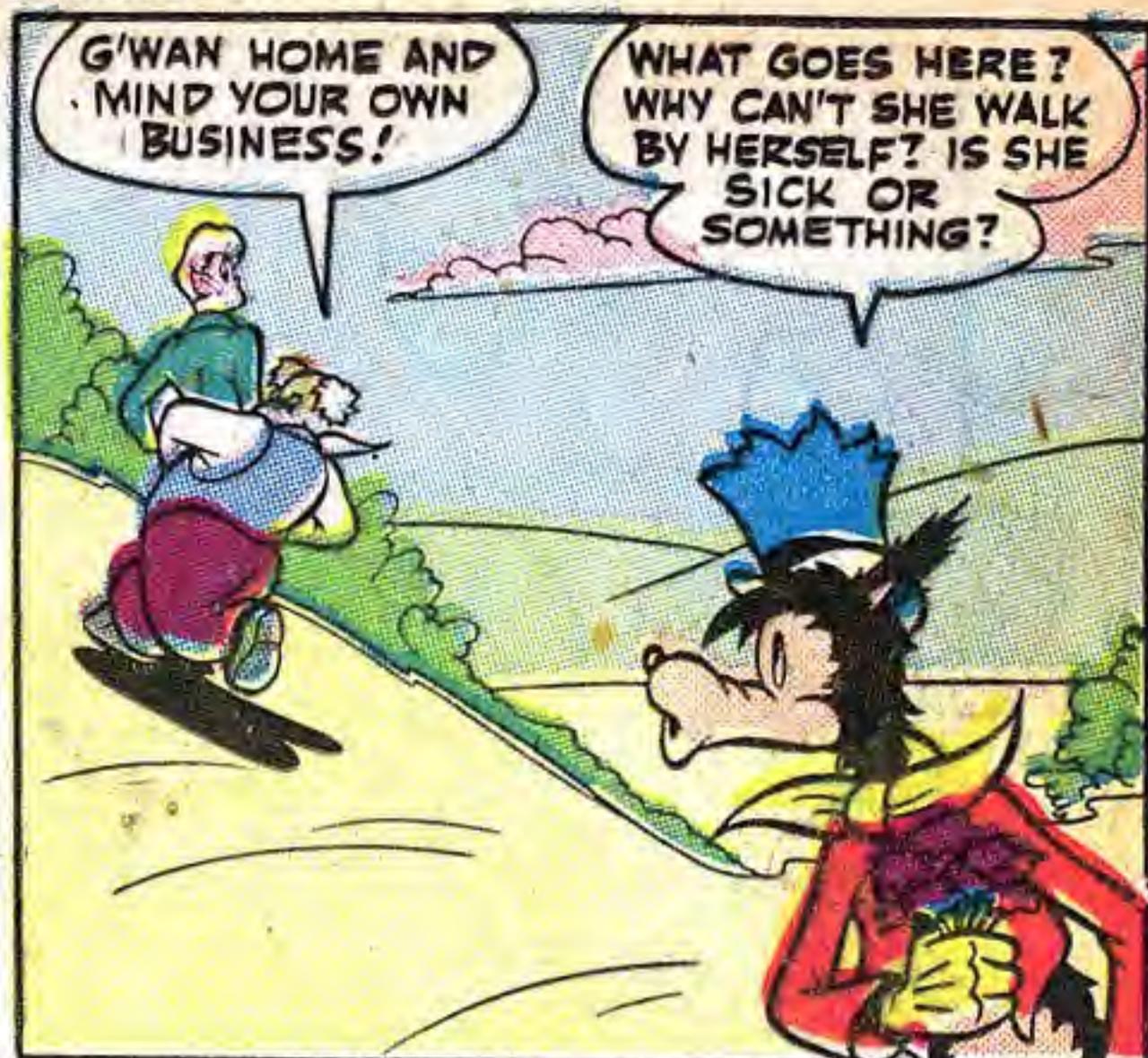
FEATURE COMICS



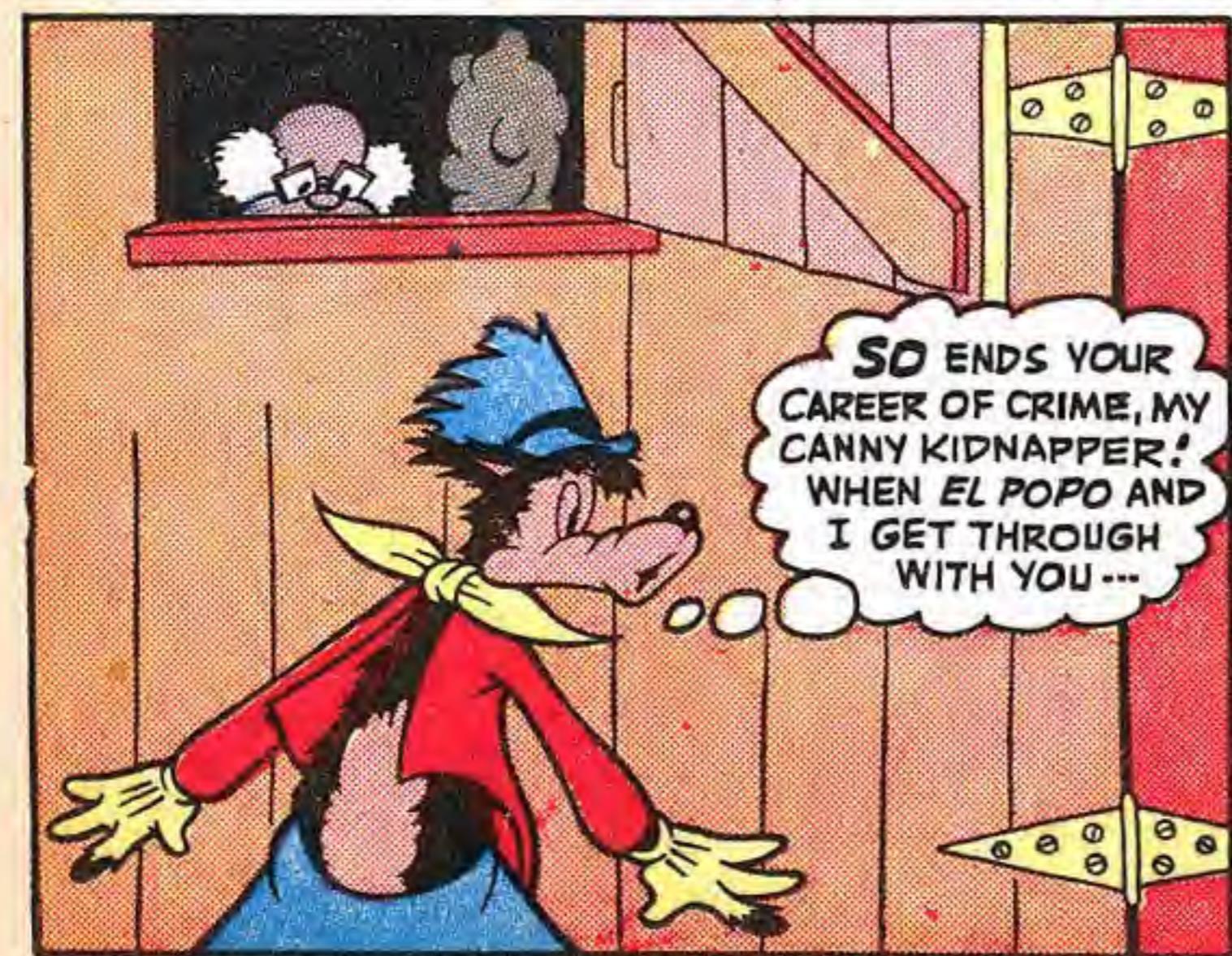
ROSCOE



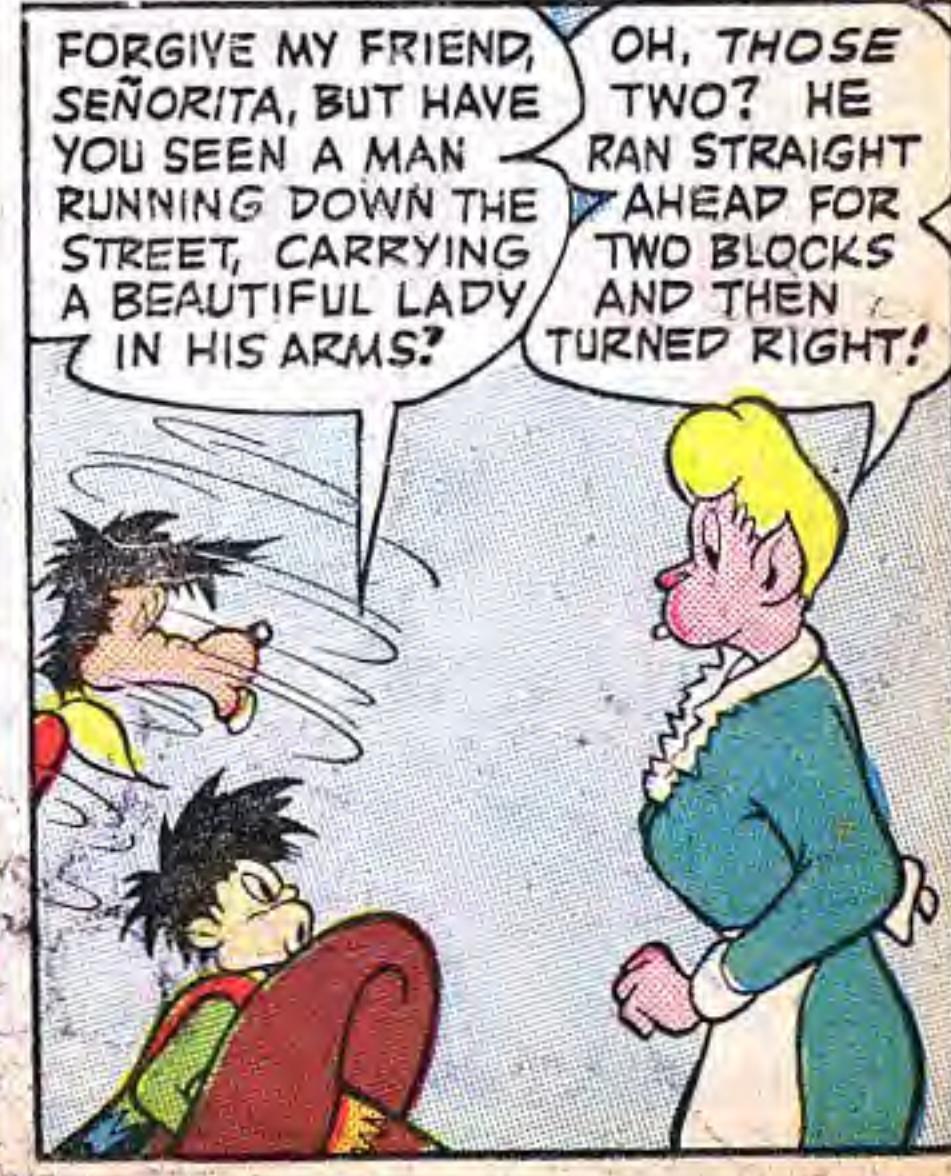
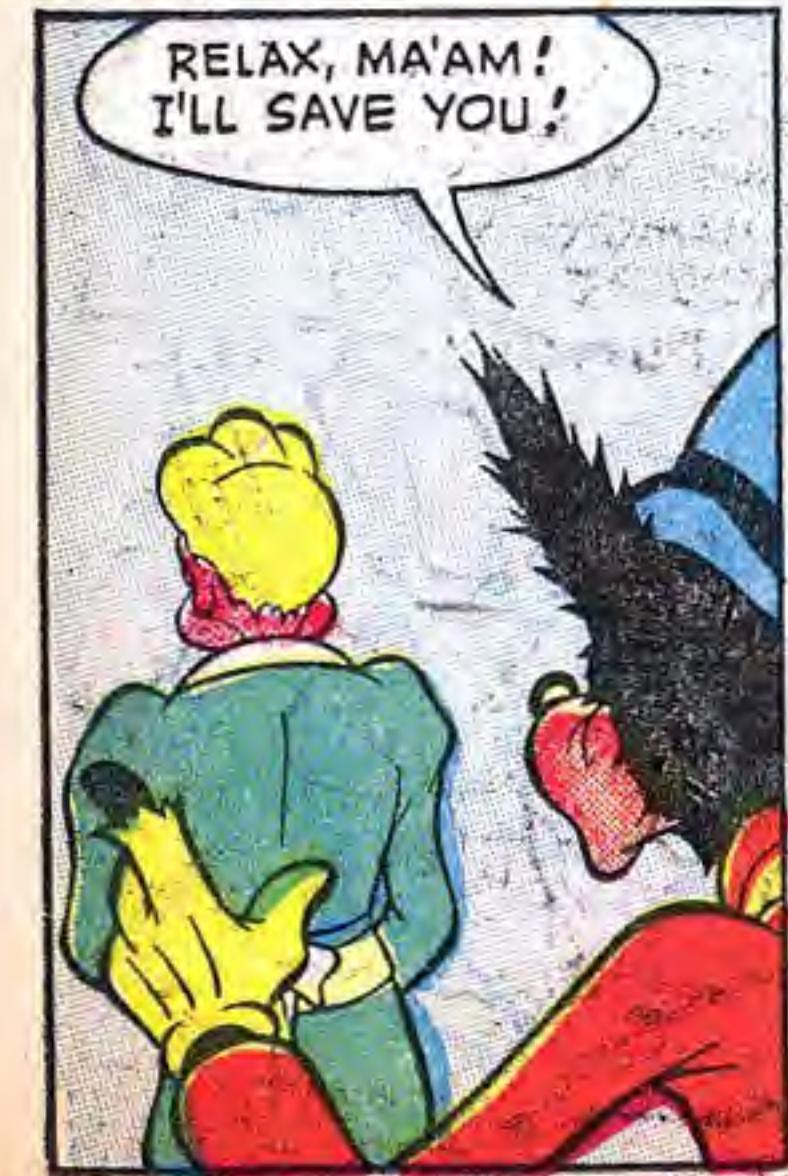
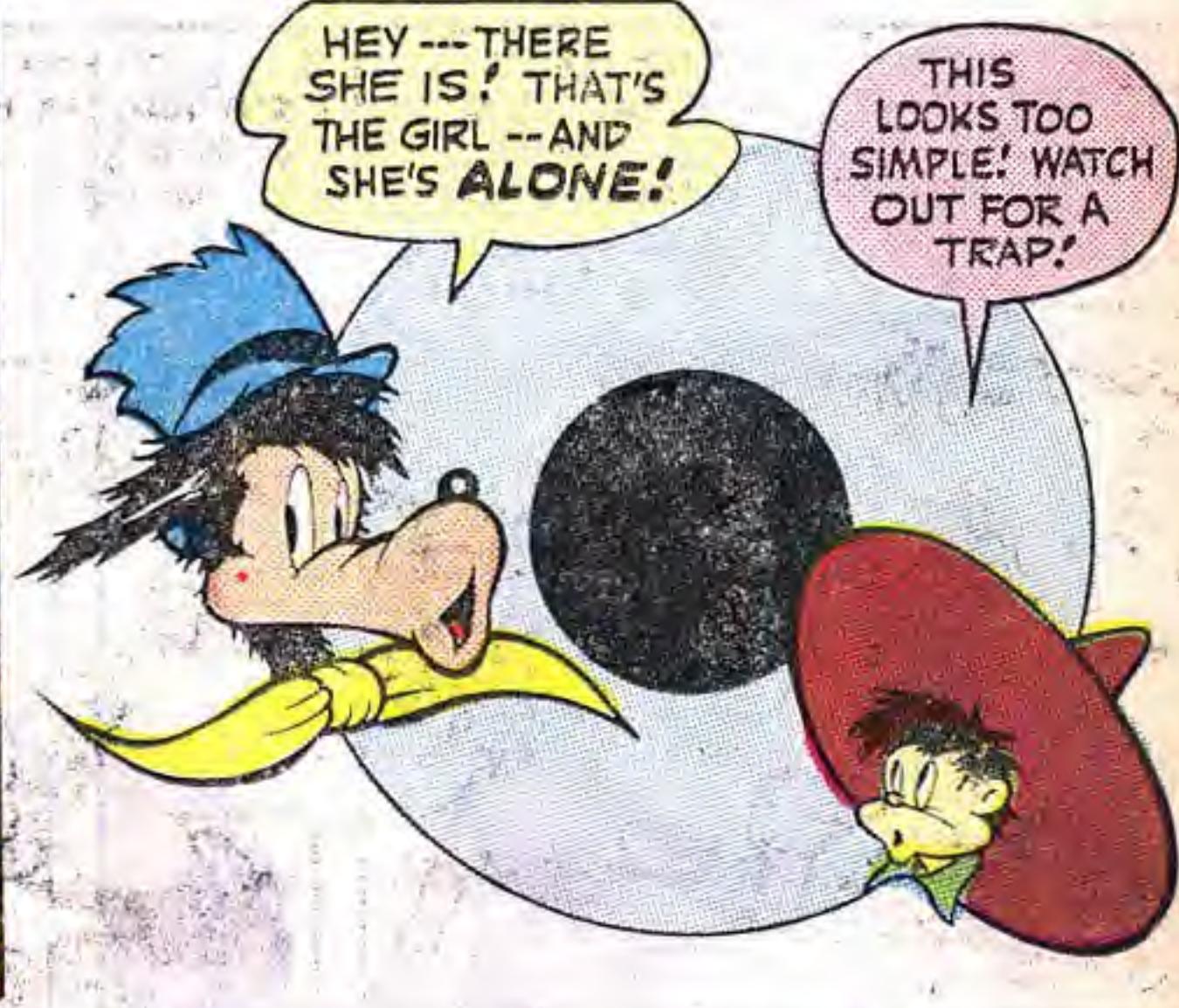
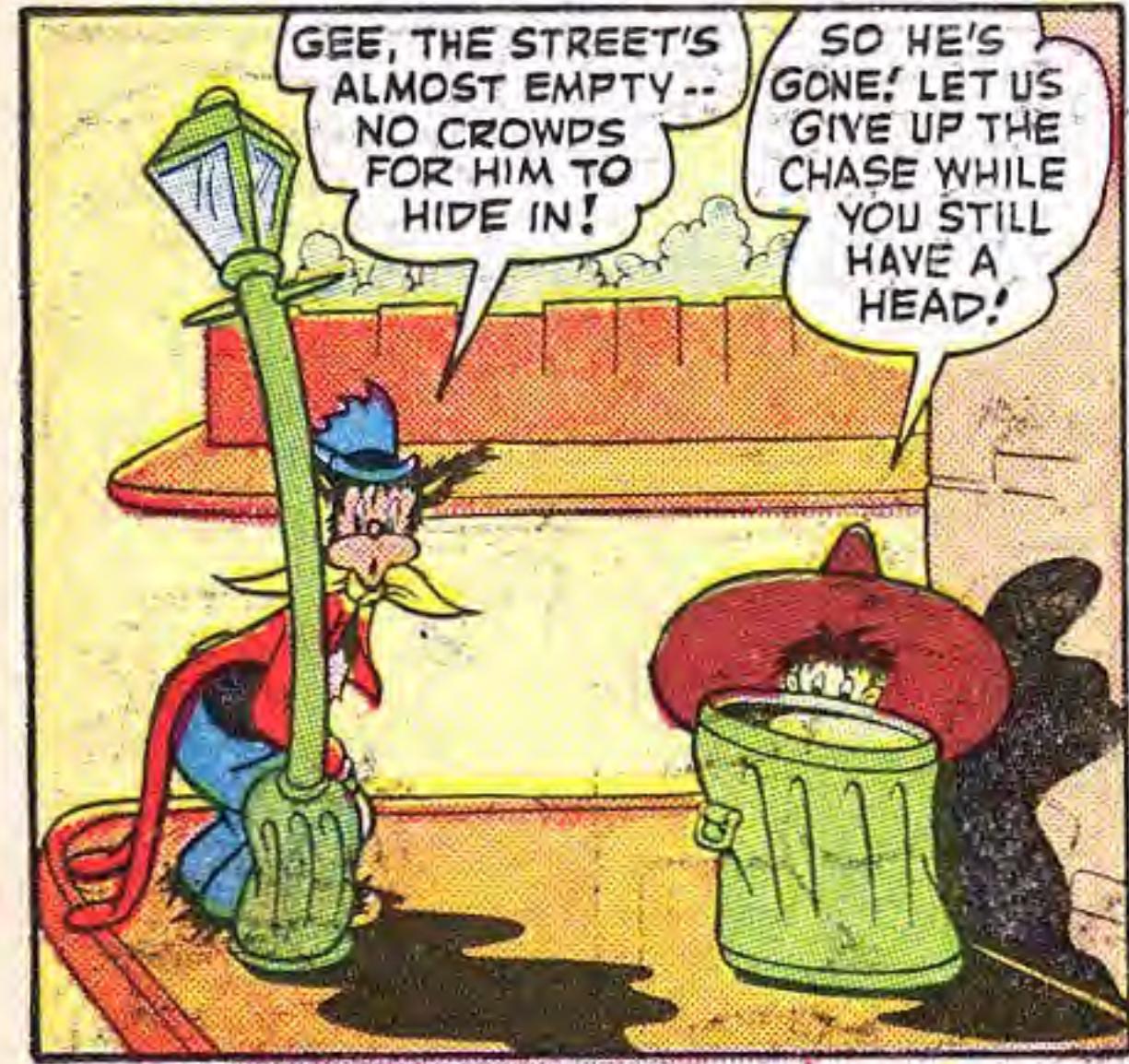
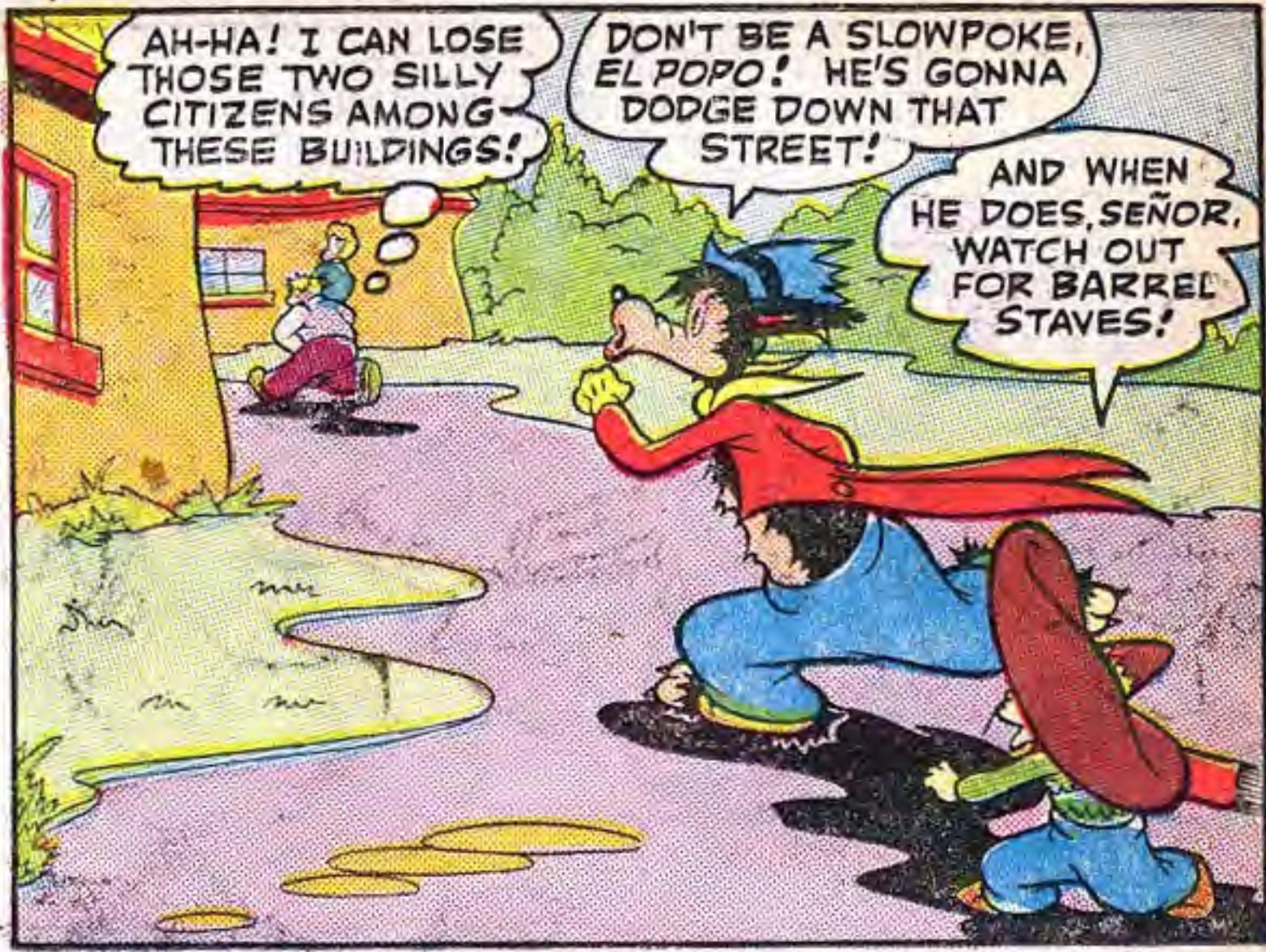
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

WHAT'S UP? A FIRE, MEBBE, OR ARE YOU TWO GUYS RUNNING FOR YOUR HEALTH?

A KIDNAPPER JUST RAN THROUGH HERE, CARRYING A WOMAN! WHICH WAY'D HE GO?

A KIDNAPPER, EH? TSK, TSK! WELL, WE'RE JUST THE ONES THAT CAN LEAD YOU TO HIS HIDEOUT!

STEP ON IT, CHUM! THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!

I JUST NOW SAW HIM CARRY HER IN THERE!

TAKE MY FRIEND'S GUN! YOU MAY NEED IT! HE WON'T GIVE HER UP WITHOUT A FIGHT!

HANDS UP, YOU FOUL FIEND! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

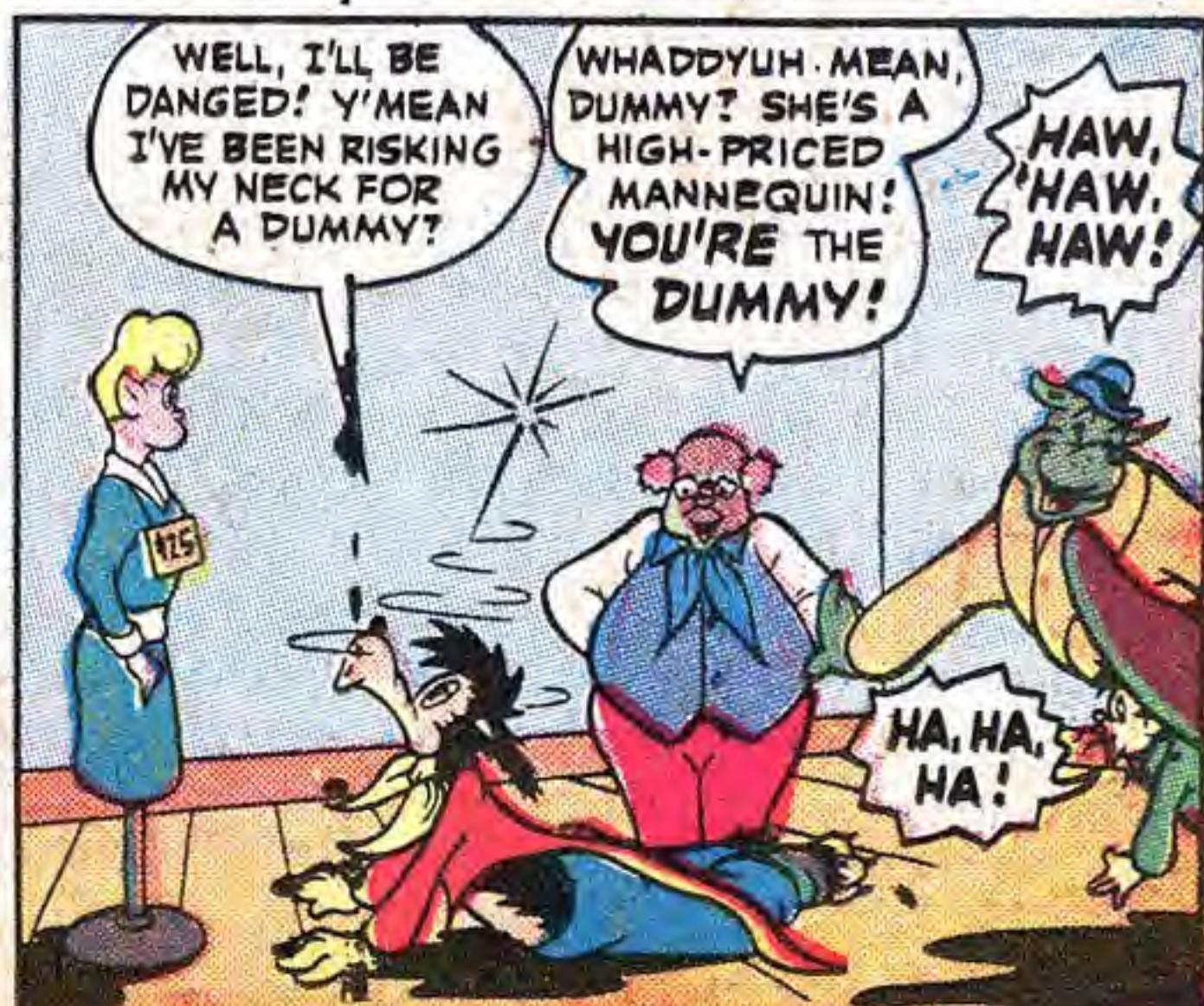
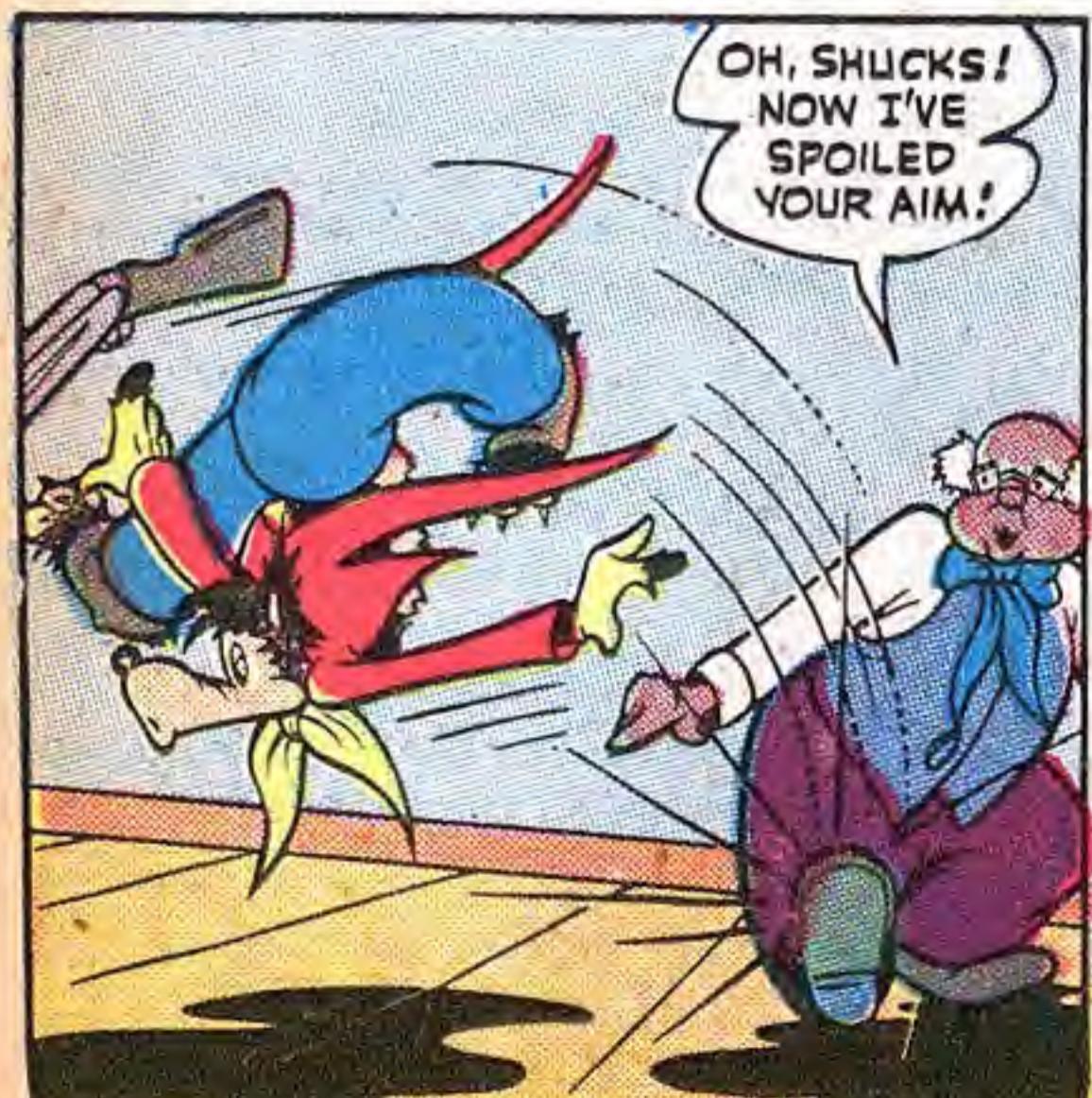
OH, SHUCKS! NOW I'VE SPOILED YOUR AIM!

WELL, I'LL BE DANGED! Y'MEAN I'VE BEEN RISKING MY NECK FOR A DUMMY?

WHADDYUH MEAN, DUMMY? SHE'S A HIGH-PRICED MANNEQUIN! YOU'RE THE DUMMY!

HAW, HAW, HAW!

HA, HA, HA!



JUNGLE ARMOR

PERRY SCOTT wished now that he had taken the advice of old Castle, the pub operator at Bahia. Here he was a thousand miles in the bush of Brazil, with a pack of half-savage natives on the back trail.

He had been on that trail for six weeks. Always it stretched before him, mostly overgrown with terrible jungle creepers and liana that tripped one constantly; and sometimes turned out to be a poisonous reptile. Twice he had come near being bitten by bush masters.

His machete boys were doing a fair job of hacking a path, however. But what would it all end up to?

Looking for a measley butterfly!

What did people want with butterflies? Why were certain fans crazy enough to pay \$2,000 apiece for rare species?

But that's the very thing that had brought Perry to South America. \$2,000 for a butterfly, he figured back there in New York, was certainly easy money. And he'd had the good fortune to stumble upon the very person who knew just where that rare species lived.

Monte Lang was a good sort. He had spent years in Brazil and knew whereof he spoke. Perry had met him in Bahia. And that's where old Castle had warned both of them to stay out of that region they had freely discussed with Castle. The latter, too, knew his Brazil. Knew his Matte Grasso.

Monte stumbled along behind Perry a few feet, nursing a broken little finger he'd got when he'd fallen over some roots.

"Darnedest painful thing I ever had," he complained. "Imagine a little finger hurting like all get out!"

"Good thing it isn't your head," said Perry humorously. "Think what a pain that'd be. Or would that bother you?"

Monte looked at his friend and gave him a Bronx. "Let's say it wouldn't hurt your head!" he said.

It was this jabbing fun at each other that

kept them from going stark mad. They didn't know how far they had to go yet. Monte had been there once before, and was certain he'd know the place when he saw it; that was all.

One thing that held up the party was the several big bundles that Perry had insisted upon carrying along. It required six natives to lug the stuff.

"If you'd only drop that stuff," said Monte for the hundredth time, "we'd make better time."

Perry grinned. "Can't do it, Monte. It's going to come in handy."

Monte made an exasperated noise. "But what the devil is it?"

"Wire."

"Nuts! You've told me that a dozen times."

Perry didn't know exactly why he was keeping secret the contents of those six burlap-wrapped bundles, but he was. He had a hunch they'd save the day.

"What did we come in here for?" he demanded of the half-angry Monte. "Butterflies."

"So what? We've got our nets."

Perry nodded mysteriously. "And we've got our wire. It'll be the thing that'll get the butterflies for us."

The farther they progressed into the jungle the worse it got. The trees were no taller or any thicker, but the underbrush was getting intensely tangled. The hackers were having a hard time cutting more than 100 yards a day.

"At this rate," grumbled Monte, "we won't ever make it."

"We couldn't have passed it, could we?" asked Perry, and then realized he'd been foolish.

Monte didn't deign to answer.

Two more days of hacking and stumbling and both white men were on the verge of calling it a day and going back.

"But think of those hundreds of butterflies," Perry told his companion. "At two grand a copy we can make a fortune . . . Say! You don't

FEATURE COMICS

suppose there are no butterflies left there, do you?"

"How could they get away?" Monte demanded disgustedly.

"Fly, mebbe," Perry hazarded. "They do sometimes, you know."

"They won't; too fat to fly far."

That night around the campfire, as they ate and fought mosquitoes, one of the native bearers came to the circle of firelight and whispered that he'd seen a dark-skinned Indian with a blow gun.

"Blow gun?" said Monte with some alarm.

The native nodded, showing the whites of his eyes. He was scared.

"Okay, Noki," Monte told him. "Say nothing about it to the others. We're in no danger." Monte knew Noki from old. Dependable native.

Noki withdrew, but he looked rather ashen, Perry thought.

When they woke in the early morning, the tree trunks above their heads were sticking full of darts. A warning!

"Say," said Monte, "I don't like this. I didn't know there were any blowers in this region."

"I did," Perry said quietly. "Just before we left I heard it from a trader who had been up this way a few months ago. He told me that this tribe is new, from another section of the jungle."

Monte scratched his stubby chin. "We've got to be on our toes, then."

"That's where my wire comes in," Perry said, grinning.

Monte looked at him. "Yeah?"

They reached the spot which Monte recognized the following day, and there in a little glade they made camp.

"The butterfly place is about two miles from here," Monte said. "Or should be."

They set out that afternoon. It was hard chopping through the tangle of jungle that led to the little valley where two-thousand butterflies made their home. They hacked and cut and rested, and cut some more. Near sundown they came to the edge of the little valley.

Perry looked down into the mile-across bowl and then let out a cry.

"There! Look, Monte, see them! Hundreds of the big blue babies flying around!"

Monte nodded. "They're there, all right."

"We'll come for them tomorrow," Perry said.

Monte clutched Perry's arm. "Look!"

Perry looked. A file of swarthy men were plodding across the little valley, each carrying a long blow gun.

"Yeah?" said Monte. "How are we going to get 'em with those dratted blowers dashing around?"

Perry tugged at his friend's sleeve. "Come on back to camp. We'll talk it over. But we intend to get those butterflies, blowers or not!"

They sat around the fire and spun yarns after the meal. Toward dark they heard small drums beating some distance away. Jungle drums! They always made Perry feel somehow lost, apart from everything. They beat and mumbled far into the night. The blowers were working themselves into a frenzy. Probably meant to attack. Those darts back there in the trees had been a warning. They had not heeded it. They'd post guards this night and go after the butterflies in the morning.

At dawn they were up. It was then that Perry revealed his secret. He had some natives unpack the six big bundles. Long wire mesh sections revealed themselves.

"What the heck are they?" Monte asked.

"Watch," Perry began putting the sections together. Soon he had a bee-hive-like contraption mounted. It had straps inside to fasten to a man's shoulders. He lifted it up and dropped it over himself. The steel mesh completely covered him down to the knees.

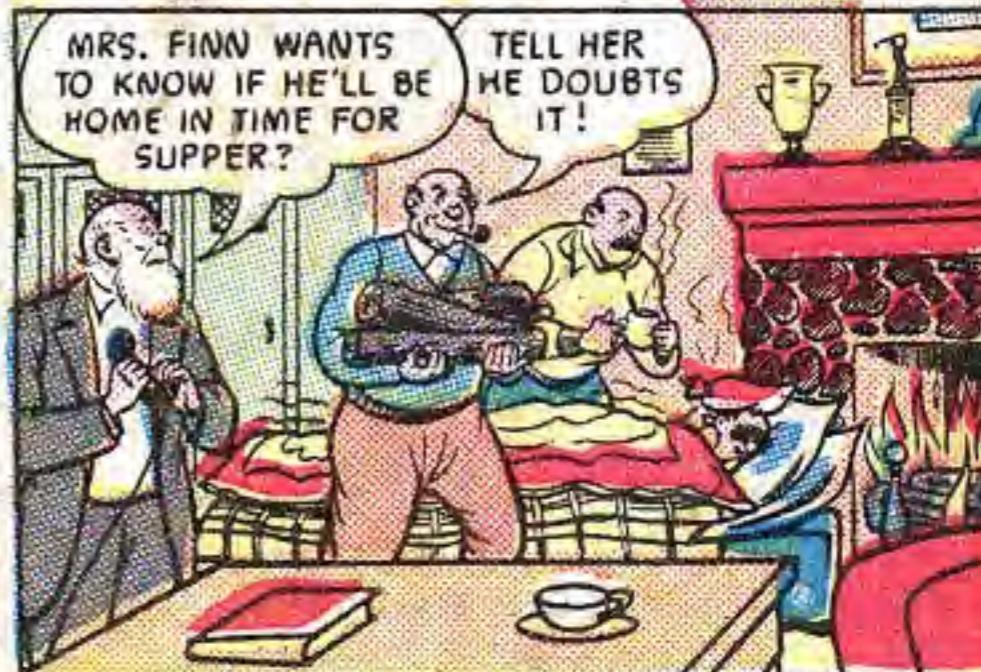
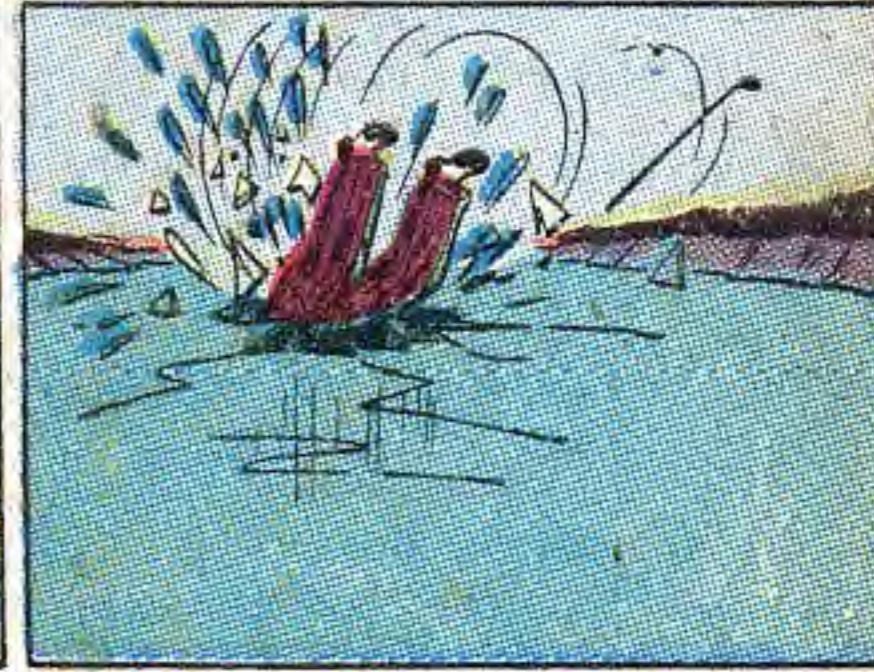
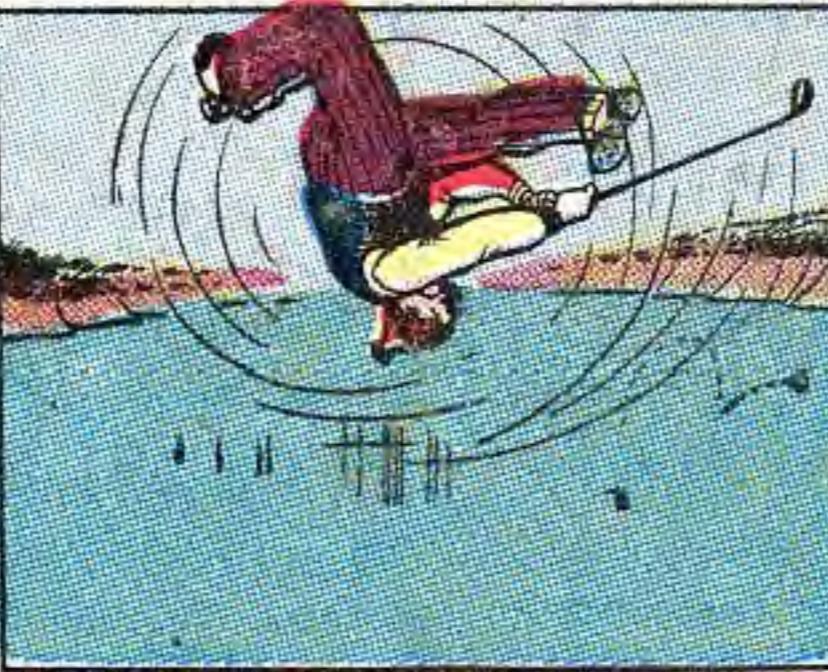
He grinned through the mesh. "How do you like my chicken wire suit, Monte?"

"Monte's eyes were wide. "Good gosh! Who'd ever have thought of it—but you, you old buzzard! Why, it's perfect. Let 'em shoot their poison darts. They'll never penetrate that wire. You're a wizard, Perry!"

Later, the whole force, mesh-suited, strode across the little valley. A rain of arrows pelted them for a moment and then the natives gave up and slunk off into the jungle. They began netting butterflies.

Each blue beauty was \$2000!

FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

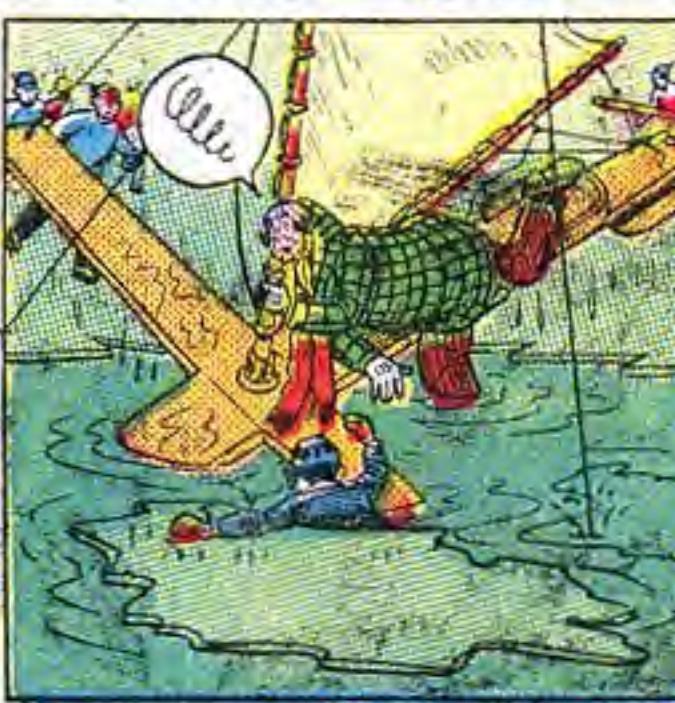
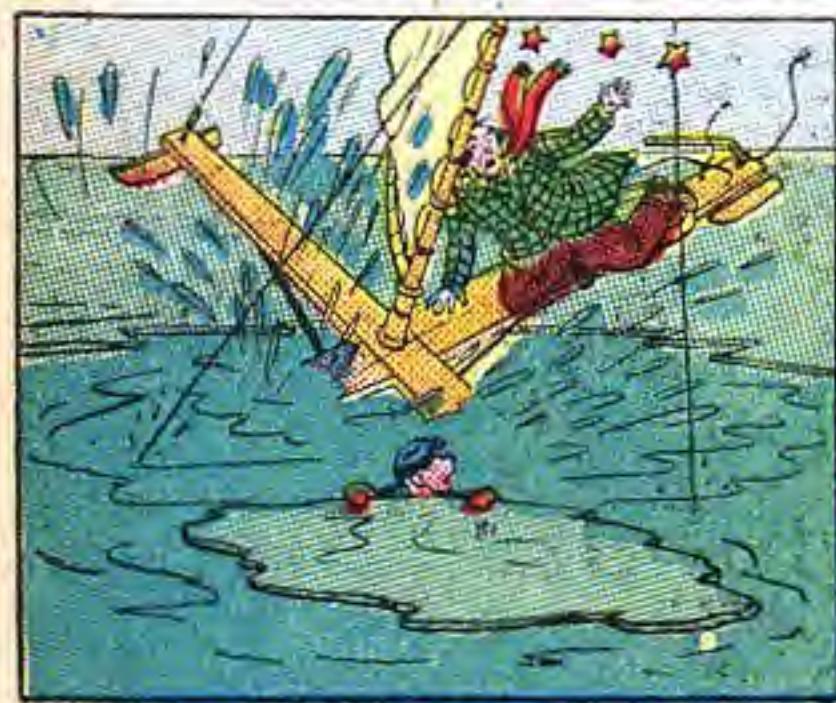
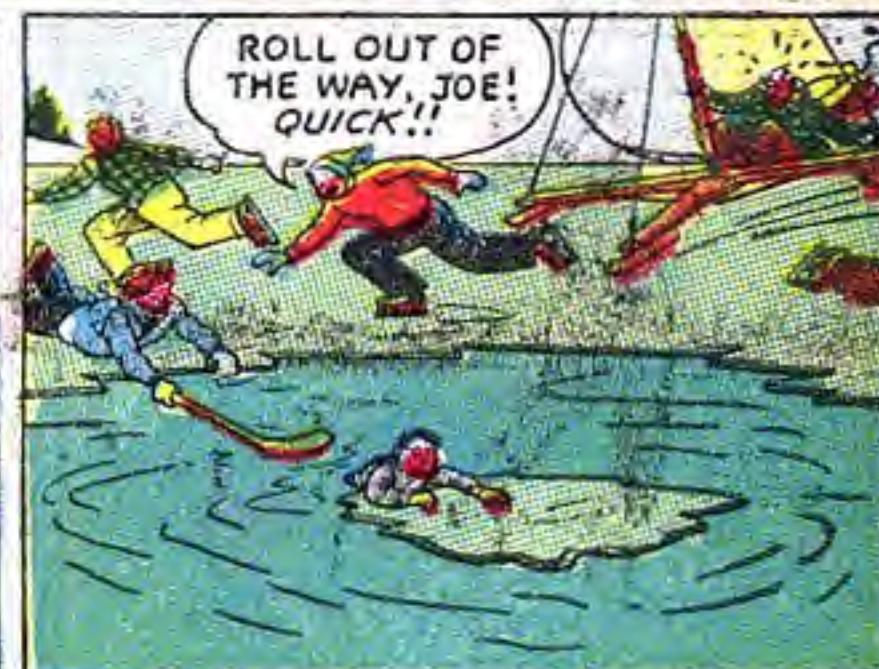
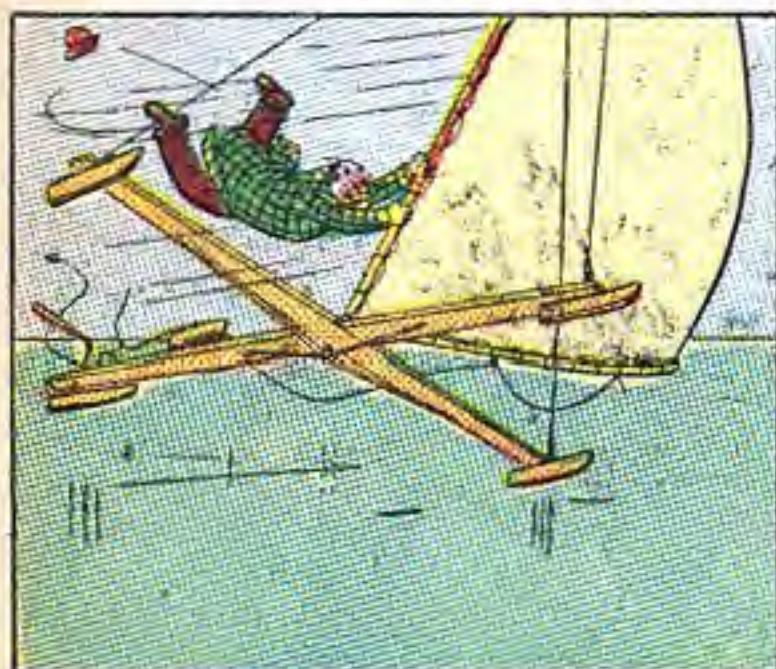
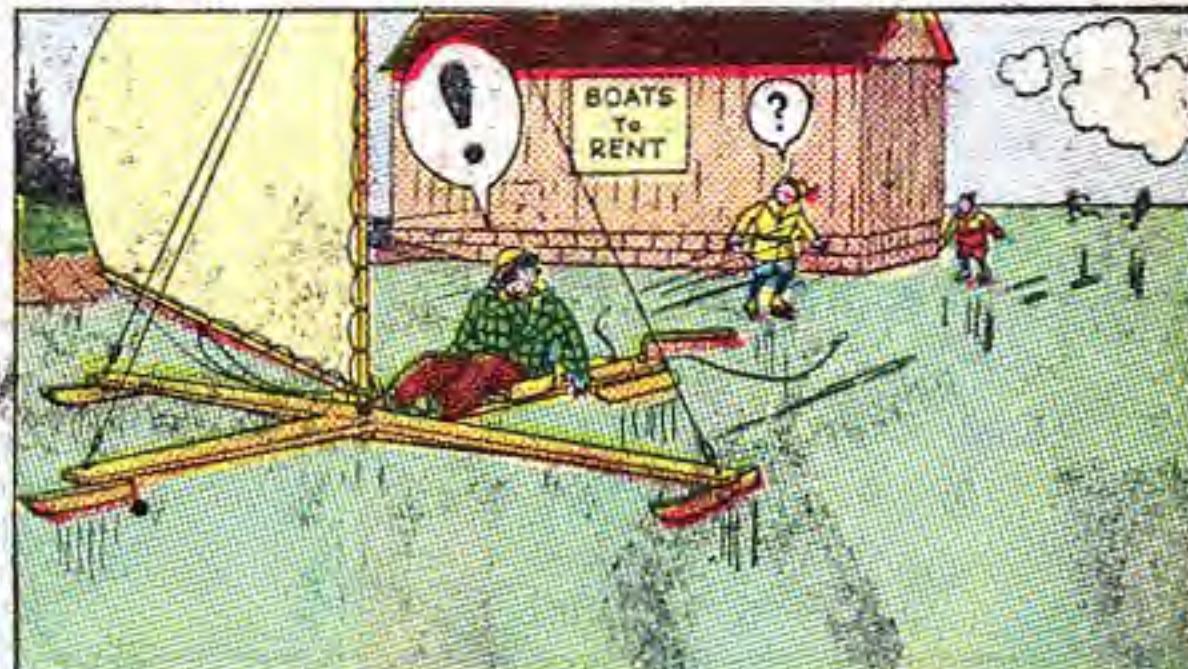
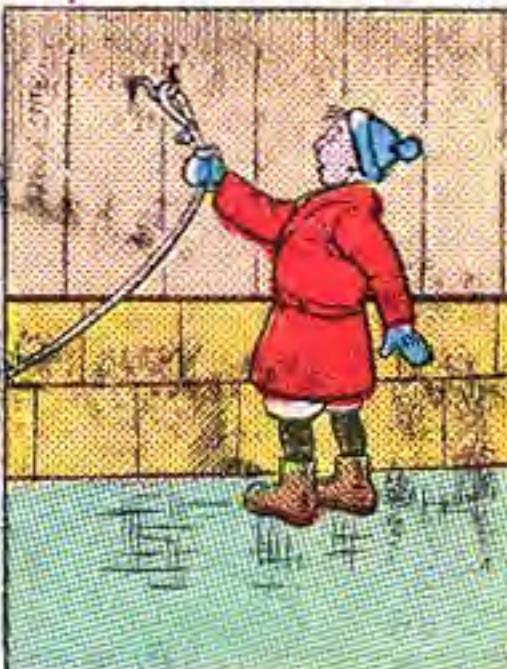
By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

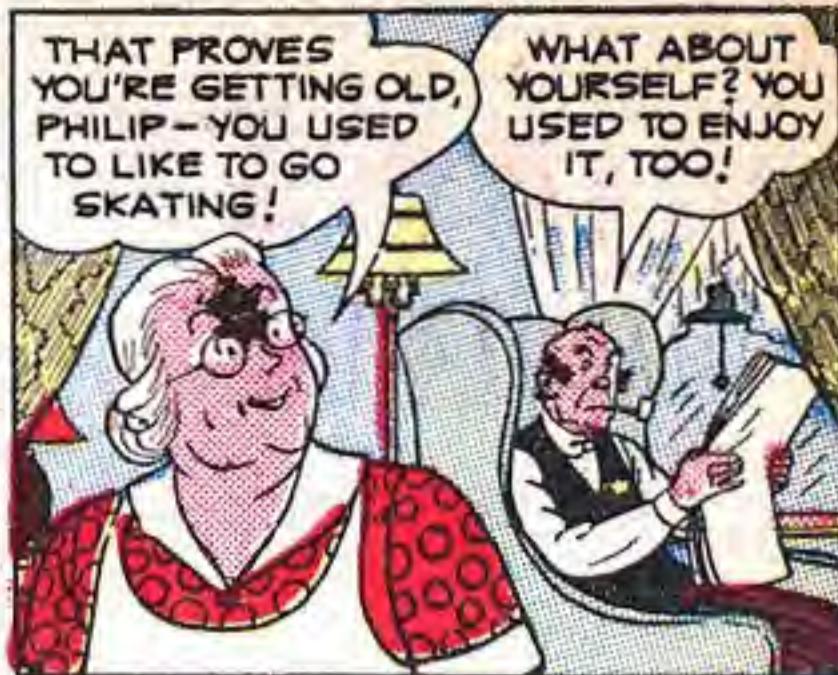


NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

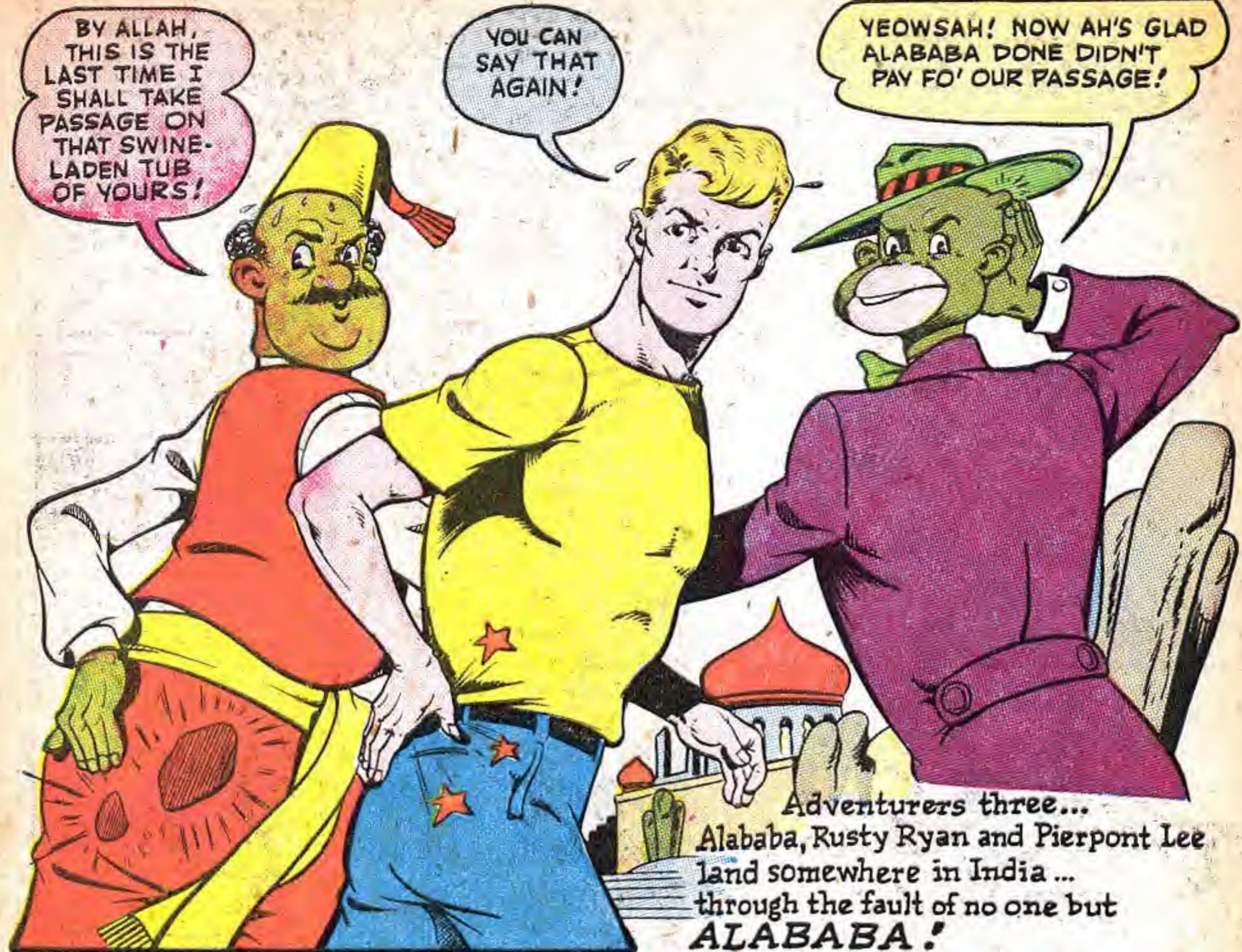
by LANK LEONARD



HIPPIE

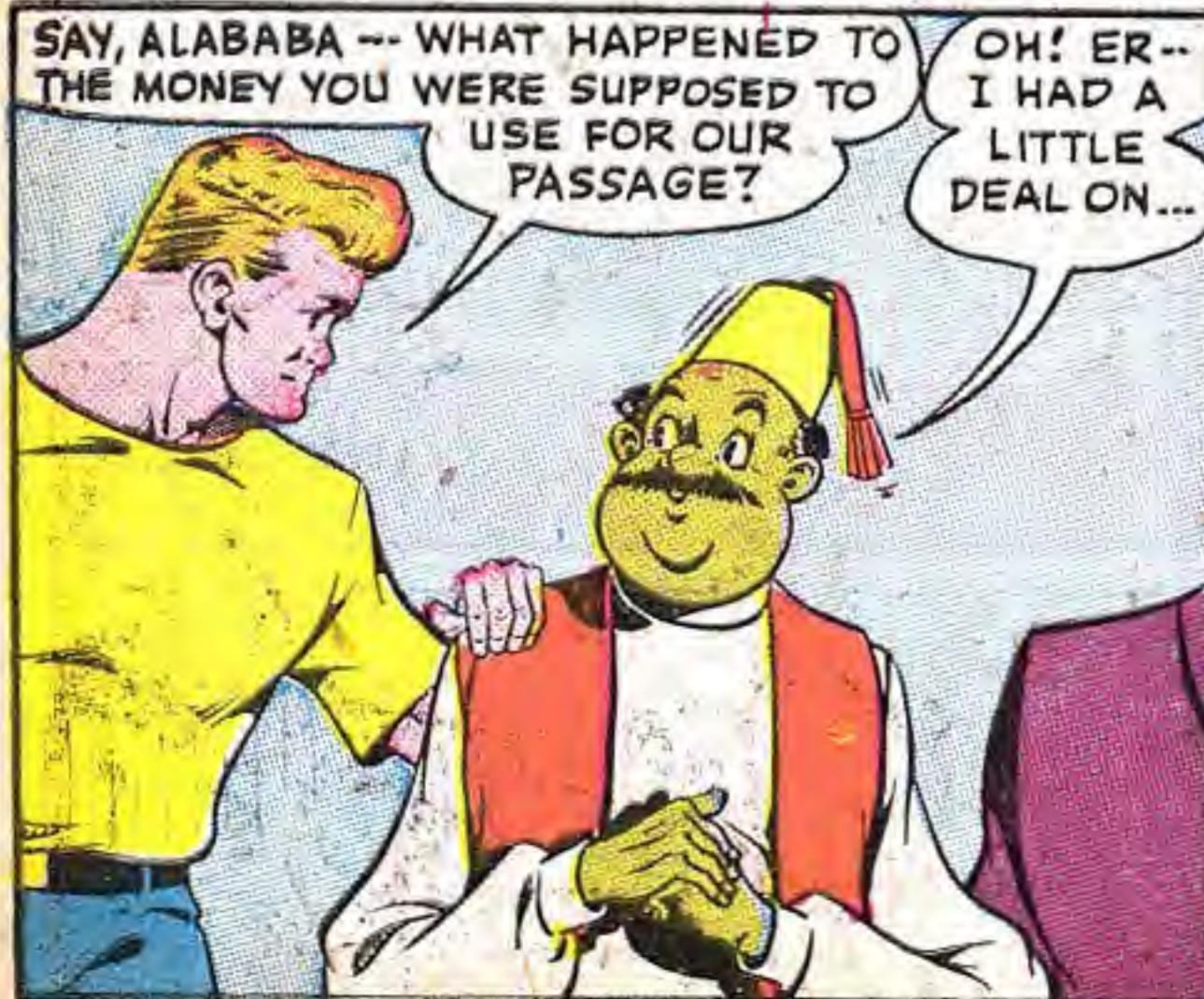
By Lank Leonard



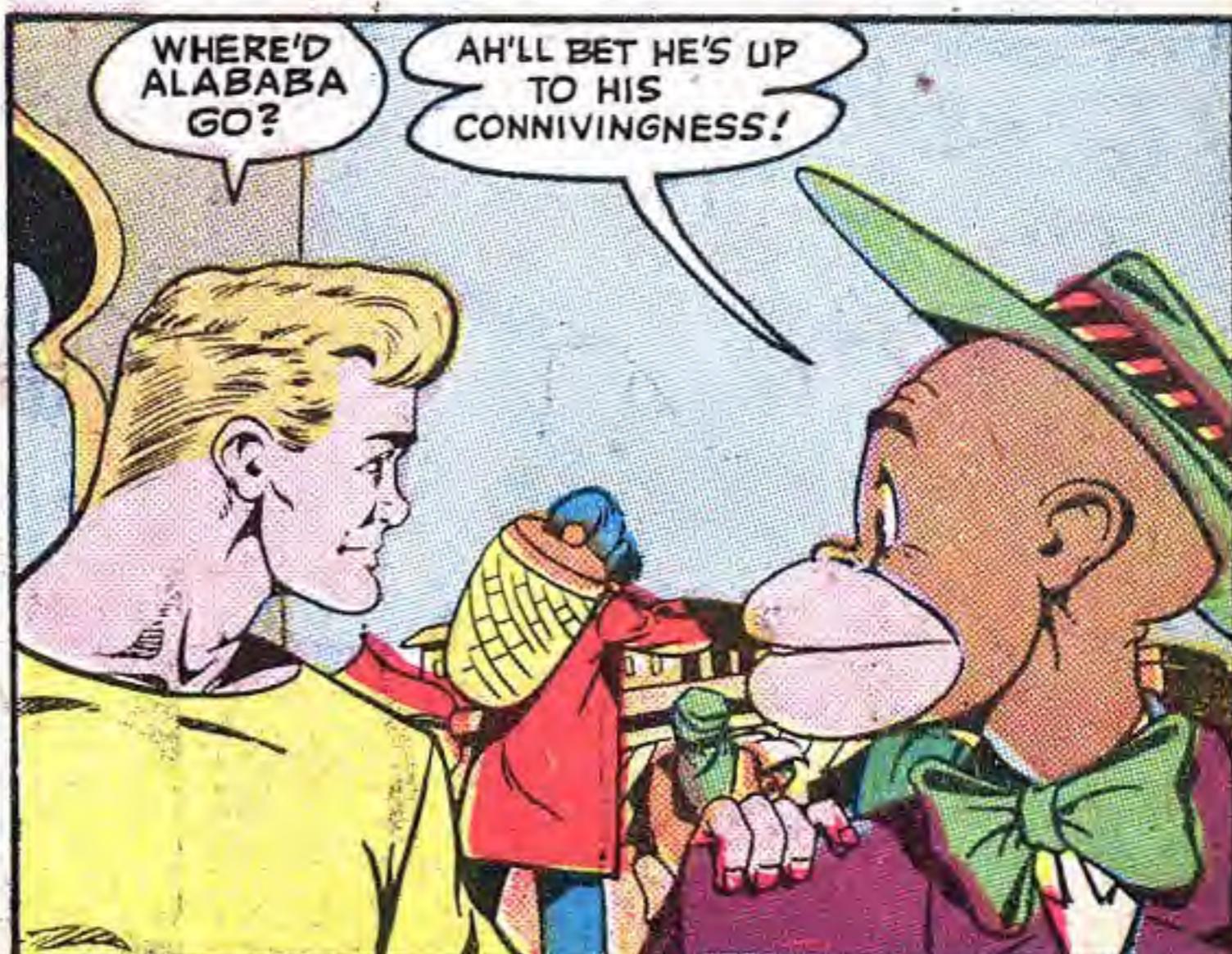
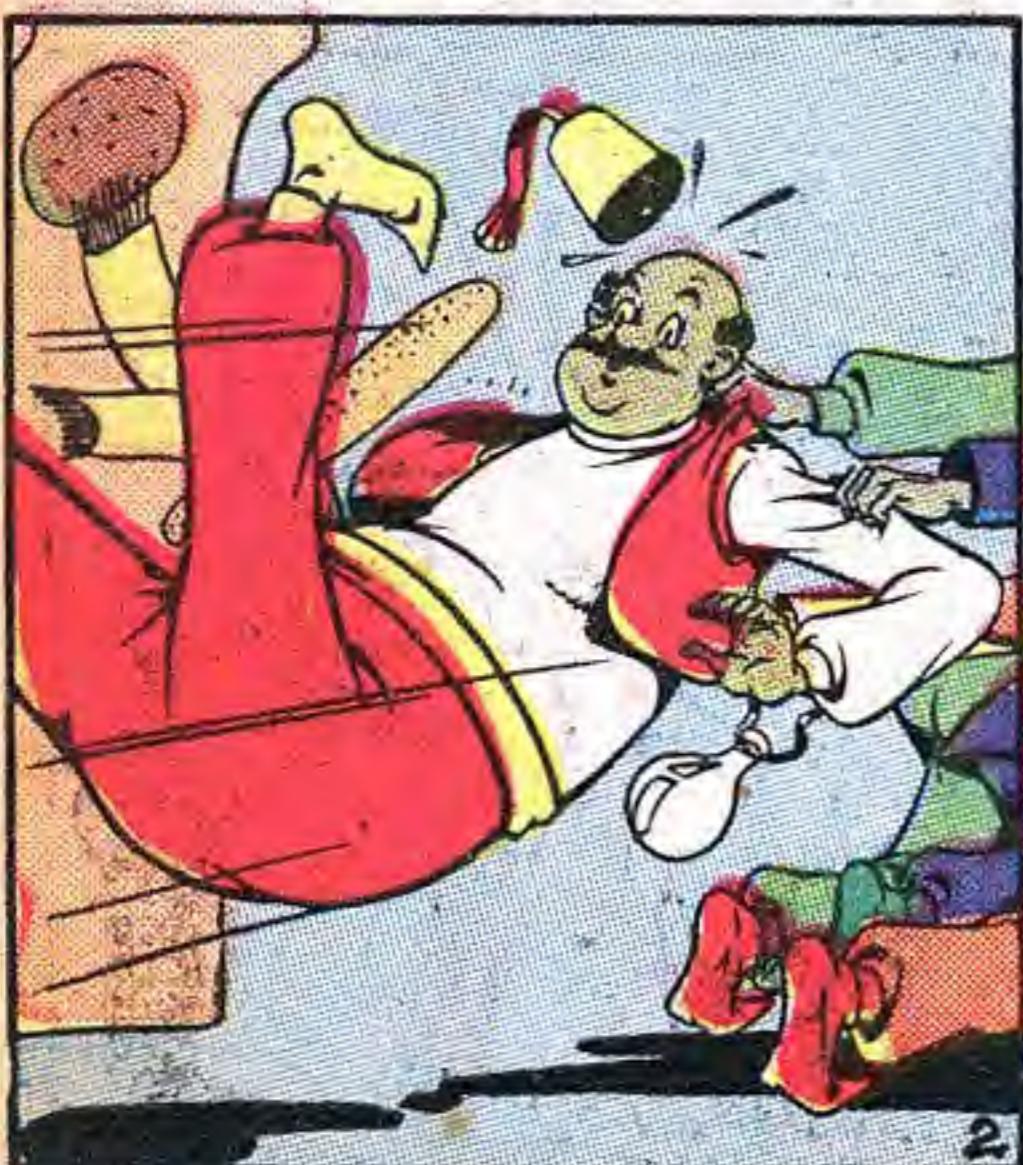


Adventurers three...
Alabama, Rusty Ryan and Pierpont Lee
land somewhere in India ...
through the fault of no one but
ALABABA!

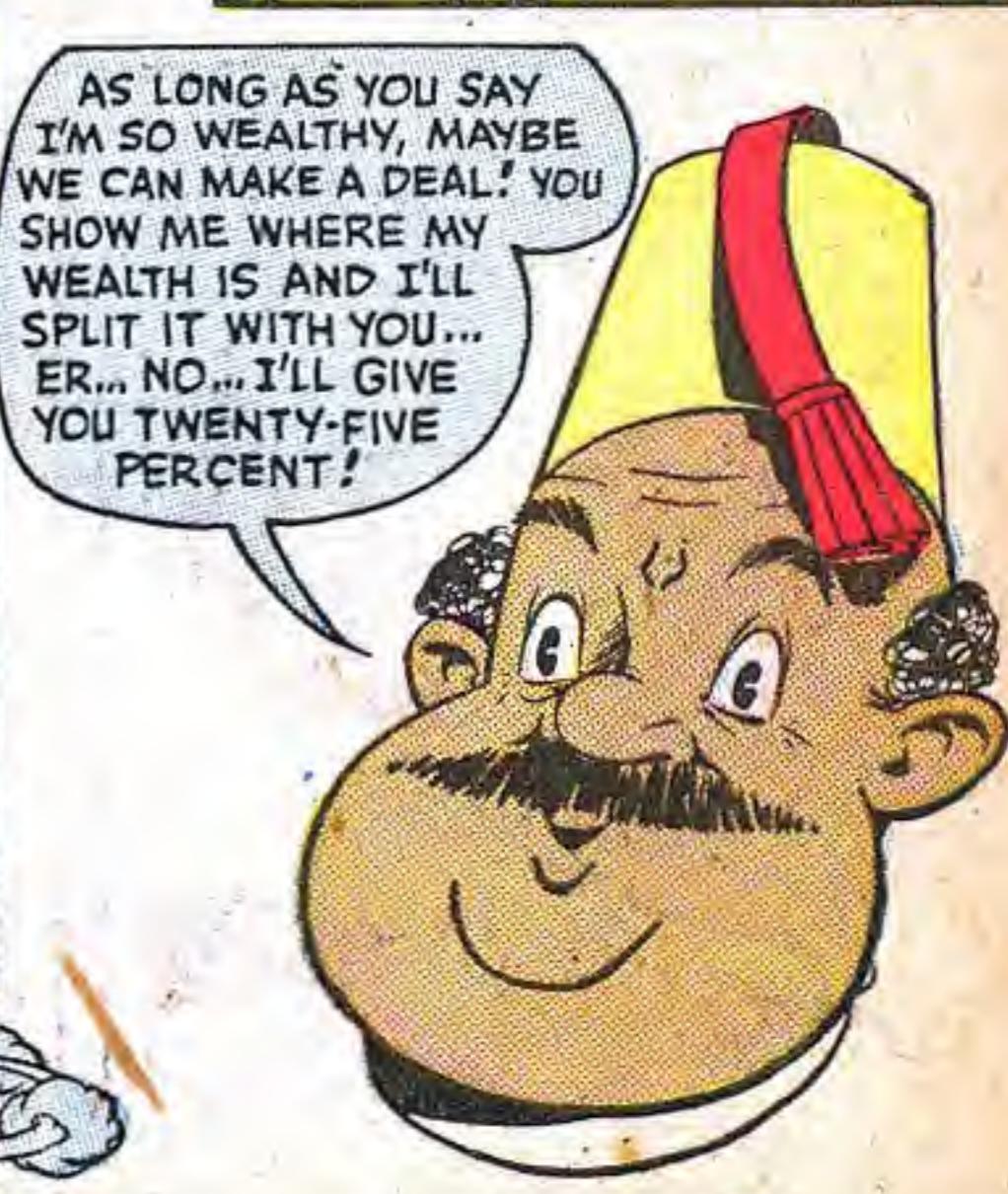
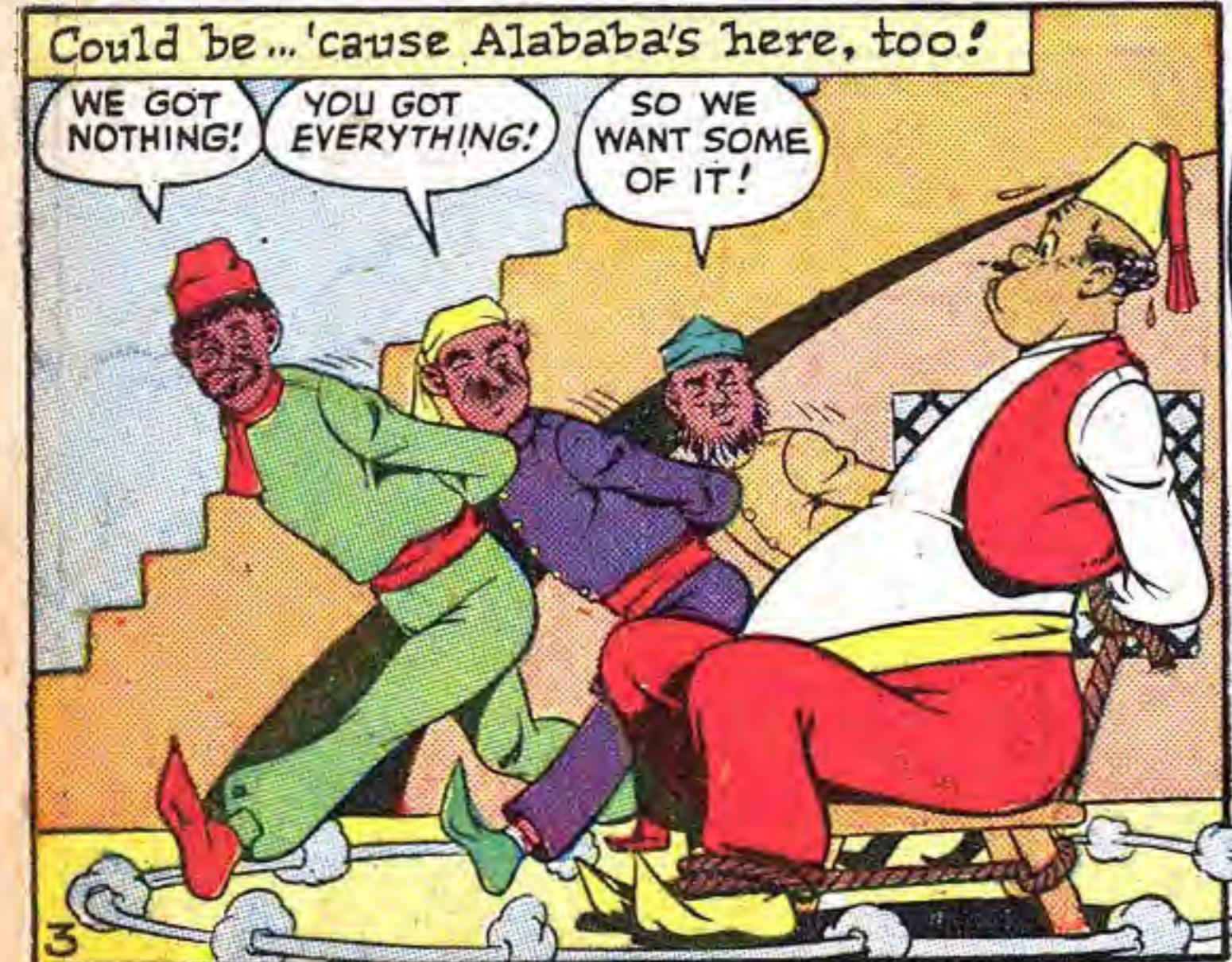
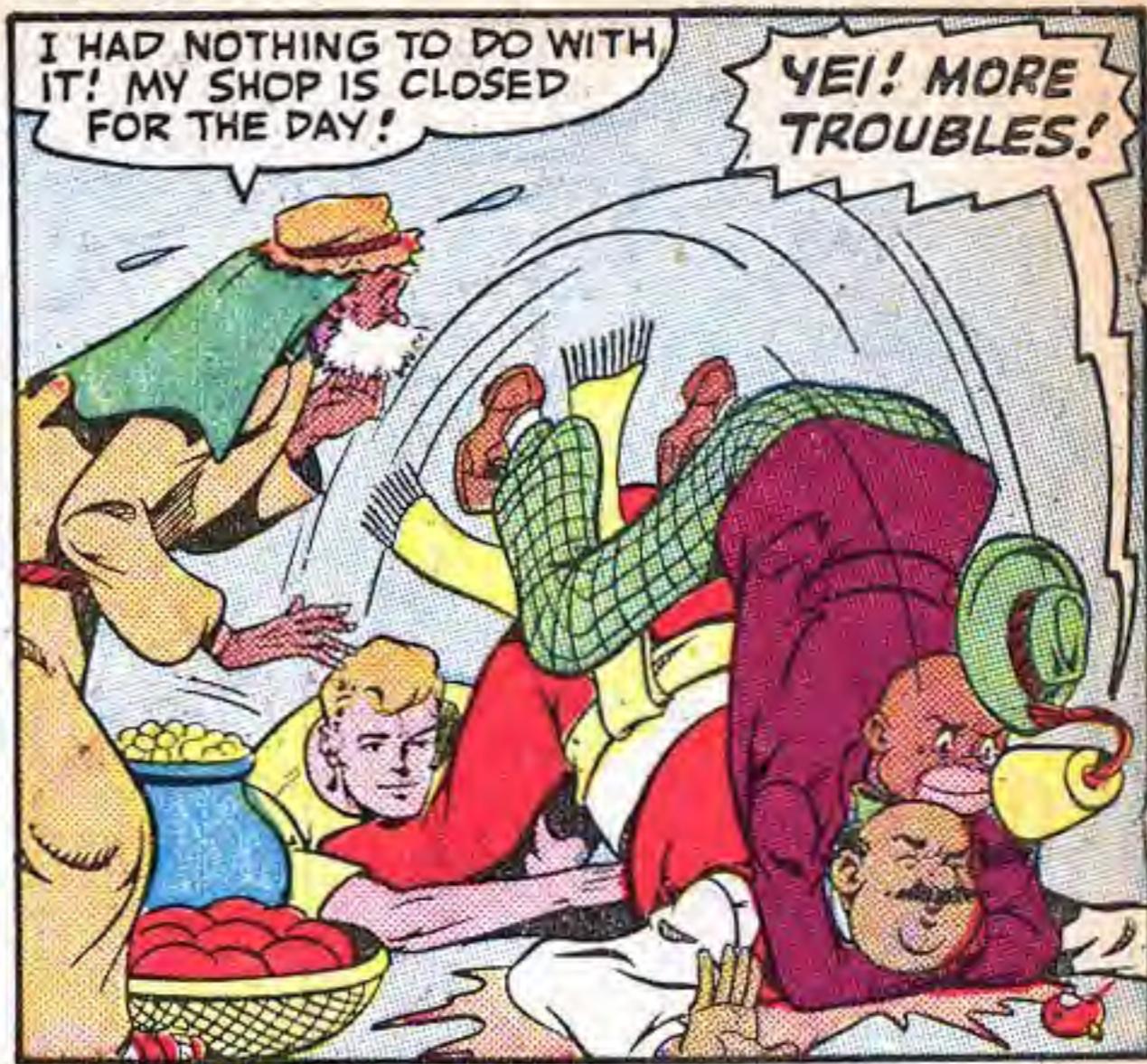
RUSTY RYAN



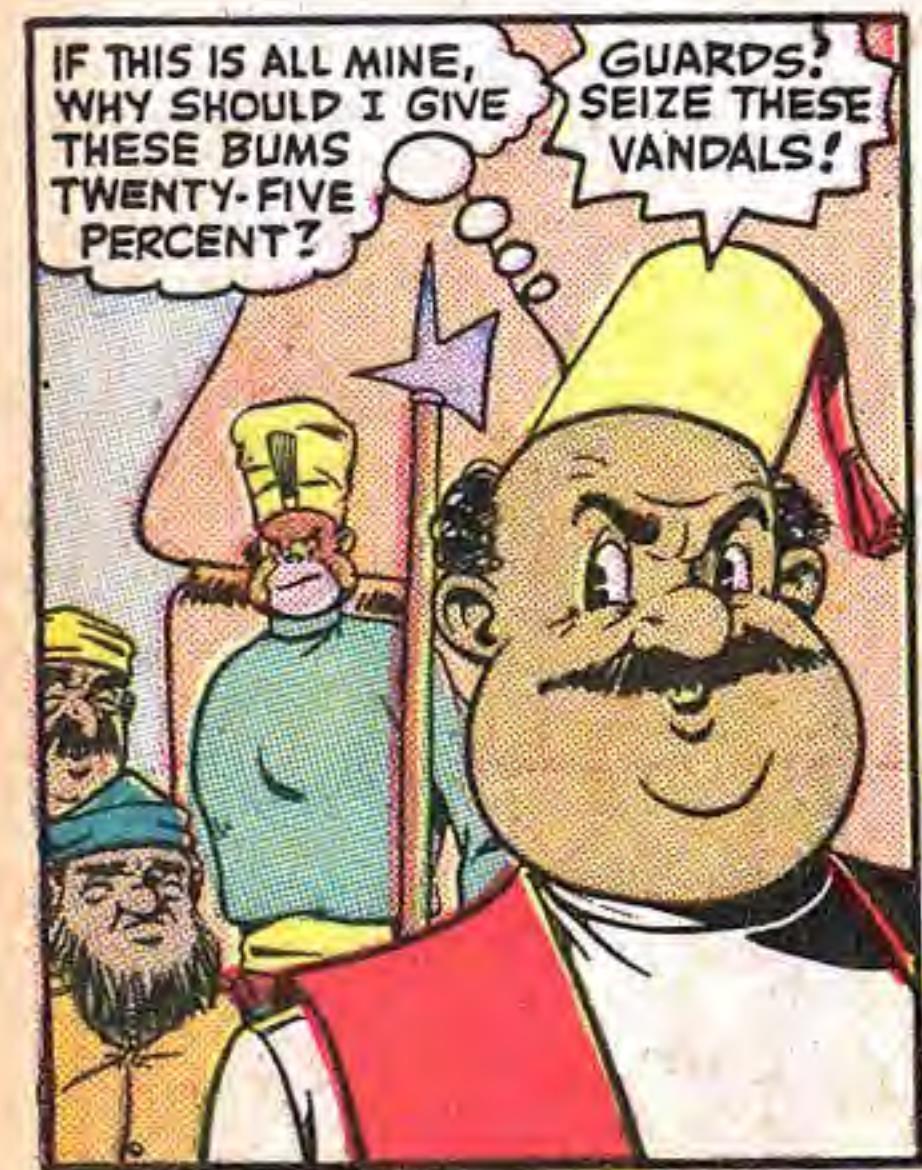
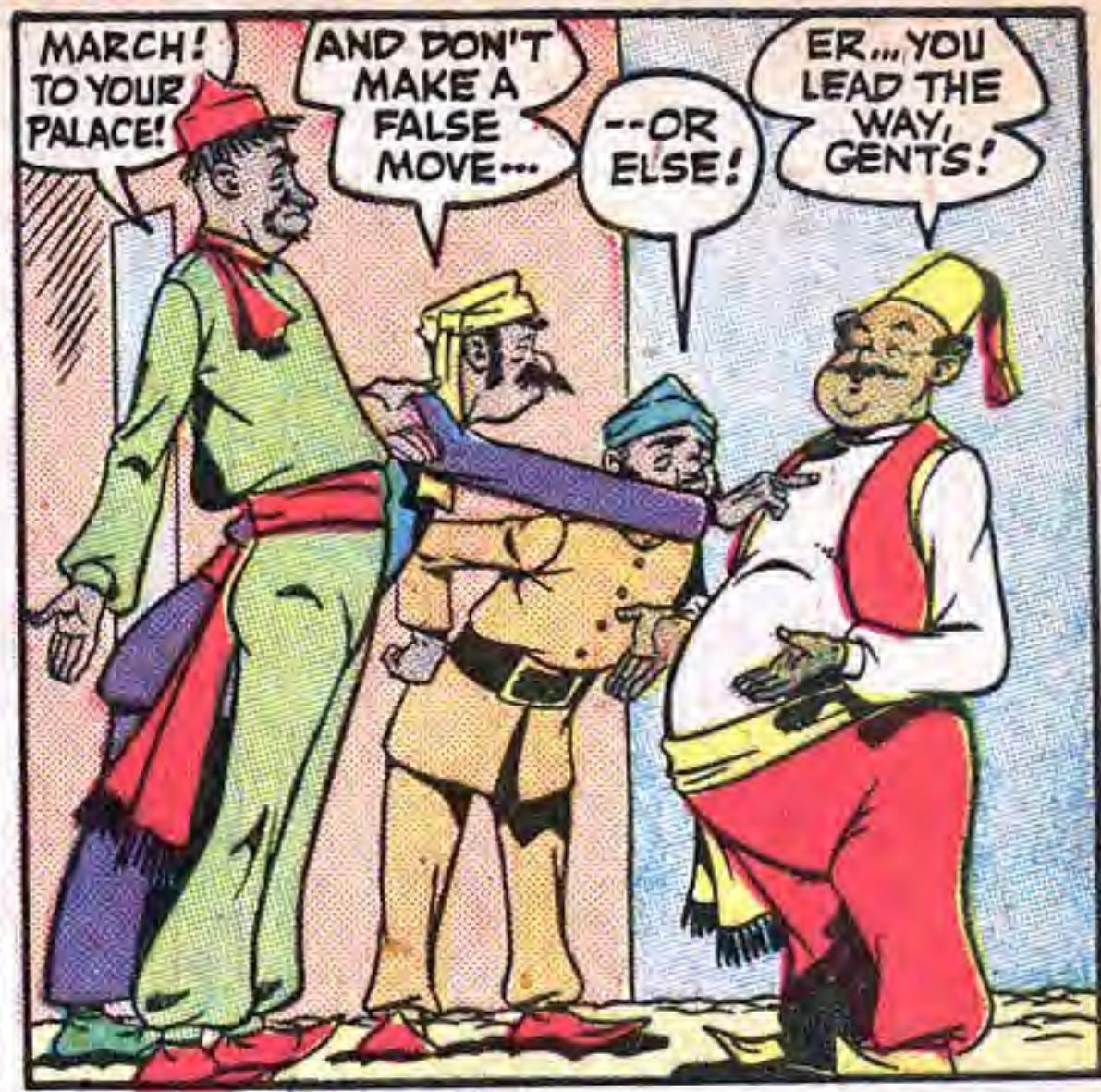
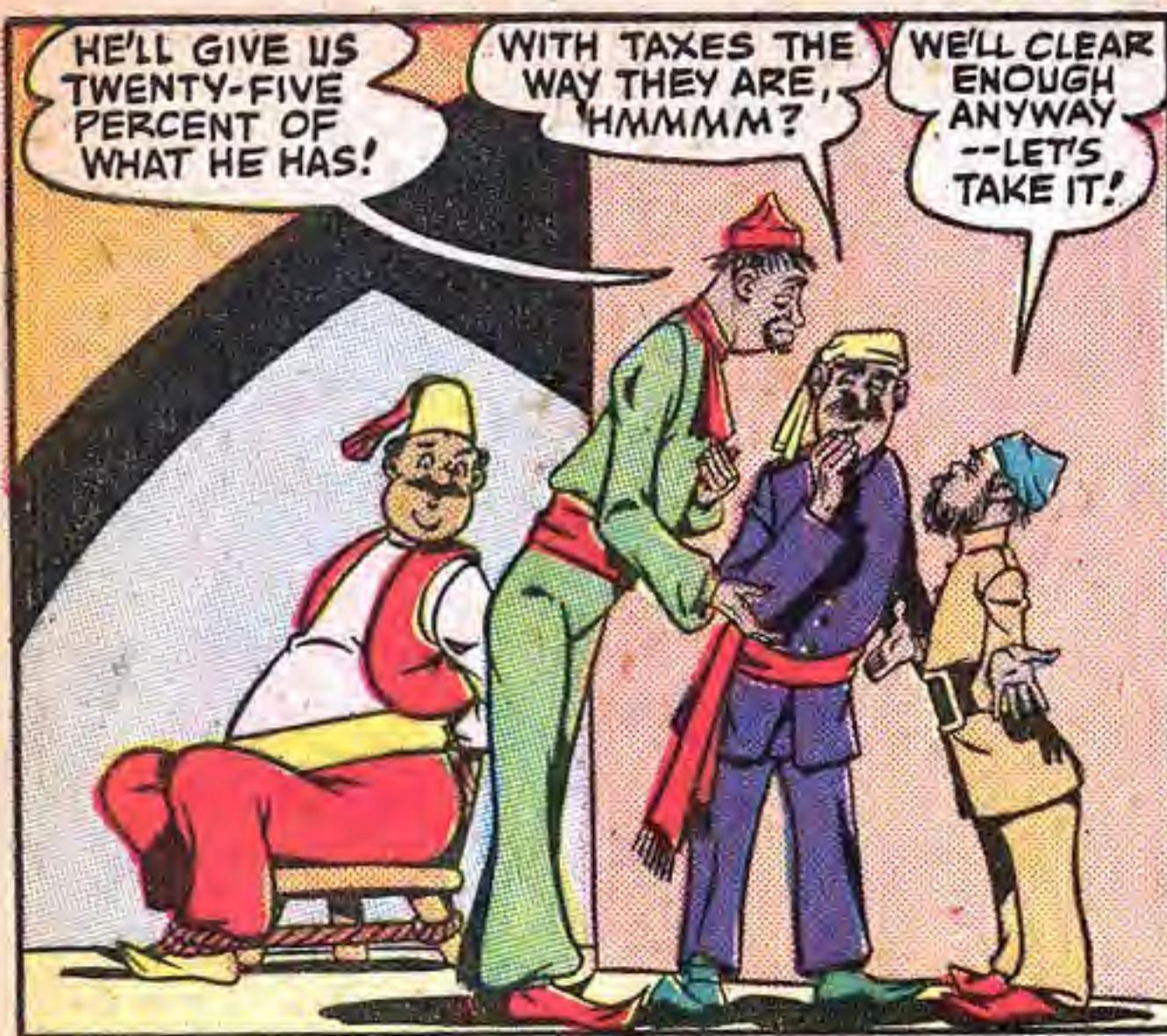
FEATURE COMICS



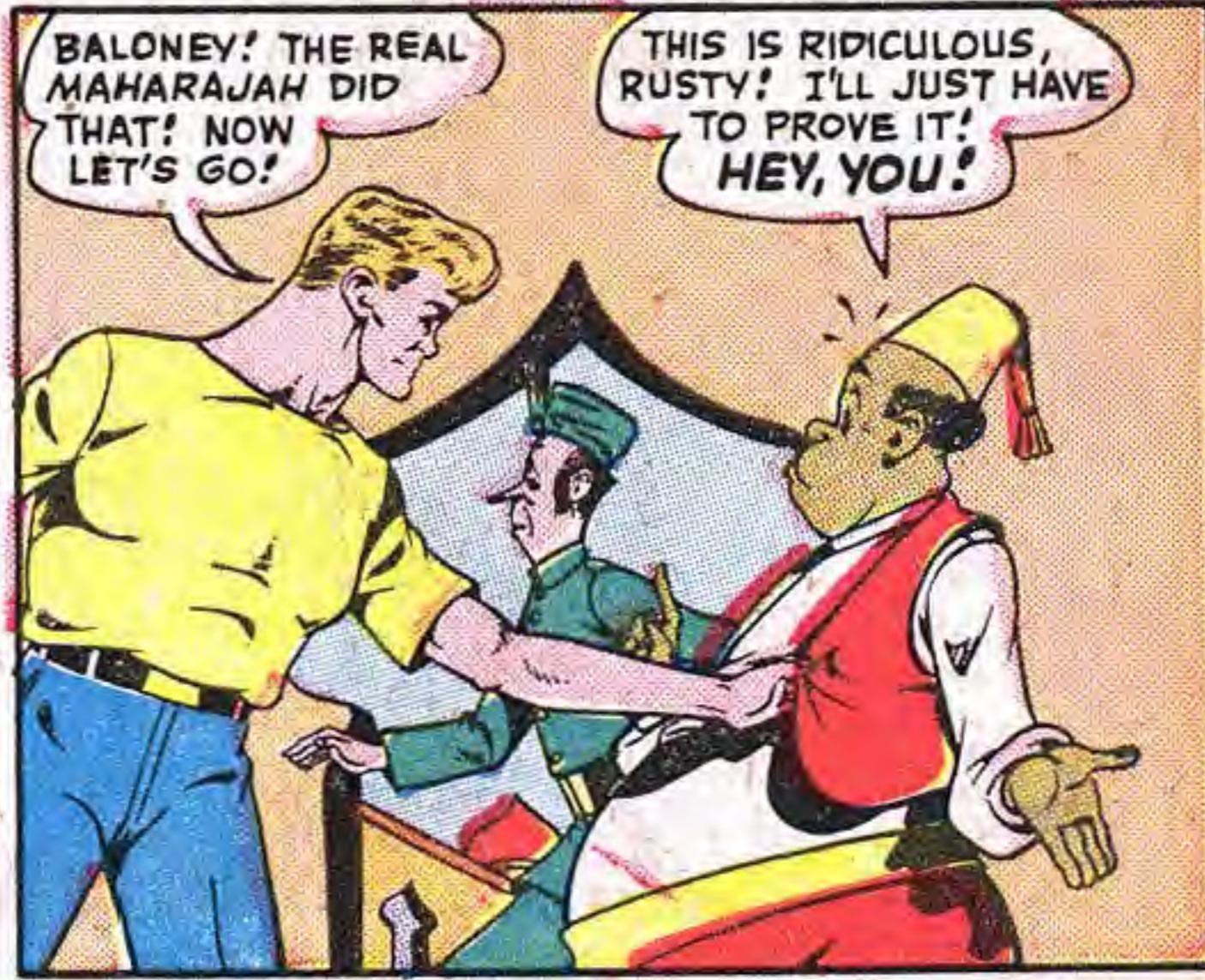
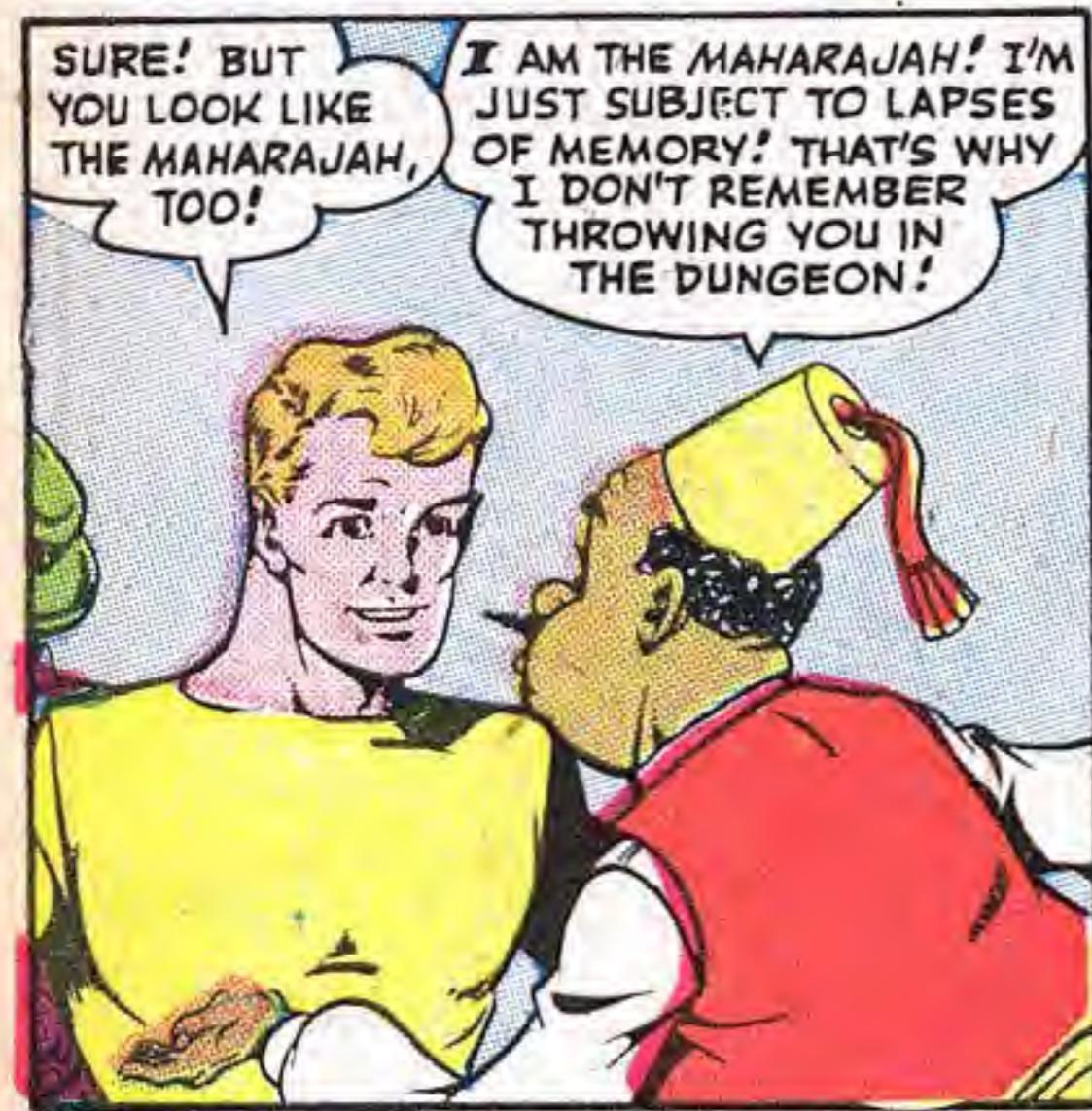
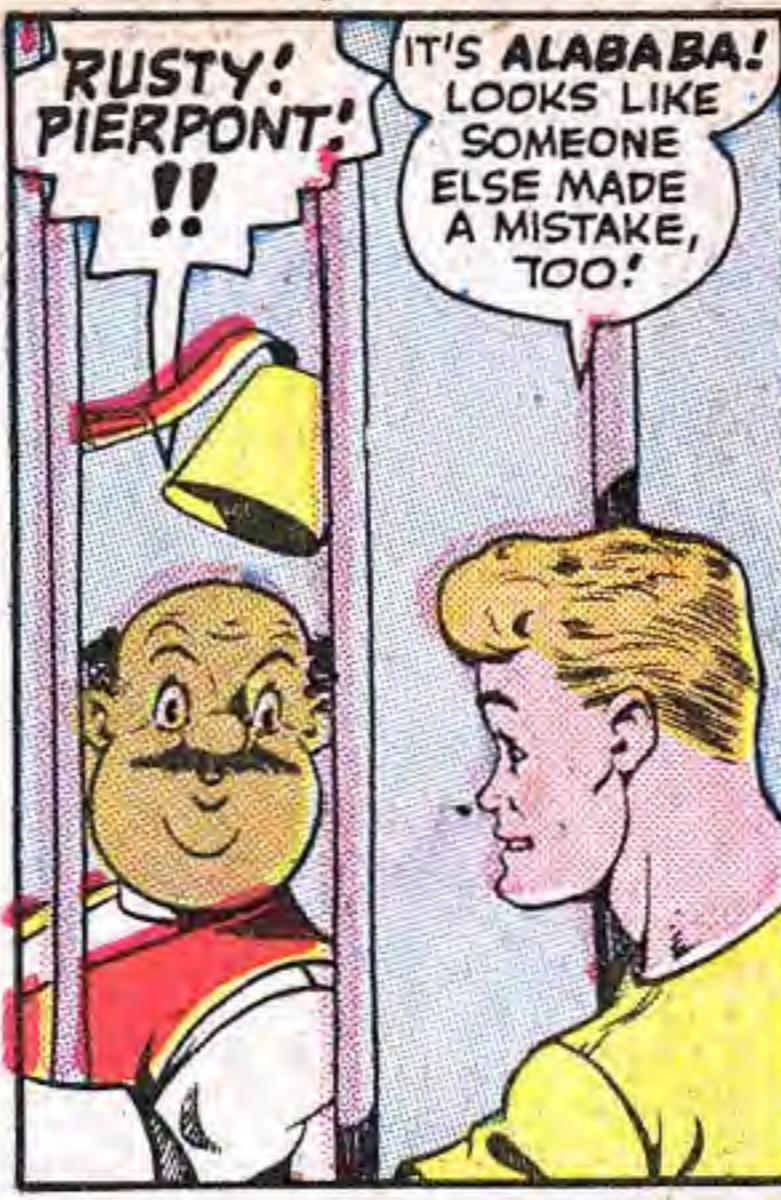
FEATURE COMICS



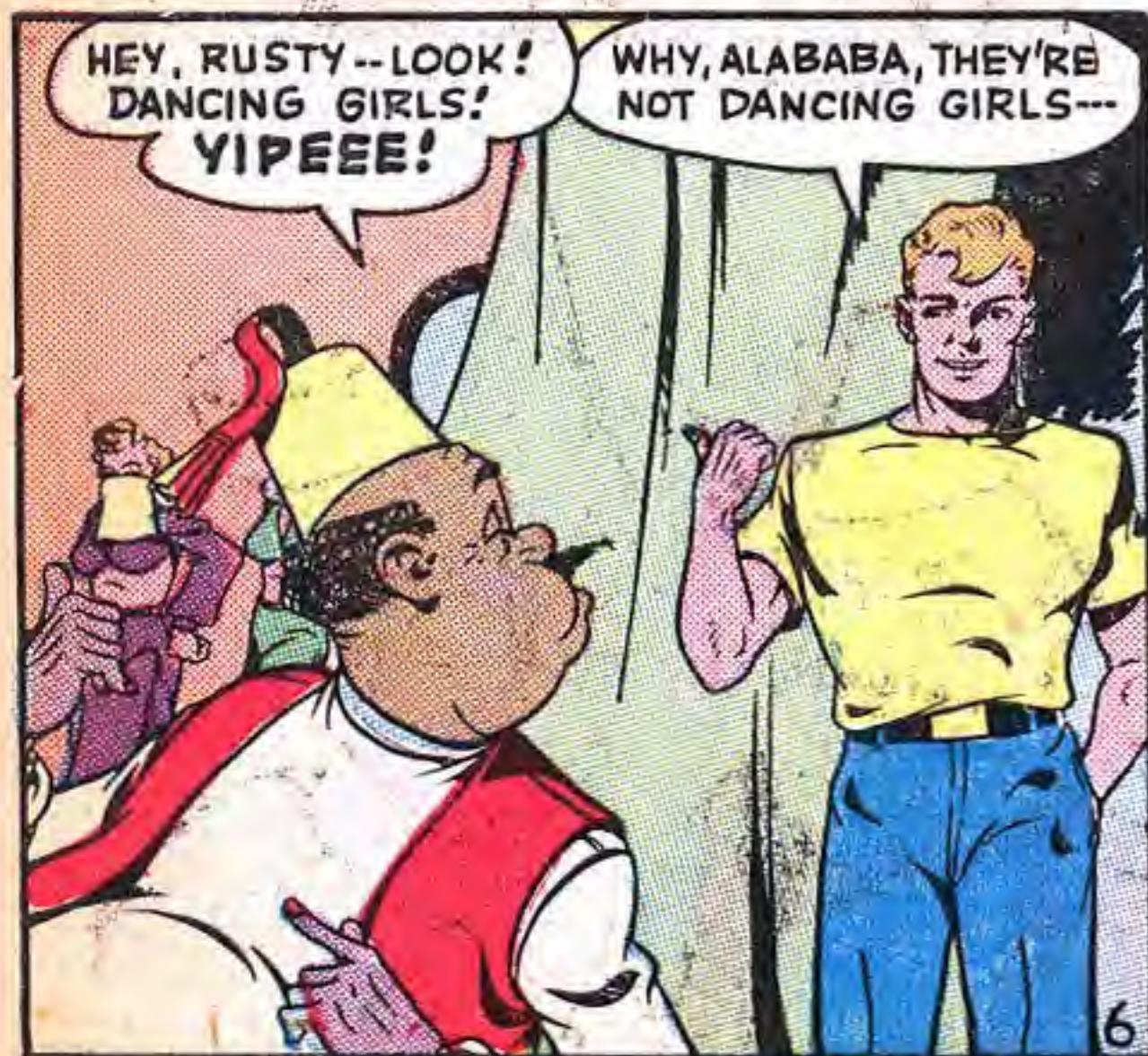
FEATURE COMICS



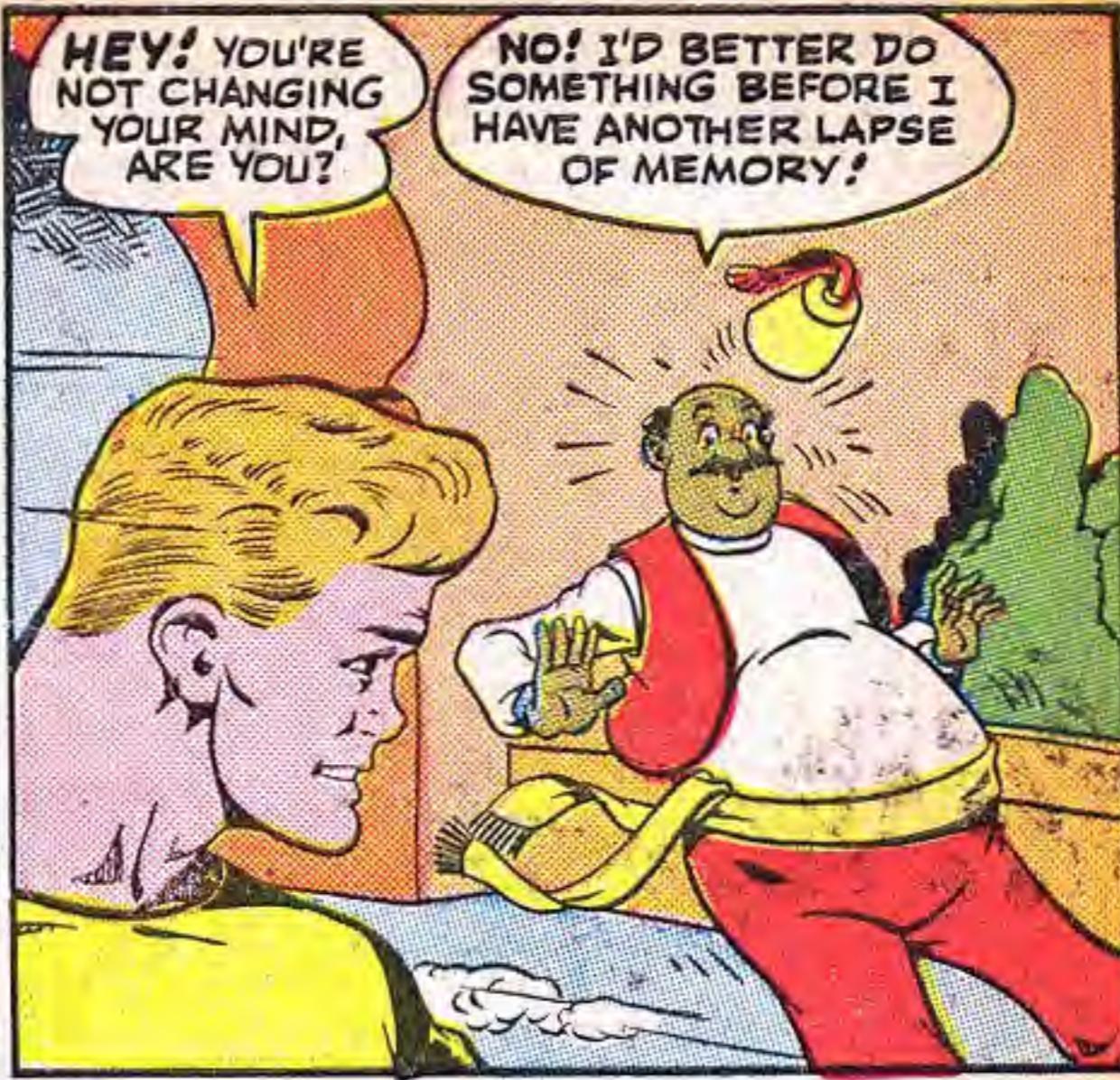
FEATURE COMICS

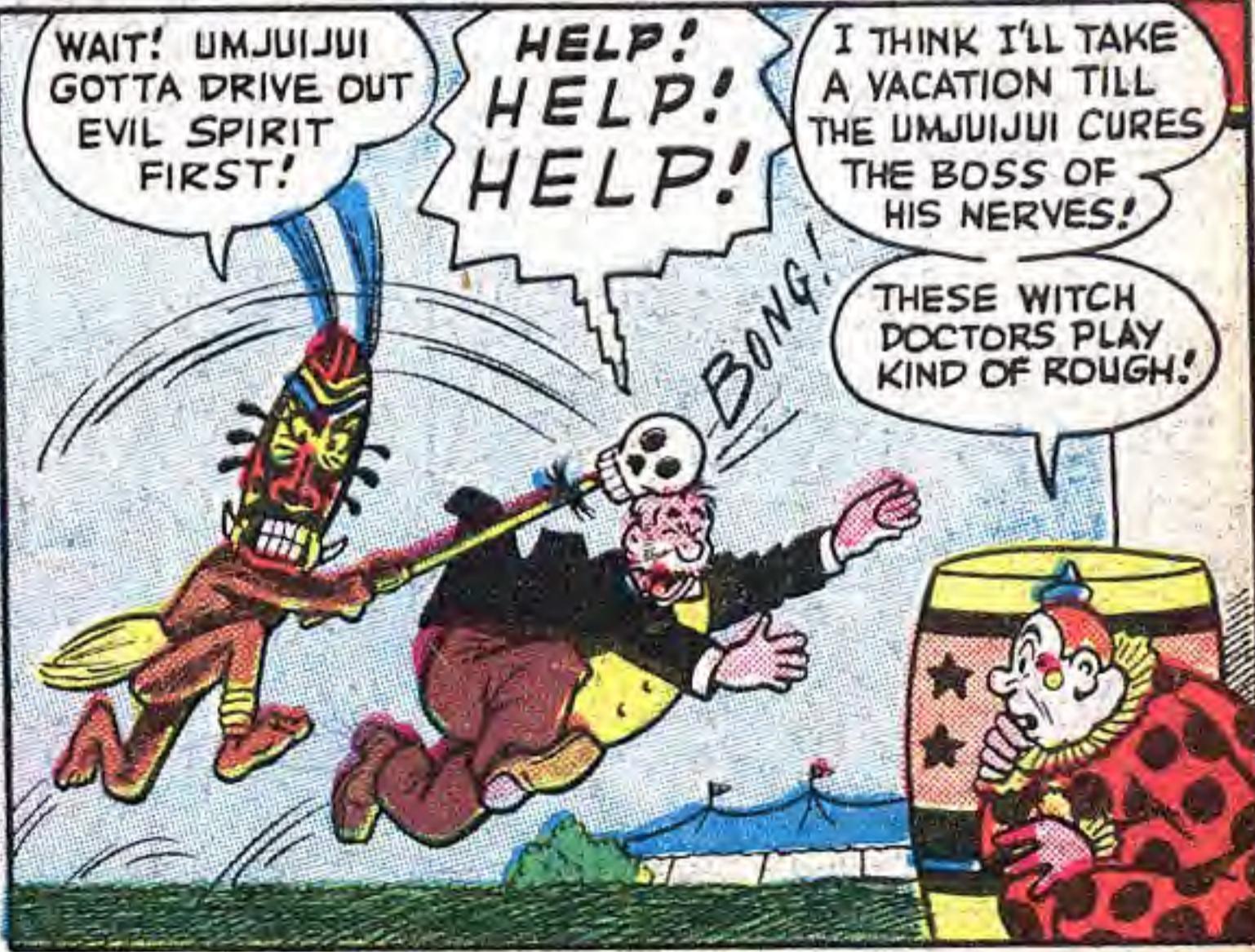
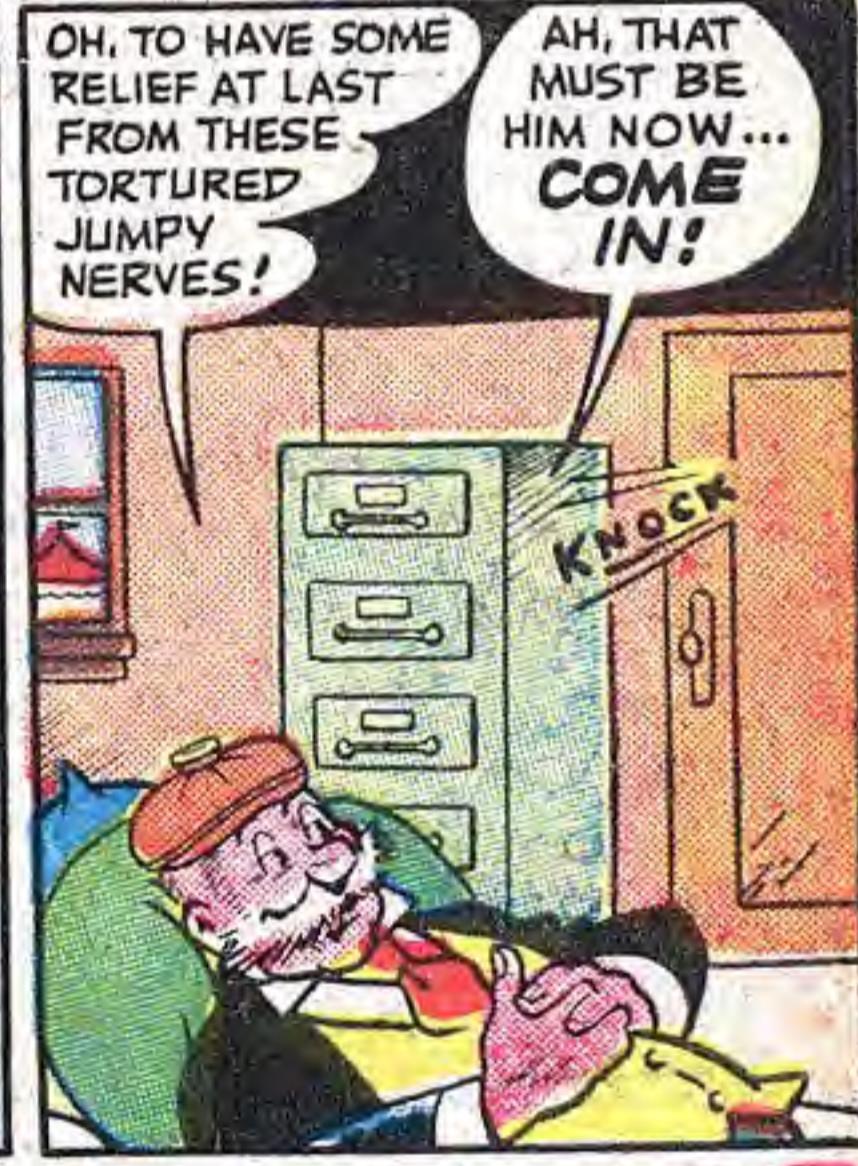
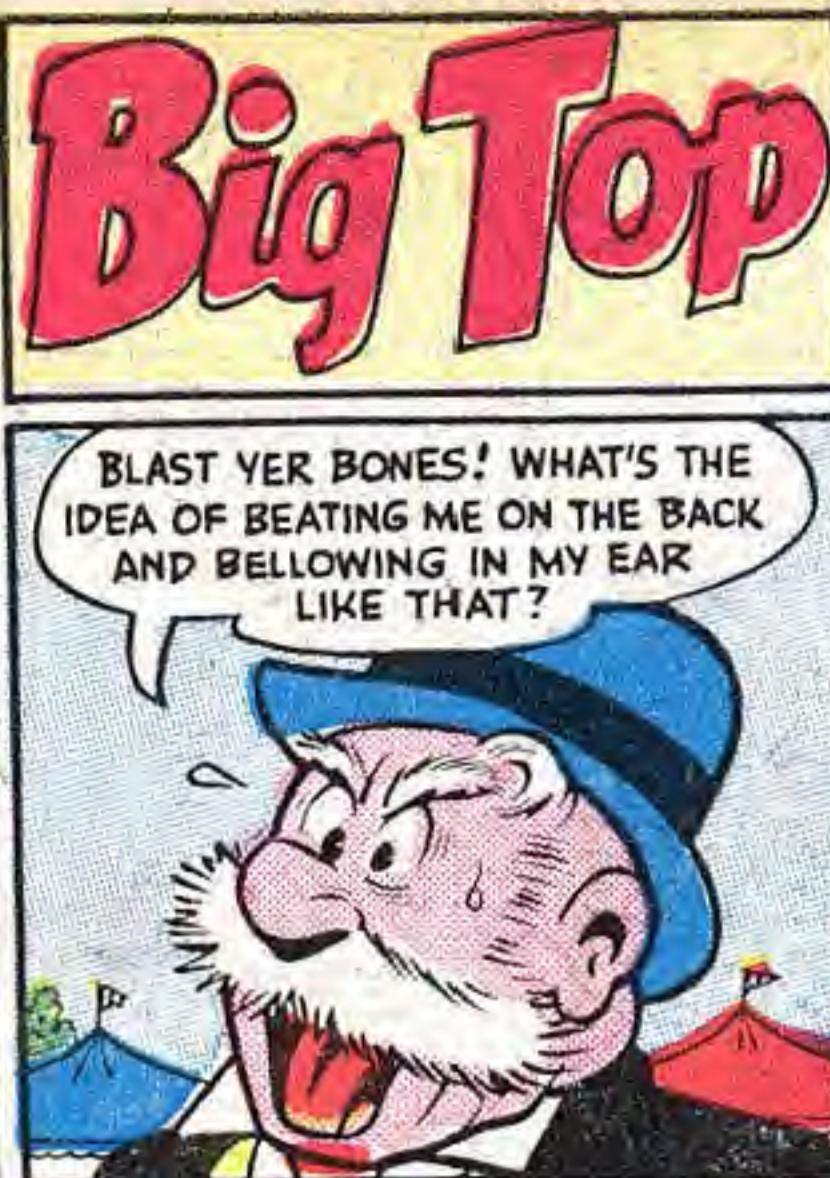


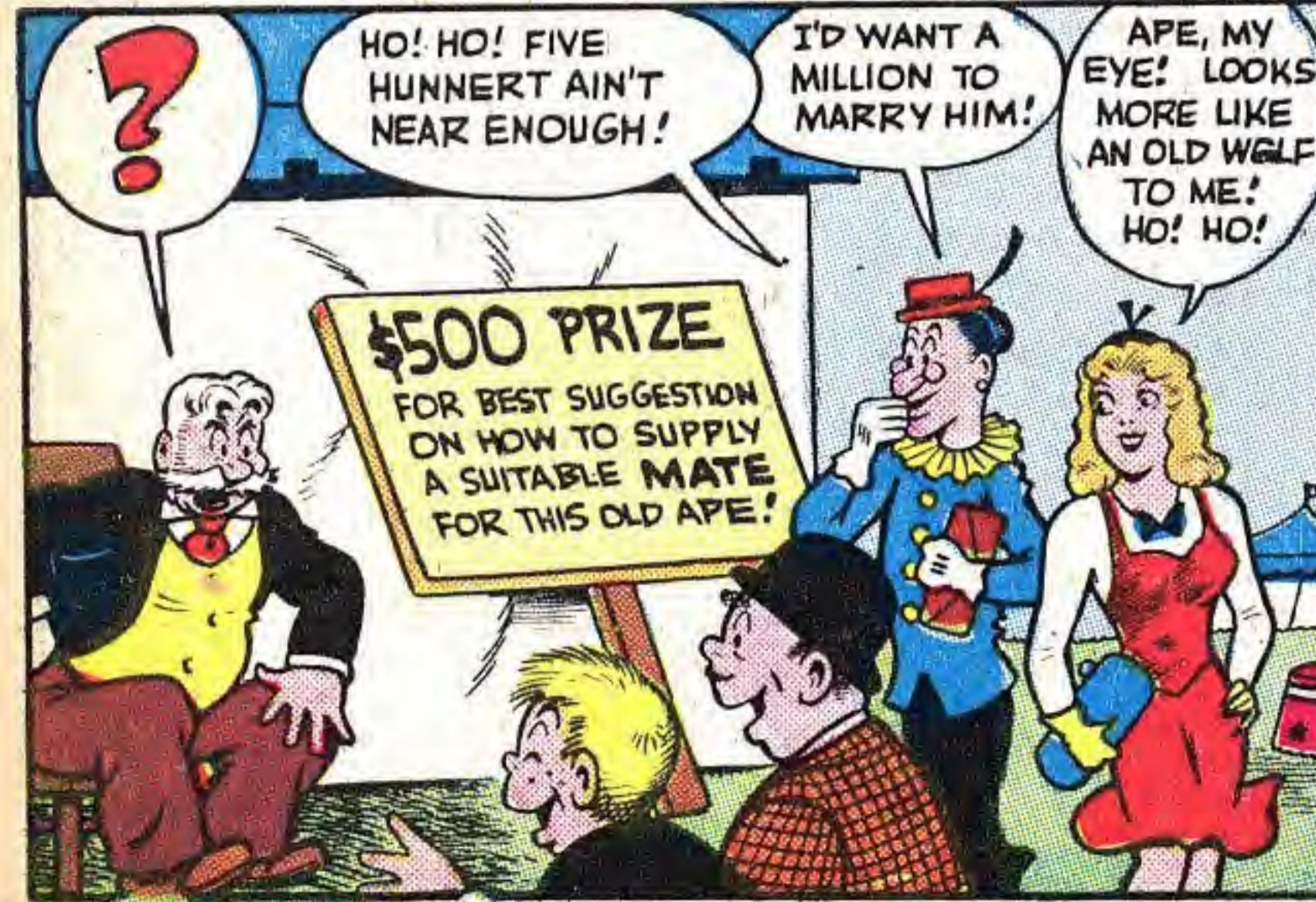
FEATURE COMICS



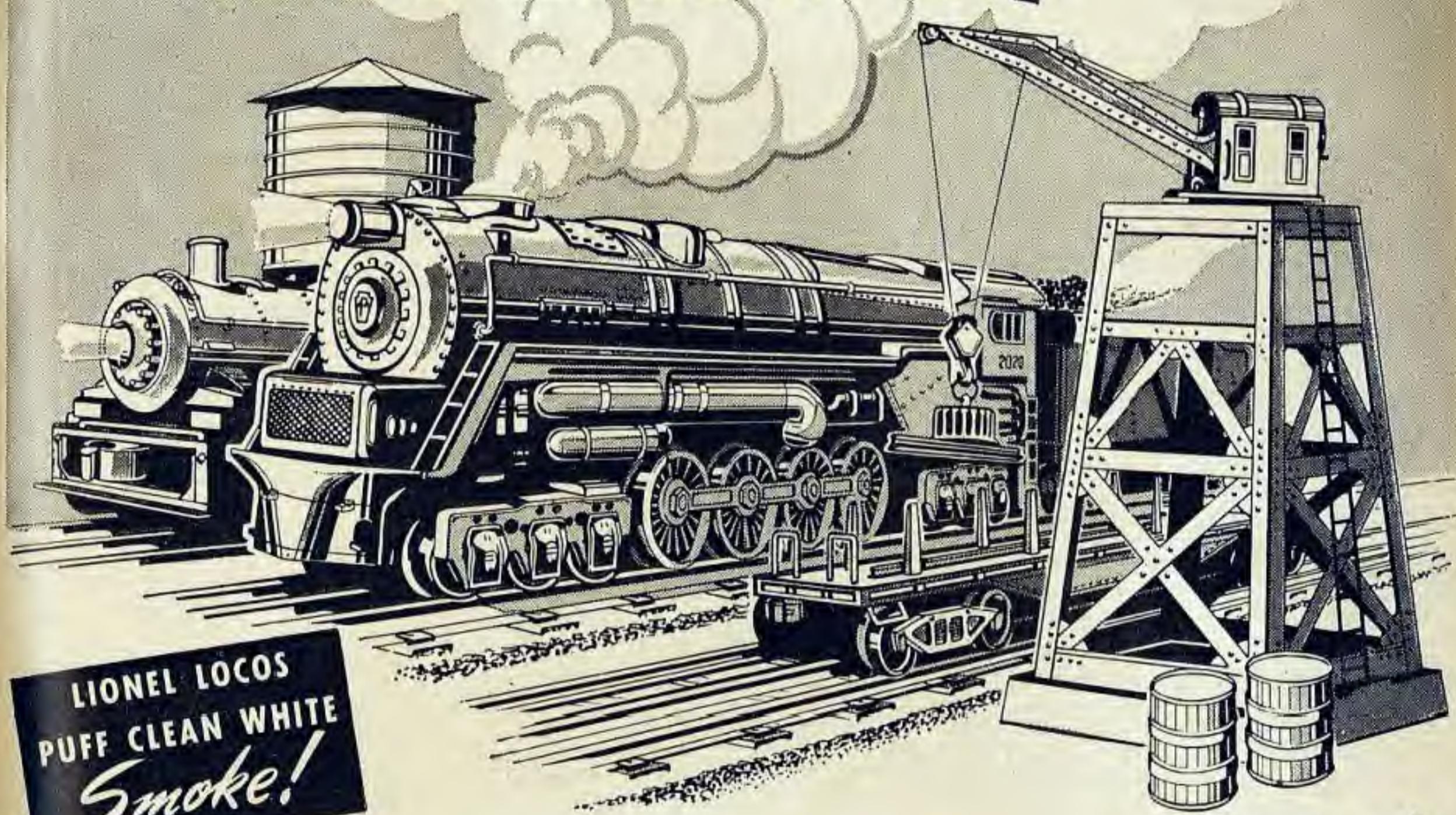
FEATURE COMICS





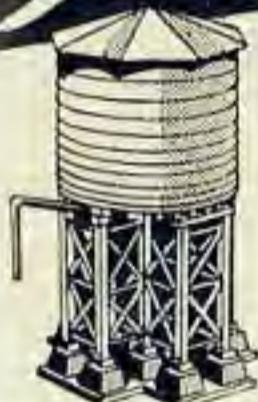


If you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET
"POP PERSUADER"

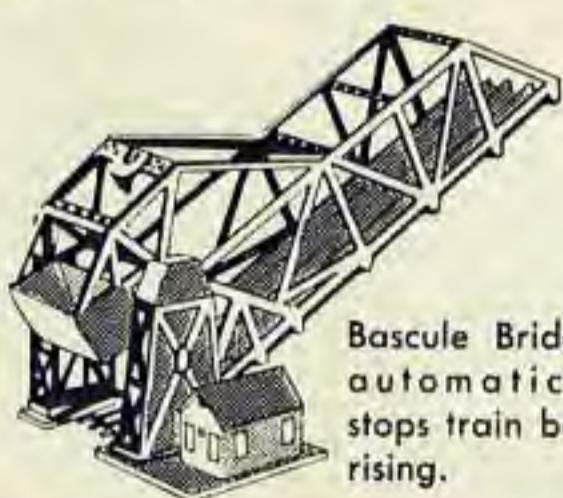
It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon today — you'll see!



Brand new operating Water Tower — water lowers and rises in the tank. Remote control operation.



Automatic Gateman — rushes out and swings lantern when train approaches.



Bascule Bridge — automatically stops train before rising.

Mail
Coupon
Today



THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. "A3"
15 East 26 St., New York (10), N. Y.

Please send the full color catalog and Scenery Construction Book — also secret "Pop Persuader". (I enclose 10c for mailing.)

Name _____

Address _____

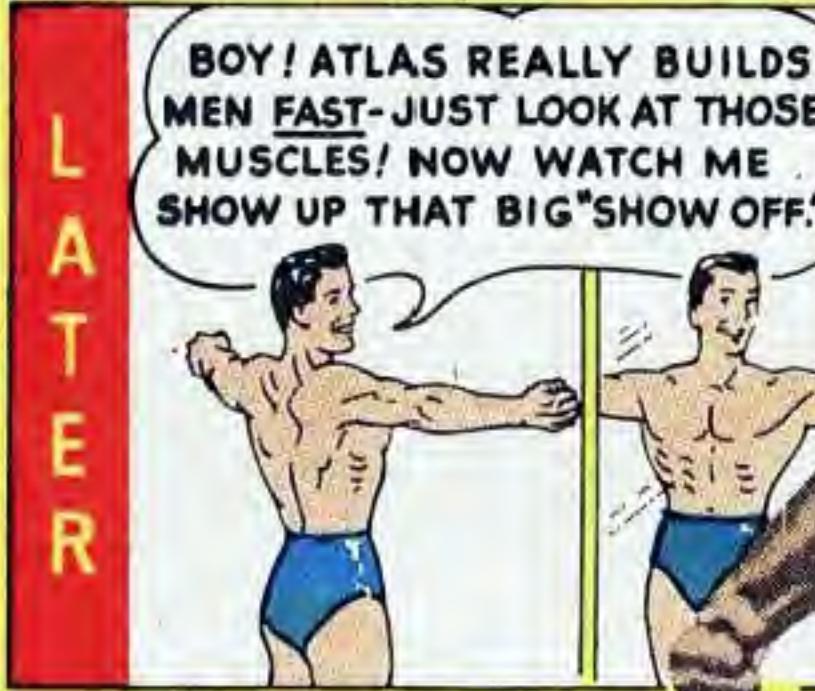
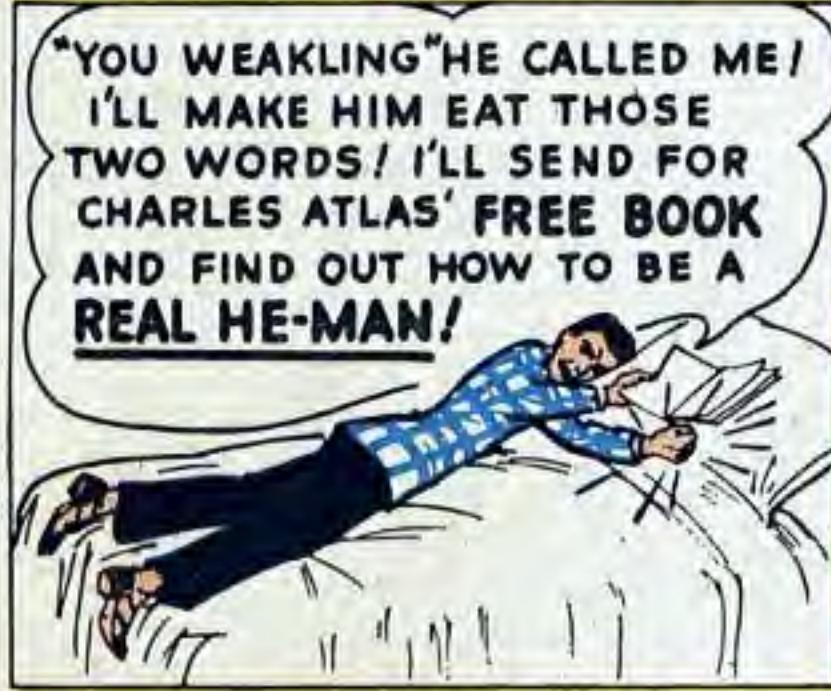
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Please don't forget 10c for mailing charges)

LIONEL TRAINS

Locos puff SMOKE and WHISTLE like real trains.

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make **YOU** a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peopless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



—actual photo of
Charles Atlas, winner
and holder of the title
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 M,
115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.